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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., October, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

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J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

JOHN HAY, AUTHOR AND JOURNALIST.

BY URAL N. HOFFMAN.

When, on July 1, 1905, death came to Hon. John Hay, it deprived our country of her greatest public man and left us with one man of letters less, for this man possessed the rare and almost unique distinction of being a great statesman and a literary man at the same time. Statesmanship and diplomacy were his vocation, and literature his avocation. However, the reverse might have been the case if circumstances had led him into the literary field as they led him into politics, the

evidence for such being what he has left in poetry, romance and history. After a careful study of his career, W. D. Howells designates him as "the greatest public man of his time," and adds that "he might have had an equal and kindred fame in literature." Early in life he became closely related to a man who drew him, like a magnet draws steel, into a career where he finally climbed to the topmost rung of the ladder of renown.

At the age of sixteen Hay entered Brown University at Providence, R. I., and at once took a high rank there as a writer. A classmate of his says that he not only showed this from his essays in the departments of rhetoric and the various sciences, but also from the fact that whenever there was an occasion for any writing above the ordinary his services were drawn upon. This is all the more noticeable, too, from the fact that the class of which he was a member contained a large number of exceedingly brilliant scholars—men who in later life became eminent writers. It was while an undergraduate here that he wrote several of his best known poems.

For three years after his graduation he studied law under an uncle of his in Springfield, Ill., and was admitted to the bar. His uncle was an intimate friend of Abraham Lincoln, and on the latter's election to the presidency of the United States, the young Hay was made his assistant private secretary, in association with John Nicolay. This was the parting of the ways for Hay, and henceforth his course was in a political more than a literary direction. He remained with Lincoln until the latter's assassination and death. Through these four years the relations between the president and his assistant secretary were as father and son. To Hay, Lincoln entrusted many delicate and confidential matters. For him these associations were the corner-stones of his later successful career, for it was from "the first American" that he learned the methods and principles of his politics and statesmanship.

For the five years immediately following Lincoln's tragic death, Hay was in diplomatic service at Paris, Madrid and Vienna. On returning to this country, at the end of that time, he became a member of the staff of the New York Tribune, writing editorials mainly on foreign and political topics. In regard to his work, Horace Greeley, the great journalist, said that of the millions of editorials he had read, one of John Hay's was the best. In this kind of work he was at his best, for in the impersonality of journalism he found shelter from the irksome personal notoriety that attends the poet and novelist.

Such a life was, however, too strenuous, and it ended for Hay in broken health. He left New York and took up his residence in Cleveland, O., where he remained a private citizen till 1879 when he became assistant secretary of state under President Hayes. This position he held till the spring of 1881 when he tendered his resignation. In his arrangements for going abroad that same summer, Whitelaw Reid, editor of the Tribune, left his paper in the hands of Mr. Hay. For six peculiarly difficult and trying months he was the responsible manager of this great metropolitan daily, and he conducted it in a highly successful and commendable manner.

The year 1871 saw the publication of his "Pike County Ballads," a book of poems, and "Castilian Days," a series of essays on Spain and Spanish life. The impression which the former at once made on the American mind won for the author his literary spurs. The two poems in the volume that have gained the widest popularity are "Jim Bludso" and "Little Breeches," both of which ought to be perused by any one who has not yet read them. The sense of the backwoods, the knowledge of the frontier, loom large in these ballads. They are, like the author, genuinely western. Speaking of them in the North American Review, W. D. Howells says: "Their

heroes are as native as Hosea Bigelow, or Bird-o-Freedom Sawin, and they represent the West as these represented the East." The best of all his poetry is "The Stirrup Cup," which, at this time, derives a personal and pathetic interest on account of the recent death of the writer. I deem it not out of place to reproduce it here in full:

"My short and happy day is done,
The long and dreary night comes on,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to distant lands.

"His whining shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sounds dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof,
And joys of life so soft and warm.

"Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true,
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.

"So sweet to kiss, so fair to view,
The night comes on, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands,
To bear me forth to unknown lands."

Mr. Hay's "Castilian Days" is a piece of prose that contains many striking, suggestive and illuminating sketches. However, it is not fundamentally a study in English prose, for throughout the volume the author is talking politics primarily and making literature only secondarily and incidentally. Yet in spite of its prime object, Mr. Hay often drops into the finest kind of prose, without knowing it, it seems. (He could have made it uniformly good, had he not been thinking of something else). Here is an example, being the author's account of a visit to the summer seat of the Spanish monarchy:

"It was the end of July and the sky was blue and cloudless. The fine, soft light of the afternoon was falling on the tawny slopes and close-reaped fields. The harvest was over. In the fields on either side they were

threshing their grain, not as in the outside world, with the whirling of loud and swift machinery nor even with the active and lively swinging of flails, but in the open air, under the warm sky, the cattle were lazily treading out the corn on the bare ground, to be winnowed by the wandering wind. No change from the time of Solomon. Through an infinity of ages, ever since corn and cattle were, the Iberian farmer on this very spot had driven his beasts over the crops and never dreamed of a better way of doing the work."

In 1883, now twenty-two years ago, there was published anonymously a novel entitled "The Breadwinners." It immediately became a literary sensation, and "boomed" mightily, for that year, the "Century Magazine" in which it was published as a serial. The book was "saddled" on Mr. Hay, but he never acknowledged the authorship. However, according to the New York Times, it has been conclusively established, "by evidence positive and negative, internal and external, that it was written by John Hay." It is a powerful study of labor conditions, and, in addition, the literary art of the book, the power and skill of presentation, is very marked, very high, very distinctive. His failure to acknowledge it as his creation was entirely characteristic of the man. He even said on one occasion that he wished people would forget his poems.

The sixteen years of his life from 1875 to 1897 were spent in literary work, writing "The Breadwinners," and that monumental biography of Abraham Lincoln, in connection with a history of his time. To write such a work had been the cherished purpose of Mr. Hay, and his companion in the service of Lincoln, Mr. Nicolay, ever since they had become so intimately acquainted with him. They had even obtained his approval of such an undertaking. After a number of years spent by the collaborators in compilation of material, the publication

of the work was begun in the "Century Magazine," in 1887. After parts of it had been running for two years, the entire work was published in ten large volumes. This work is given over, by competent critics, to be the best biography of Lincoln extant, inasmuch as it is written from Lincoln's own point of view. Indeed, it takes its place among the five or six leading biographies that have been written.

Thus it will be seen that Hay deserves a place—how high, it cannot be said—in the history of American literature as well as in the history of American politics. Diplomacy he found on the level of sharp practice, but he left it high on the plateau of frank and fair dealing, and this has made him a place in the records of statesmanship; literature he found on a higher elevation, but his "Little Breeches," "Jim Bludso" and "The Stirrup Cup" are precious gems that will ever adorn it, and they alone mark him as a poet and give him a place with our other bards.

THE AWAKENING.

BY STEPHEN J. STEPHENS.

Lord, I have wasted life,
And set at naught my days
Of youth, now hunger preys
Upon my soul and hopes are rife.
Hunger for growth and hopes
That rush upon me still,
And will not leave until
I heed their voice and give
My soul unto the higher call.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY RUBICON.

BY SAUL.

Some men's lives are like circles, constantly changing at every point and traversing the same routine of things at regular intervals; there are others who for the most part travel in a rectilinear course, and if they change at all it is at a well-defined angle. David belonged to this latter class. He was slow to determine upon any course of action, but having once weighed a question thoroughly he settled it once for all. This peculiar characteristic of his reminded one of a huge boulder balanced upon a mountain top, which might easily be rocked by the pressure of a hand until it started, and then a forest might not check its course.

Even now he must settle a question which had first come to him several months past, as faint as a phantom from some half-remembered dream, but now stood before him in dark and terrible proportions. Evade it? He could not; the spectre had backed him to a corner. He had waited, but delay had brought no healing balm; he had reasoned till his thoughts were confused; he had prayed, but the heavens seemingly cast back the brazen echoes of his appeals. No, he who exercises a wise sovereignty over the kingdom of his own life must sometimes meet situations which angels perhaps do not understand.

David's thoughts wandered back to the village home of his boyhood; the old church where he was converted to the Christian faith, the strange and ever growing consciousness of his call to the ministry, the long, hard struggle for an education which a weaker frame or a less valiant spirit could hardly have endured, and then his determination to be a missionary to India. His college course was about finished. He had made application to the mission board of his church and had been accepted.

Just at this point came a letter from one of the board, an old friend of David's, who had watched with interest the development of the young minister. The letter was unofficial and contained some words of advice to the prospective missionary from one who had known the work from actual experience. In part it read: ". . . You should get married . . . a preacher in a foreign land needs a home . . . you cannot do your best work as a single man . . . your salary will be sufficient . . ." etc.

Married? David stretched his strong legs under the table as he tilted back his chair, locked his fingers across his head, and smiled faintly at the picture of Sir Galahad above the book case. Married? The smile faded, and a sad look came into the quiet gray eyes. Married? Yes, that was the question of such charming sorrow. He had thought of it seriously, calmly, reverently, and with exquisite pain. He approached the subject of matrimony as one drawing near to a holy place, and it seemed almost a profanation for him to dare think of her whom he loved as being his wife. Wife? There was a potent sweetness in the word as David whispered it softly to himself and smiled. Who would be the brave woman that would be partner to his simple life, go with him to a strange country, sympathize with his purposes, share its many sorrows, become the mother of his children, and esteem his love and companionship of infinitely more worth than all her present joys? Yes, who would she be?

David arose and walked out into the moonlight. A loud, boisterous song from the dormitory jarred rudely upon his thoughts so he turned his back upon the college and walked on until the few remaining lights on the campus dropped out of sight behind a hill at whose base lay a broad meadow. There, beside a little creek that gurgled over the gravel and reflected the twitching

figure of the moon, David lay down upon the white clover blooms and watched the curious stars, just as did young Jacob the night he pillowed his head upon a stone at Bethel, only the David had no comforting vision of the golden ladder. Did He who set those gleaming planets in their mighty circles to revolve so silently and gently through the ages think of constructing two lives that should find the highest joy and unison and harmony in each other? Is love a thing divine? David thought of his love for Melissa. The first sight of her had awakened in him a new experience. He loved her. He did not know why. He did not care to understand. He simply loved her and that was sufficient. Some have said that love is a thing of association, but David's love was not a process of incubation and brooding. It rivalled Jonah's gourd in the swiftness of its growth, and was in truth but a continuation of his first impression.

Never did poet or prophet conceive a more beatific vision than that of a strong, chaste, manly man whispering with unpolluted lips, his first words of love into the stainless ear of a sweet and virtuous woman. The gentle, the reposeful, the queenly Melissa listened. Her dark eyes grew serious, she turned her head away, and then she answered. She did not love David. She could not. She told him so. She admired him. She appreciated his friendship. She knew his life's purposes and respected them, but as for loving him or becoming his wife that was an entirely different matter. Not feeling the impulse of a religious inspiration like his, her motives were not particularly altruistic. The thought of being a missionary's wife had no charms for her. It was not her intention to wound David's feelings, but she thought he ought to know the truth.

He recalled with vivid distinctness his awful sense of despair when he realized that there was a vast impassable gulf between him and Melissa. He was not angry

with her. She was not to blame. Melissa was as powerless to love David as David was unable to cease from loving Melissa. He turned his face to the cool sweet clover and groaned, while the heedless stream still gurgled on and a gentle night breeze fanned his quivering shoulders.

Even sorrow is limited in its power to afflict the mind, and when the keenest throbs had abated David sat up again. It was of another that he now began to think. Why not Ruth? Ruth was much prettier than Melissa. Everybody said so,—at least everybody except David. Indeed when he began to reason quietly about the matter, Ruth was the superior woman. Hers was a stronger physique, in education she was at least Melissa's equal, in disposition she was more lively, by nature she was more affectionate. She was thoroughly capable of appreciating David's religious purposes and ideals, and his was the kind of life that appealed most to her. Not least to be considered was the fact that Ruth loved David. There are some things men cannot tell without appearing to be conceited, so it is enough to say that she loved him. Why not ask her to be his wife? In a little while he would learn to love her much better perhaps than he had ever loved Melissa, and then smile to think how foolish it was of him to fancy he had loved her. This at last was the solution of the problem. Now he would not bother about it any more.

Reason enthroned Ruth, but love, blind, unreasoning love, began to fight for Melissa. David well knew that he was too brave to marry Melissa if he could, knowing she did not love him. Would it be right to place Ruth in the same situation?

Why not go to India, hoping that in a few years Melissa might change her mind? Little hope of that, David thought, and then perhaps Ruth might marry someone else,—Ah! here was an entirely new situation. Truly,

love's perplexities are sometimes more excruciating than the tortures of the Inquisition.

The hours passed and there was no sound save the murmur of the restless creek and the gentle southing of the night breeze; the stars still shone as cheerily as though they had not witnessed the cruel rendings of a manly spirit, and the moon, pausing a moment above the hill-top, looked down upon a lonely figure, hat in hand, trudging slowly across the campus where the students were asleep. David's room-mate, half rousing from his sleep, heard him say: "Strengthen me, I pray Thee; make me brave enough to endure, and grant that I may not turn back from this decision. Thou knowest"

TO JOSEPH FRANCIS BIVINS.

BY RAYMOND BROWNING.

*Our gentle friend, we miss thy kindly smile,
 And fain would have thee with us once again
 To cheer our lives and drive away earth's pain
 That gnaws our hearts, and makes us sad the while
 We should be glad. Yes, come and help beguile
 Life's discords harsh into a sweet refrain,
 That we may sing while trudging down the lane
 Where glory waits beyond the old dark stile:
 For thou wert like some stalwart cliff that stands
 Far out upon a desert 'neath a sun
 That beats upon it with a torrid beam;
 The fainting travelers in the blistering sands
 Look up, cry out, and toward it run
 To find the shadow and a cooling stream.*

THE TRENT AFFAIR.

BY ALTON S. HOBGOOD.

The great Civil War in America, involving as it did the interests of fifty millions of people, profoundly affected the civilized nations of the earth. Its vast resources, grain, cattle, cotton and manufacturies, upon which the people of foreign countries were in a large measure dependent, must now be held within her own borders to equip and feed her armies. From the very birth of the Republic, England and France had been peculiarly interested in America. Now that the nation was convulsed in civil war the inquiry was naturally made as to what attitude France and England would assume to the rebellion. Would they maintain friendly relations with the United States government, or would they recognize the Southern Confederacy as an independent nation? What the fickle, bellicose, glory-loving French would do, it was hard to conjecture. But from the English, whose conservatism was so well known, an attitude of rigid neutrality was expected.

In his American Notes Kipling often makes the comment that America has always regarded England as her natural enemy. Such a remark may have been fitting up to the year 1860, but in that year it is noticeable that no such feeling existed. In December, 1860, President Buchanan declared that all disputes with Great Britain having been amicably settled, our relations with her were of the most friendly character. Lord Lyons, the British Minister to this country, pronounced the President's message the most cordial that had appeared in such a communication. Another event that served to cement the friendly feeling between the two nations was the visit of the young Prince of Wales to our shores. He came bearing the good-will of the royal mother and of the British people to our government and people, and

was received by our nation with genuine welcome and expressions of sincere friendship. A touching incident of his visit was the planting of a tree by the Prince at the tomb of Washington. The London Times, in an editorial, made this comment: "It seems when the royal youth closed the earth around the little germ, that he was burying the last faint trace of discord between us and our great brethren in the West."

Although such cordial relations existed between the two countries it was manifestly to the interest of Great Britain to side with the South. It was the South that furnished the cotton that supplied the great mills at Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds, and this could only be had by breaking the blockade. An independent South meant free trade with England. Furthermore, the rising power of the American Republic was looked upon with disfavor by European nations, and it was thought that a division of the American States would be for the public good. We may also add that in ideals, institutions and customs the South was in full accord with the aristocracy of England, and this fact served to knit the two countries together by the tie of sympathy. Powerful, however, as these commercial and social interests were, the South stood for an evil which the British people could not with consistency countenance. Slavery was the bone of contention between the American States and it was the acknowledged corner-stone of the Southern Confederacy. Slavery, as an institution, had been excluded from English soil since 1772, and it was not permitted in her colonies after 1833. Thus, commercial interests were placed in the balance against the evils of slavery, and the conflict produced a division in British circles. Lord Palmerson, the British Premier, sized up the situation when he said to an American in London, "We do not like slavery, but we must have cotton, and we dislike very much your Moriff Tariff." The

sympathies of the manufacturers and of the higher classes were at first wholly with the South. The press and the great quarterlies also favored the South. It was the general opinion in England that the rebellion could not be suppressed. The South had won the great battle of Bull Run, and was marshalling troops to the front in great numbers. The Quarterly Review declared, "We believe the conquest of the South to be a hopeless dream." Mr. Gladstone voiced the same opinion when he said that, "The Federal government could never succeed in putting down the rebellion."

Before the arrival of Charles Francis Adams, the newly appointed Minister of the United States to England, the Queen's proclamation of neutrality had been issued. It accorded to the South the same belligerent rights, war privileges, etc., that were given to any sovereign nation. This act was regarded by many Englishmen as showing an unfriendly attitude to the United States government.

Such was the feeling between the two countries, when an event occurred which came very near embroiling the United States in a war with England. The facts in the case are these. The Confederate government, realizing the value of its produce to the civilized world, had appointed ex-Senator Jas. M. Mason, of Virginia, and ex-Senator Jno. Slidell, of Louisiana, as Commissioners to Europe to obtain recognition for the Confederate government. They were both men of recognized ability and political prominence. They, with their families and secretaries, boarded the blockade-runner, *Theodora*, and at midnight of October 12, 1861, succeeded in eluding the Union cruisers around Charleston and in reaching Cardenas, Cuba, from whence they proceeded in safety to Havana. Once on neutral territory, and deeming themselves beyond danger, they made no concealment of their presence, but openly avowed their mission and official

character. The British Consul showed them marked attention and they sought to be presented to the Captain-General of Cuba, but were denied.

In the meantime, Captain Wilkes, who commanded the man-of-war, San Jacinto, hearing of the important passengers, hastened to Havana in the hope of capturing the little blockade runner. Being too late for this, he decided to lay in wait in Bahama Channel until the British packet should pass by. At about noon of November 8th the British steamer, Trent, hove in sight. She was ordered to heave to by a solid shot across her bows from the San Jacinto, but disregarding this, she was brought to a stop by a shell which exploded in front of her. Wilkes sent an officer and an armed guard aboard, who demanded that they be shown the passenger list and the ship's papers. These being refused, the Lieutenant sent back to the San Jacinto for more men. The incident created quite a stir aboard the Trent, and a number of the passengers gathered around, who openly avowed secession sympathies. Mason and Slidell, hearing their names called, came down and were at once recognized and taken prisoners by force. They appealed to the British flag for protection, and Captain Williams, of the Trent, boasting himself the Queen's representative, protested against the seizure and demanded that the passengers be left undisturbed. Wilkes was firm, however, and the prisoners were quietly removed to the San Jacinto and the Trent was allowed to proceed on her journey. The captives were taken to Boston, and confined in Fort Warren.

The news of the capture reached New York on November 16th. It is hard to imagine the feeling of jubilation that pervaded the country. Wilkes was lauded as a popular hero and was tendered an ovation wherever he went. The Secretary of the Navy, Welles, sent Wilkes a congratulatory letter, Boston gave him a banquet at

which Governor Andrews and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts spoke. The Boston Saturday Club invited him to dinner, and the National House of Representatives on the first day of its session, thanked him. The New York Evening Times declared in an editorial, "We do not believe the American heart ever thrilled with more genuine delight." It seems that there was special animosity in the North against Mason and Slidell. Mason was remembered as the author of the detested Fugitive Slave Law, while Slidell, a Northerner by birth and education, had become an enthusiastic and effective champion of slavery and secession. The capture of these two men, in the picturesque manner in which it was done, touched the national pride and caused many serious statesmen to overlook the perplexing national difficulties which it involved. All the members of Lincoln's Cabinet, except Blair, joined in the general rejoicing. Edward Everett, Caleb Cushing, and Richard H. Dana, Jr., an authority on international law, all undertook to justify the act of Wilkes. Secretary Seward was at first jubilant, but, upon reflection, he came to see the serious nature of the offense. It was, however, the wise, far-sighted and sagacious Lincoln who immediately on the day of the arrival of the prisoners, perceived the gravity of the situation, and expressed his displeasure by remarking that he feared the captives would prove white elephants, declaring that "we fought Great Britain for insisting by theory and practice on the right to do precisely what Capt. Wilkes had done."

Sumner and Blair were in favor of surrendering the prisoners to England at once. On November 28th, Thos. Ewing wrote to Lincoln that "we ought not to vouch as authority previous aggressive acts of England at a time when she was a swaggering bully on the ocean." He thought the best way out of the difficulty was to let Eng-

land lay down the law and for the United States to agree to anything favorable to neutral vessels, their cargoes and passengers. But Lincoln's "sense of the feeling of the people was keener than his knowledge of international law," and he was afraid he would lose the support of the conservative Republicans and war Democrats.

While the question was being debated in this country, the startling news reached England. The incensed passengers, and at least one of the officers, the indignant Captain Williams, announced the fact to the British authorities. Many things combined to arouse the populace and government officials to a spirit of war. Liverpool held an indignant and crowded mass-meeting. The element in favor of Southern independence did what they could to fan the flames. Jno. Bright wrote Sumner, "It has caused a great sensation and the ignorant and the passionate and 'Rule Britannia' class are angry and insolent as usual." A Cabinet meeting was quickly held and it was decided that the act of Captain Wilkes was "a clear violation of the laws of nations, and one for which reparation should at once be demanded." They held also that Captain Wilkes showed a reckless disregard of international law because he did not submit the case to a prize-court. A friend of the North wrote: "England's attitude is that of calm, sorrowful, astonished determination." The London Times said: "The United States had invaded the sanctuary which England extends to all political exiles, who seek her protection." And again it affirmed "the voice of these Southern Commissioners sounding from their captivity, will be more effective than they would be as Commissioners in the Courts of St. James and the Tuileries."

The British Ministry, having been informed of the facts in the case, from the reports of the mail crew, Lord Palmerston made a formal demand on the United

States government for reparation and a suitable apology for the outrage. This was sent to the Queen for her approval. The Prince Consort wrestled over the matter for a whole night. The peaceful Queen was in no mood for war, while Prince Albert, recalling the royal welcome the young Prince of Wales had received on his visit to this country, also desired that no demand should be made which would mar the friendly relation between the two countries. The result was that the tone of the drastic demand of Palmerston was softened, and the wish expressed that the hitherto pleasant relations between the two countries should not be broken. This proved to be the last official writing of the Prince, as his death occurred only a few weeks afterwards. The dispatch was forwarded to Lord Lyons, England's Minister to this country, with a private note from Lord Russell that if an unfavorable reply was received after seven days' delay, the British Minister should leave Washington and "repair immediately to London." In another note on the same day, Russell requested Lyons not to carry the dispatch with him when he first brought the matter to Seward's attention, but that the President and Secretary should be left to choose their own course, and anything like menace should be avoided.

In the meanwhile the British nation prepared for war. Great quantities of cannon, muskets, and ammunition were loaded on shipboard for Canada. One of Palmerston's biographers declares: "In three weeks from ten thousand to eleven thousand troops were on their way across the Atlantic and our naval force at that station was nearly doubled. The English public was certainly in a great rage."

On December 19th, Lord Lyons made known to Seward the general nature of Russell's dispatch and expressed his desire to accept any suggestions looking toward an amiable settlement of the affair. Lyons wrote

Russell that Seward "received the communication seriously and with dignity, but without any manifestation of dissatisfaction.

After Seward had fully informed himself of the state of public opinion in Europe, he and the President reviewed the case. They disagreed as to the policy to be pursued. Lincoln said to Seward, "Gov. Seward, you will go on, of course, preparing your answer, which, I understand, will state the reasons why they ought to be given up. Now, I have a mind to try my hand at stating the reasons why they ought not to be given up. We will compare the points on each side." The President's idea was to arbitrate the matter by showing England's former position on such matters and her present attitude towards the rebellion, but this view was considered impracticable in the light of the actual conditions and his paper was not shown to the Cabinet.

A meeting of the Cabinet was called on December 25th. The task that lay before it was an arduous one. Five weeks had now passed since the capture, and the state of public opinion in the North had crystalized into a firm determination to hold the captives in spite of the protests of Great Britain. A great many public men had committed themselves to the view that they ought not to be given up. On the other hand the Cabinet could not ignore the sentiment of the entire English nation and its actual preparation for war. It was quite clear that the North had gotten itself into a perplexing dilemma. Not to give up the prisoners meant war with England, the opening of the blockade, and possibly Southern independence. To give them up meant humiliation to the United State and possibly the alienation of a great number of the supporters of the administration. The question required all the tact and ingenuity that Seward and his associates could command. When the Cabinet met, none but Seward and

Blair were in favor of a full compliance with the British demands. Hence it was necessary for them to convince their colleagues of the wisdom of their view. All possible influences were brought to bear upon them. Senator Sumner was called in and read letters from Bright and Cobden, showing how they deprecated war, and how it could not be avoided, except by releasing the prisoners. The attitude of France was also brought to bear upon members of the Cabinet through a dispatch from Trouvenel to Mercier. This dispatch was a sincere appeal to the United States government not to commit the error of trying to defend what had been done. The opinions of Adams, Weed, Bigelow, and Dayton had much weight with the cabinet. Bates, in his Diary, makes this interesting comment as to the reason why so many hesitated before concurring in Seward's view: "The main fear, I believe, was the displeasure of our own people—lest they should accuse us of timidly truckling to the power of England." The various influences at length had the desired effect and the next day "all yielded to and concurred in, Mr. Seward's letter to Lord Lyons, after some verbal and formal amendments."

The paper which Seward had prepared was an interesting document. It showed his masterful power in dealing with a delicate and perplexing situation. Mr. Bancroft, in his life of Seward, has well stated the task that lay before the Secretary in these words: "Seward's predicament at last was very peculiar; the prisoners had to be released, but it was important to justify their release in such a way as not to arouse the resentment of the great popular majority, or either to offend the House of Representatives, or humiliate the Secretary of the Navy. Otherwise the administration would find itself greatly weakened, and perhaps unable to command sufficient support to save the Union."

A more trying situation one can hardly conceive, and

yet Seward accomplished his task with splendid ability. He admitted that according to the law of nations, Wilkes had committed an error in not running the vessel into a neutral port and having the matter adjudicated by a Court of Admiralty. His failure to do this made his government liable for his mistake, and the United States must therefore make such reasonable reparation as should be demanded. He denied, however, that the act was committed with any intention of offering an insult to the British flag. But, on the contrary, he strongly affirmed that Capt. Wilkes was prompted by the purest motive of patriotism and service to his country. In conclusion Seward states the line of reasoning that led him to his decision.

“If I decide this case in favor of my own government, I must disavow the most cherished principles, and reverse and forever abandon its essential policy. The country cannot afford the sacrifice. If I maintain those principles, and adhere to that policy, I must surrender the case itself. It will be seen, therefore, that this government could not deny the justice of the claim. We are asked to do to the British nation just what we have always insisted that all nations should do to us.”

Thus, by one brilliant stroke of diplomacy, Seward turned a seeming diplomatic defeat into a great international victory. The nation readily acquiesced in the decision when the people once understood the situation. The New York Tribune, of December 30th, said: “We believe the administration is stronger with the people today than if Mason and Slidell had never been captured, or their surrender had been refused.” Similar opinions were expressed by noted public men, and the people who at first rejoiced at the capture of the Commissioners, now joined in a chorus of praise to Seward and Lincoln, who had so skilfully managed their release.

The favorable settlement was received with even more satisfaction in England. Stocks went up, and the people congratulated themselves over their diplomatic victory. Adams wrote back from London: "The satisfaction expressed in this city everywhere, excepting among the small society of the Confederate emissaries and the party which habitually looks to war as an attractive pastime, stands with remarkable contrast with the feeling which animated almost everybody six months ago." Russel wrote Lyons that it gave "her Majesty's government great satisfaction to be enabled to arrive at a conclusion favorable to the maintenance of the most friendly relations between the two nations." The settlement averted war at a time when war would have been fatal to the existence of the Republic, and it preserved the dignity and consistent policy which the United States had pursued from its foundation.

On January 1, 1862, Mason and Slidell were taken from Fort Warren and conveyed to Provincetown, Mass., where they were placed on a British sloop-of-war. They were then borne to St. Thomas and there took passage on a steamer for England.

TO MARJORIE.

Dear, I have wandered all my days
O'er many a barren path and bleak;
But come at last from out the maze
Of tangled ways, and strive to seek
And find thy heart of love.

THE CASE OF PETER BLAIR.

BY W.

“There was the Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see,”

read Peter Blair, and overwhelmed by the mighty force of world-weariness which at the moment swept over him, he let the volume in which he had been reading fall to the ground and bowed his head in his hands. He was out of harmony with the world; the things he possessed, he did not want, and what he most desired was as far beyond his grasp as the East is from the West. Nothing could be done. There was no hope for him. He had been singled out by nature as the object of her capricious conduct. Why had he ever been born into a situation from which there was no hope of escape? Arriving no nearer a solution than on many other times before, he slowly picked up his volume of Omar Khayyam, brushed off the dirt (which it gathered by its contact with the ground), and walked wearily toward his room in the college dormitory.

Peter Blair was a man with unusually great intellectual ability. He had come to college well prepared, and hard study together with his naturally bright mind had enabled him to stay at the head of his class the entire four years of his college course. After graduation the college, by giving him a position as assistant in the department of astronomy, had encouraged him to continue his work in the graduate department. In addition to being a good student, he was a good debater, and had represented his college in three intercollegiate debates. His abilities as a writer, too, had been praised often, probably more than those of any other student contemporary with him. He had edited his college magazine with great credit, and he had won a prize as an essayist. His popularity, while not as great as that of

some students, was not to be complained of. Indeed, for a man of his ability, it was remarkable that he had as few enemies as he did. Yet there was one barrier in his pathway that was immovable. All his intellectual ability was nothing. The habits of toil and perseverance which he had been forming from his earliest youth were of no avail. He had been told that perseverance conquers all things; he had found it to be a lie; that by following the lead of opportunity one might reach every state mortal desires; this he had found to be another lie. He might soar to the heights of imagination, explore the depths of intellect, and range the breadths of opportunity; all was in vain.

His father, William Blair, was born in England, but moved to a Southern State when a child. He was an adventurous sort of youth, and while still a young man he went to the West Indies and engaged in the mercantile business. (He prospered and grew even richer than he had ever hoped in his most sanguine moments.) After he had lived for some time in several of the islands, he finally married a rich and beautiful creole lady and settled down in Puerto Rico. Soon after their first child was born, a pestilence of yellow fever swept over Puerto Rico and the parents both died, and the little one, Peter Blair, was sent back to his father's old home in the United States to be reared and educated. He lived with his grandfather, and was trained by a private tutor till he was nineteen, when he was sent to an old-established Southern college.

In the training of the boy the grandfather took great pains. He was not allowed to play with other boys of his age without an attendant. His tutor or a servant was always sent with him. The boy himself did not for a long time know why such particular care was taken of him, but the neighbors all knew, and often speculated as to what Peter would do when he discovered the secret.

One day when he was about twelve years old he was out at play with several boys of his own age and was attended as usual by a servant, an old negro. The day was warm and the negro lay down under a tree and was soon asleep. The boys played, now this game and now that, and finally Peter and one of them got into a quarrel. Angry words flew back and forth and Peter seemed to be getting the better of the contest when suddenly the other boy pointed his finger at him and said: "Yes, you put on mighty fine airs, but you're a nigger, that's what you are."

"It's a lie," shouted Peter, wild with passion. He looked at his companions for support, but he saw in their awed faces nothing but confirmation of his enemy's words. The boys had been told all their lives that they must never breathe the secret in Peter's presence. Now it was all out and they all stood dumb. When Peter saw there was no hope of comfort from his companions, a feeling of terror stole over him, and he turned and ran away and never stopped till he reached his own room. There he seized a mirror and took one short look and then threw it upon the floor with all his might. He saw in his face for the first time what his friends had always seen there, *the unmistakable evidence that negro blood flowed in his veins*. The boy was struck dumb with terror and amazement and ran to find his grandfather. The old man was horrified and tried to put the boy off, but he demanded to know the truth with so much vehemence that the grandfather finally decided to tell what he knew.

When the child was sent to his father's old home, everybody saw at once that there was a trace of negro blood in him. It was very faint, but it was there unmistakably. He was very much like his father; so much so that every one who had known William Blair could see his exact image in the child. So there being no

mistake about his identity, it was determined to make an investigation of his mother's family. After a long search it was discovered that her grandmother was a mulatto; that she had just a trace of negro blood. Peter's grandmother had shown no sign of the hated race; neither had his mother, and yet after disappearing for two generations it had reappeared; faint indeed, yet it was there, so plain that only to look was to be convinced.

From this time on the boy's whole nature was changed. For a long time he did not go anywhere and refused to see anyone except his own immediate family. But time dulled the sting of the discovery he had made. He found consolation in his books and determined to make up in intellect and mental attainments what he lacked in birth. He made remarkable progress and seemed to be reconciled to his condition. He would be content to be a (great) scholar; he would forget himself in his books. His grandfather sent him to Europe where he stayed several years visiting noted places with his tutor. When he returned to his old home he was a quiet, modest student. He mingled with his neighbors some, always unobtrusively though, and it seemed that people had forgotten that he had a misfortune of birth. When he was ready for college, his grandfather wanted him to go North, but he said no; he would go with his neighbors and show them how he could be a man. All went well, as he had planned. Honor after honor and distinction after distinction were heaped upon him. When the time came for him to take his degree he was far ahead of any man in his class. He was satisfied with his four years' work, and had already laid plans for his graduate course which he intended to pursue with the same diligence and perseverance that he had exercised in his undergraduate work.

But there was one situation which he had not taken

into account. A new problem was to be solved which was harder than any he had yet attempted. When he came back to college to enter upon his graduate work he found that the astronomy professor's sister, Miss Mary Dalton, had come to live with her brother. She was just from an old aristocratic seminary, was nineteen years old, and spoke with the soft, low accents characteristic of Southern women. Her family was old and honorable, and she had always been trained to revere the Southern aristocracy. Indeed, her greatest fault was an inclination to be scornful of people who had not been born as well as she. When Peter Blair saw her he was amazed at her beauty and attractiveness. He went away from the house of Professor Dalton in a dream. He saw her face in every sunbeam; he heard the gentle murmuring of her voice in every sigh of the wind. He went to bed and dreamed of green fields where a girl-face was peeping from behind every leaf and blade of grass; of running brooks which had bright eyes sparkling in every cataract and ripple. When he awoke in the morning a bird was singing at his window and he thought of the music of a girl's voice. Buoyant with joy and exulting in the strength of sturdy manhood he leaped from his bed and began to dress, singing snatches of song which ran the room over with melody. Hurrying to get out into the morning sunlight, he grasped a collar and tie and stepped before the mirror. In an instant every muscle was as motionless as a statue. He saw reflected there a face, handsome, strong and manly, but with the loathsome, accursed mark of his ancestry!

"My God! My God!" he shrieked, and turned from the awful sight. The blood left his face and it became pale as ashes. He beat the air wildly with his arms, staggered backward, and with an inarticulate cry he fell to the floor.

For several days Peter stayed in his room. He told

his friends that he was ill, and when they looked at him they did not doubt his word. Never before had he realized his true condition. He had always looked rather lightly upon women. To be sure, he was polite and respectful to them, but they had been left out of the plan he had made for his life. He had never taken into account the strange, mysterious mating instinct that comes upon birds, animals and men, and sways them from their ordinary course of conduct. Now he felt it in all its immensity, and at the same time he saw between him and his one overmastering desire a great gulf that never could be crossed.

To one man comes this blind, unreasoning desire. He is poor, but looks into the future, sees a vision of what he hopes to be and says to the world with defiance in his voice:

"I'll make money, and I'll turn my air-castle into a castle of wood and stone."

"I'll win fame," says another, "and then my wooing will be as sweet music to the ears of my love."

"She is only wilful," says still another; "I will make a long seige and she will surrender at last."

"In some far-off future time," says another, "the child of my fancy, the phantom of my dreams, will stand embodied before me and hearken to my voice."

Thus we are accustomed to appease the longings of the human spirit. Some day we think we will get what we most desire. We are no nearer it today than we were yesterday, but some day it will surely come, and then we will be satisfied. But no such comfort could ever come to Peter Blair. Whichever way he looked he saw only the darkness of despair. A feeling which he had never cherished, a sentiment which he had never hoped to gratify, had come sweeping down upon him through the ages of his ancestry and now he was a crushed, hopeless victim. Almost in the twinkling of an eye his whole life-

purpose had been taken from him, and in its place there was only a terrible, consuming desire, unattainable, inaccessible. What use was there now for him to strive? Why toil and suffer to obtain something that would only create loathing and disgust? Every success was only a mockery, only a reminder of the great passion of his life which could never be satisfied.

So we find him dragging out a weary existence, trying in vain to find comfort in the mysterious verses of Omar Khayyam. But no hope was there. Several times he asked to see Miss Dalton, but always there was a polite and very firm denial. He became convinced more firmly as the weeks passed that she could never be more to him than a very distant friend. The woman he loved, the one being in all God's creation that he really cared for, must forever be a stranger to him. He must go through life alone; he who now so much desired companionship. For even if he could forget Miss Dalton, it would be the same with all other women. He had the fatal mark upon him; everyone's hand would be against him.

Peter became gloomy and sad. Life now had no attractions for him. There was no use to strive. The utmost endeavor would be of no avail. Already he could see failure at the end, no matter what course he pursued. What he could get he did not want; the only thing he wanted was placed forever beyond his grasp. What was there in life for him now? The die had already been cast and he had lost. This world was to him a desert; why stay in it longer? There might be another world; there might not. Surely it could be no worse for him than this one; it might be better. It was only a single step, why not take it? Only a moment and he could be beyond the stings of social injustice. The moment would be one of darkness and uncertainty, but surely he who had so little here could afford to take the risk. Surely he had the courage. Only a little white powder

and a cup of wine, and all would be over. Why not? Why not?

Debating such questions as these he dragged out the weary hours and days till the month of May. Everything but Peter was getting new life. The birds were singing new tunes, the trees had new coats of green, the brooks were babbling with a new melody, the robin was building a nest and the bob-white was courting his sweetheart in the fields. Peter's existence grew narrower and narrower; the darkness of despair was creeping closer and closer; the little white powder was always within reach. One morning toward the last of May he arose wearily from a restless couch. Slowly he reached for the morning paper which the boy had tossed in at the door. He began casting his eyes leisurely down the columns in a listless way, but suddenly he became motionless as a stone, his eyes flashed, and his breath came in gasps. He had seen the following:

"Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Robert Holt and Miss Mary Dalton, on the fifth of June," etc.

"At last, at last!" he cried wildly, as he threw the paper to the floor. Then with trembling hands he poured out a glass of wine, sifted the white powder into it and swallowed it at a gulp. When his friends found him he was sitting in a large rocking chair with a look of quiet rest on his handsome face.

AS ONE PERFECT WHOLE.

BY H. E. SPENCE.

*The voice of Nature is the voice of God;
Whether in raging storms, or balmy breeze,
In awful thunder roll, or hum of bees.
He speaks in every flower that bursts the clod,
In every daffodil or golden-rod,
In mighty desert wastes or grassy leas,
In meadow-ponds or raging, roaring seas;
The one Omnipotent, whose mighty rod
Rules all space infinite, earth, water, air;
And we may view Him as one perfect whole;
But when the heart is burdened sad with care,
When waves of grief and sorrow o'er it roll,
Then to the individual God in prayer
Saddened and weary turns the helpless soul.*



S. B. UNDERWOOD,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
C. J. HARRELL,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

IN THE BEGINNING.

The past editors of this magazine have exhausted the vocabulary in salutatory expressions. It remains to us to say very little, and then only repeat the words of our predecessors. We can declare, as others have done, that we feel very greatly the responsibility which rests upon us. The task of editing a college magazine is a hard one; we hope that it will not be impossible to do the work faithfully and well. We have high aims. We believe Trinity can have a good magazine this year; we know it will be a good one if every one will do his part.

You have a part. You have elected your editor and he has appointed his assistants, but they cannot do all. The real work rests with you, the students of Trinity College. Will you be found wanting in the hour of need? We trust not. Do not think that there is nothing which you can do, for you will be mistaken; you can at least *try*, and faithful efforts lead to success. This is a statement as old as the hills, but it means the same now it did the first time it was ever uttered. We long for the time when it will no longer be necessary for the editors to beg and plead for manuscripts, but when they will have an abundance of voluntary offerings to select from. There are men and women in Trinity College who can write; for the love of Alma Mater, *get at it*.

This means YOU. This magazine does not belong solely to the Seniors. It is the organ of the student body, it represents all classes. It is due your support, whether you are a Senior or a Freshman. Shall it not have it? If it does, we will have a magazine to be proud of. If it does not, the fault lies with you. Let us with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, make this the best year in the history of the ARCHIVE.

All this has been said many times before and will be repeated many times in the future, but it is none the less important.



LET US HAVE AN ANNUAL.

For years Trinity students have talked of publishing an annual, but that is about as far as the matter has ever gone. Since the opening of this term some of those faithful ones who are ever keenly alive to anything which tends to the good of the College, have begun to talk the matter up and to express a desire that we might get out one this year. The ARCHIVE hopes that these enthusiasts may see their dreams realized.

There is no earthly reason why Trinity College should not publish an annual. There is every reason why she should. There is hardly a reputable college in the South today which does not publish one. In this State we might name the University, Davidson, Wake Forest, A. & M., and even some of the women's colleges. These get out every year publications which are representative of every phase of college life, and which are of interest to every student and friend of the colleges, besides being a decided advertisement to the institutions themselves. You will find copies of these publications in the hands of almost every student of these colleges, besides numbers of their friends, and their pages are turned by many enthusiastic admirers who judge the ability and pa-

triotism of the student bodies by their efforts in this direction.

Trinity is behind in this respect. It should not be. We believe that we are in the lead among Southern colleges, and we must not fall behind in this matter. Trinity *must* get out an annual. They tell us we cannot do it. Why? Is it because we do not have sufficient energy? Is it because we have no one who can do the work? Is it because the institution is not large enough to support one financially and in all other ways? We believe no will answer all these questions. We can get out an annual if we will. And we owe it to ourselves and to our institution to do it.

We would be glad to see some organization or all the college organizations combined take this matter up and begin to redeem our college. Prompt and earnest action will bring things to pass. We believe the students want an annual. Let us have it.

TO OUR FRIENDS, THE NEW MEN.

To the new men within our borders the ARCHIVE extends a word of welcome. The college is glad to have you and your associates welcome you most heartily, hoping that the time spent here may be both pleasant and profitable.

You have come to a great place and a great opportunity is yours. We do not intend to preach or to moralize, but we suggest to our friends, the new men, that they strive earnestly to find the highest and best side of college life. It is easy to get on the other side and, when once there, it is hard to get away. You owe it to yourself to make the most of your opportunities and to spend your time in pursuit of those things which go to the making of the higher manhood.

You find yourself placed in the midst of a throng of workers. Work is the motto here; its all pervading influence is in the very air which we breathe. To a year of work we welcome you. May your tasks be those which strengthen the fibers of manhood and may you find a joy in the doing of them.

Trinity students have learned with deep regret that Prof. P. T. Durham has severed his connection with the college. He resigned in August and accepted the pastorate of Trinity Church in Charlotte, which became suddenly vacant. This is a distinct loss to the college community. We could ill afford to give up Prof. Durham who endeared himself to all who knew him, and whose work was of the very highest order. The best wishes of all his friends and former students follow him to his new field of activity.

On behalf of the student body the ARCHIVE welcomes the new members of the faculty, Professors Wannamaker and Hendren, of the departments of German and Applied Mathematics. They are both alumni of Trinity and they receive a cordial greeting as teachers. Since leaving Trinity they have been busily preparing for their work and are exceedingly well qualified for filling their respective places.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning with next month, the ARCHIVE will carry two additional departments. The exchange department will be managed by Mr. Alton S. Hobgood. The other—well, it is sufficient to say that Mr. F. W. Obarr will have charge of it. That fact alone will give it interest.



Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS, - - - - - MANAGER.

Among the biographies which are soon to be given to the public, the one which will attract the most interest and attention in the South is "Sidney Lanier," by Dr. Edwin Mims. In a picturesque style the author presents the life of a man who is fast gaining his place with the best and truest American poets. This is the first full and complete biography of Lanier, and in it Dr. Mims makes him tell, as far as possible, his own story by brief extracts from his correspondence and letters; manuscripts having been placed at Dr. Mims's disposal by the Lanier family. The writer was at special pains throughout the book to relate all the phases of Lanier's many sided activity to the character of the man, and gives to the reader a lively sense of his personal quality.

and several pictures of fac-similes and of portraits re-

The volume is illustrated with a frontispiece portrait produced in half tone from old daguerreotypes of Lanier.

In "Sidney Lanier," Dr. Mims has proved himself a valuable contributor to American literature and the ARCHIVE extends to him its most cordial congratulations.

Catherine Cecil Thurston's latest novel is "The Gambler," which has just appeared in book form; it is now running serially in Harper's Weekly. The personage around whom the story centers is a beautiful Irish girl

who has inherited from her father, along with many charming qualities, the gambler's passion. This novel has by no means the tremendous force of "The Masquerader," nor is it so full of life and interest, and throughout lacks the magic power of the author's earlier books.

The writings of Mark Twain reprinted from various sources and dealing with his career as a journalist, have just been issued under the name "Editorial Wild Oats."

"Idle Comments," a memorial volume from the writings of Isaac Erwin Avery, will be ready for distribution about October 15, 1905. Dr. Edwin Mims is editor-in-chief. From the proceeds of the sale of the book it is proposed to establish a perpetual memorial in scholarships at Trinity College, his Alma Mater, to be known as the Isaac Erwin Avery scholarships.

A few years ago the Clarendon Press issued their admirably executed fac-simile reprint of the first folio of Shakespeare. The remaining three folios, says the New York Times, are in active preparation and at an early date will be ready for the man who is willing to pay twelve guineas. That the complete series of seventeenth century issues of Shakespeare should be fac-similed has for years been the dream of the Shakespearean, and many have thought it ought to be done, if the country had any sense of obligation to the first of its authors.

William Garrott Brown has written what is described as "a sympathetic study by a Southerner of a New England Federalist Statesman," in the life of Oliver Ellsworth, which the Macmillan Co. has on its autumn list. Mr. Brown will be remembered as the author of "The Foe of Compromise," "The Lower South in American History," and "A Gentleman of the South."

One of the most attractive illustrations in *The Century* for September is that by A. B. Frost, of John Charles McNeill's picturesque and homely little poem, "Holding Off the Calf." Mr. McNeill is a member of the *Charlotte Observer's* staff. The poem is the small boy's point of view of barnyard duties at the close of a summer day "when the fellers go off to swim." Mr. McNeill is especially happy in his use of the quaint dialect of the Carolinas, and his poems which have appeared from time to time in *The Century* are read with genuine enjoyment.

Scribner's for October will contain a peculiarly vigorous and graphic description of one of Roosevelt's recent bear hunts in Colorado. So essentially is the President a man of the hour, that any thing from his pen will be eagerly read.

The Macmillan Company has recently published Professor Dill's "Roman Social Life," which is a fascinating study of manners and customs, fashions and beliefs from Nero to Aurelius.

"The Vale of Tempe" is the title of a collection of poems by the well known American poet, Madison J. Cawein, whose productions have met such favorable criticism from Mr. Roosevelt. His poems have been published in "*Century*," "*Harper's*," and "*The Atlantic*." The chief attractiveness of Mr. Cawein's poems lies in their artlessness of phrase and in their suggestions of a leisurely method on the part of the author. The volume contains a very excellent description of "The Autumn Storm."



Z. E. BARNHARDT, - - - - - MANAGER.

Our Young Men's Christian Association comes boldly to the front, anticipating a bright and prosperous year. Indeed, it has already begun. This organization in Trinity stands for all that is highest and best in life, and for a strong, healthy, robust, Christian manhood. It did a great and effective work last year and advanced to the point where we think it possible to do a greater work during the coming months. With a strong band of enthusiastic young men at its head, and almost the entire student body in its ranks, it touches every side of college life and commands as never before the attention and respect of the entire college community. Let every man take the president by the hand and help him, and together let us go forward in the Master's work.

The committee from the Y. M. C. A. did splendid work during the first few days of school. They made it a point to meet as many new men as possible at the train and to show them every possible attention, such as introducing them to the old men and rendering aid in selecting rooms. We feel sure that this work was highly appreciated by the new men for it kept them out of many embarrassing positions and at the same time made them feel that they had friends here.


On Sunday afternoon, September 10, the opening meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held. The large and attractive hall set apart for the Association, was filled with young men. Dr. Mims, Professor of English Literature, made the opening address, basing his remarks

upon lessons drawn from the lives of Moses, Isaiah, David and Paul. He spoke to the point and was listened to with great interest. Dr. Kilgo then made a short talk, recalling the impressions made upon him by his first departure for college and his first Sunday spent there. At the conclusion of the service twenty-two men gave their names for membership. This number was increased later.

The annual reception by the Young Men's Christian Association to the new students was given on Friday evening, September 15. At 8:15 the students and faculty assembled in the Association Hall, and Mr. S. B. Underwood, president of the Y. M. C. A., introduced Mr. L. T. Singleton, who represented that organization in a welcome address. He made the new men feel at home by his cordial greeting. Rev. T. A. Smoot, pastor of Main Street Church, was then introduced, and spoke in behalf of the churches of the city.

At the conclusion of this part of the exercises, the body adjourned to the dining hall, where the program was completed. Refreshments were served by Trakas, and toasts were in order. Dr. W. H. Glasson acted as toastmaster, and the following responses were made: The Literary Societies, Rev. Plato T. Durham, of Charlotte; Athletics, Paul Webb; The ARCHIVE, H. E. Spence; The Trinity Park School, Headmaster J. A. Bivins; The Glee Club, J. L. Williams; The City of Durham, Hon. R. W. Winston.

All these speeches were of a high order of excellence. Wit mingled with eloquence kept the large audience in a constant roar of laughter. The program was interspersed with songs by the Glee Club and college yells led by Captain Smith, of the baseball team. The program was well prepared and thoroughly enjoyed by the students, both old and new. We pronounce it the most pleasant occasion of the kind ever held here.



At Home and Abroad

H. G. FOARD,

MANAGER.

The opening of college this year has been unusually good. The entering class is very much larger than the one last year, and the preparation of the students is very gratifying. The total enrollment to date shows a very marked increase over the total enrollment of last year. The old students have returned better than any previous year.

Mr. B. F. Dixon, Jr., a former Trinity man now studying law at Columbia, spent a few days on the Park at the opening of the term.

Mr. E. C. Perrow, of Tennessee, an A. B. and A. M. graduate of Trinity, and Instructor in History last year, visited friends here recently. Mr. Perrow is now in the graduate school of Harvard University.

Messrs. U. N. Hoffman and W. G. Jerome, of the Junior class, have been appointed assistant librarians.

Mr. F. A. Ogburn, of Monroe, has charge of the book room this year.

The students of Trinity have heard with genuine regret of the resignation of Professor Durham, who has left the college to fill the pastorate of Trinity Church, Charlotte. President Kilgo has taken over his department.

The following Trinity men have been recently elected to important positions in educational institutions: Mr.

B. R. Payne, Professor in the Curry School of Pedagogy at the University of Virginia; Mr. W. K. Boyd, Professor of History at Dartmouth College; Mr. R. A. Law, Instructor in English at Harvard University.

The annual Y. M. C. A. reception to new students was held Friday evening, September 16. A fuller account is given elsewhere.

Two important additions are made to the faculty with the beginning of this term. Prof W. H. Wannamaker has returned from Germany and assumed active control of the department of German, to which he was elected two years ago. Mr. Wannamaker is a graduate of Wofford and holds the degree of A. M. from Trinity and Harvard. In addition to this he has spent two years studying and traveling in Europe.

Mr. L. L. Hendren comes as Adjunct Professor of Applied Mathematics. He is an A. B. and A. M. graduate of Trinity. He taught one year in the Trinity Park School and then went to Columbia, where he studied until coming to Trinity. He received the Doctor's degree from Columbia.

Rev. J. A. B. Fry is spending a few weeks on the campus.

Mr. J. B. Montgomery, now with the Atlanta Constitution, was on the Park shaking hands with old friends a few days ago.

Mr. J. F. Coltrane, of '03, stopped by a few days on his way to Fayetteville, N. C., where he is teaching school.

Mr. M. S. Giles, of '03, has gone to Bowman, S. C., to teach in the schools of that place.

Mr. James A. Long, Jr., spent several days on the campus at the opening of school.

Mr. M. E. Newsom, '05, has a position in the Fidelity Bank in Durham.

Messrs. J. C. Richardson and J. Blanchard, of the same class, are taking graduate work in college. Mr. Blanchard is an assistant in the department of applied mathematics.

Mr. G. C. Greever, graduate student and assistant in the English department last year, is teaching in the Durham Graded Schools.

Mr. J. T. Jerome spent several days recently with his brother, Mr. W. G. Jerome.

Mr. W. Dowd, who now has charge of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium in Columbus, Ga., was on the campus shaking hands with friends a few days back.

At a meeting of the Senior class, held September 19, the following officers were elected: W. M. Smith, President; Hoy Taylor, Vice-President; Miss N. A. Goodson, Secretary; D. B. Philips, Treasurer.

On September 19 the Junior class met and elected the following officers: H. E. Spence, President; C. E. Philips, Vice-President; Miss M. B. Waddill, Secretary; G. P. Pope, Treasurer; Miss Nan Jordan, Historian.

The Sophomore class met September 18, and elected officers as follows: W. R. Grant, President; L. J. Carter, Vice-President; Miss F. M. Wrenn, Secretary; K. W. Parham, Treasurer.

Benefactor's Day will be observed on October 3. Mr. Henry A. Page, of Aberdeen, has been secured to deliver the address. He is one of the State's best citizens and the college community looks forward to his coming with pleasure.

Mr. S. B. Underwood, of the Senior class, has been elected Assistant in English in Trinity Park School.

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THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., November, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

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J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

JOHN RUSKIN, THE SOCIAL REFORMER.

BY MARY REAMEY THOMAS.

PART I.

To form an adequate conception of the life and the work of John Ruskin, it is of prime importance that something be known regarding the forces that influenced him, as well as the conditions existing during the period in which he lived. And since the law governing heredity plays so significant a part in the formation of character, I shall briefly call to your attention a few of the distinguishing traits of the parents of this man who has

put forth such notable efforts for the happiness and social elevation of his fellows.

There coursed through Ruskin's veins good Scotch blood with an infusion of Galloway Celt, and it is to this last that his vivid imagination and highly emotional nature may be attributed. His father was a sherry dealer, "an entirely honest merchant," who fortunately had received a sound education. He possessed a wonderful intellectual acquisitiveness and he soon gained for himself an independent position in his business; his lucrative trade furnishing him with time and leisure to cultivate along broad lines the æsthetic side of his nature. He was shrewd, aggressive, alert, full of energy, always on the lookout for an opportunity to strike a sharp bargain—in a word, he had the faculties for a "captain of industry," as Carlyle aptly phrases it.

Mrs. Ruskin was a person of unusual capacity and good judgment, and to her the larger issues of the household were often deferred. She was rather austere, and at times appeared harsh, lacking always that charm and tenderness of manner which we naturally expect to be the characteristics of the mother of such a son as John Ruskin. She was thoroughly conscientious in her views, and maintained ideas which closely bordered on the puritanical, going so far as to forbid the boy having any toys whatever, and destroying a Punch and Judy which some one had given him. Just here we are reminded of the influence of this same puppet show on Goethe, and can but wonder what the result would have been had Ruskin spent his childhood in a different atmosphere. Mrs. Ruskin was a woman in whom people have the utmost respect and confidence, yet at the same time one who does not inspire our love. From his father, young Ruskin inherited a passion for art and literature, while from his mother came his strong religious instinct and love of precision.

The Ruskin home was a happy one—the domestic affairs moving on harmoniously and without friction. It was an extremely well ordered house; the life in it was self-centered, and from the very earliest, the son of the family was watched over with that intense devotion and care of which parents alone are capable.

John Ruskin's parents did not believe it would be the wisest policy to allow their child, whose sensitive temperament was very evident, to attend a public school, and there be jostled against the crowd. They had no patience with the theory that it is necessary to be thrown out into the world "to find one's self." Hence the best of tutors were employed and his education directed at home. As a result of this he saw and mingled very little with other children. And so Ruskin, surrounded by good literature, excellent teachers, and by parents who cheerfully devoted their lives to his training, grew up to manhood. Books, we may say, were his only companions; to him they were living things, breathing out the great truths of life, and everywhere infused with a strong vitality. He loved them with that rare devotion which one rather accords to human beings. He revelled in Scott's novels, and it is to them that he owes his fondness for tradition and the past, their influence on his career as a litterateur being very significant.

Naturally, amid such environments as these, his mind matured early. He had thoughts far too grave for his years; and we are told how, when a mere child, he wrote fiction containing frequent references to hydraulics, pneumatics, acoustics, et cetera. When we think of this, we really wonder how the poor boy escaped developing into a perfect priss. Yet, here, as everywhere else, his native good sense and many outside interests came to the rescue. It is indeed a pity that the drain on his mental and physical energy could not have been cut short, for in after years its consequences were exceedingly serious.

Ruskin was bred in the country, not very far from London. He was a thoroughly natural little fellow, one who enjoyed wading in brooks, climbing apple trees and robbing bird nests much as other boys do. From childhood he had a passionate love for mountains and beautiful scenery, but he was not content merely to admire the grandeur of the magnificent peaks and other works of nature; he wanted to know about their formation, and there grew from this desire an ever increasing interest in the natural sciences, especially in mineralogy.

As a boy, Ruskin's father used to take him on trips through Scotland which were combinations of business and pleasure. Then it was that his childish heart was filled with a genuine love for castles and ruins. He saw for the first time the scenes which Scott had made so real to him, and early he began to wonder why the castles were all empty now, and longed for the old order of things to be restored.

Oxford University has the honor of claiming Ruskin as an alumnus. While at this institution he derived the most benefit not from following closely the prescribed course which he regarded as being "ill suited to the needs of modern young English gentlemen," but by going beyond its limits and dipping into subjects for which his mind had a particular trend. While at the university for the first time he mingled with men, and the friendships formed during this period of his life, along with other associations, were in after years very profitable to him. At Oxford, Ruskin was brought in touch with the chief intellectual movements of the age and in many ways was his horizon broadened. Realizing the excellent opportunity an institution of this sort affords for studying human nature, and knowing his deficiency along this line, he made the most of his time as a student to find out more about his fellows.

The conditions in Ruskin's life and his environments,

up to his twentieth year, had not been those calculated to arouse deep social sympathies, for in reality he had known very few people. He did not know or come in contact with misery or degradation in any form till later in life. In his boyhood he was much more interested in the ruins and the scenery of the country than he was in the inhabitants themselves. Yet at this time the condition of the English working class was most pitiable; misery, disease and wretchedness were everywhere. There existed a state of pauperism throughout the entire nation, but not once in all his travels have we any evidence that these things arrested the attention of young Ruskin. So completely absorbed was he in the beautiful streams, the clear lakes and the dark castles, that there was little time for anything else. After all, though, perhaps it is well that the ugly and miserable failed to leave an impression on his mind and dispel his boyish illusions. On the other hand, however, there is a note of unrealism in his writings, which we believe would not have been struck had he grown up in free open-hearted companionship and contact with men. It is surely unfortunate that he could not have seen then how the "other half" lived.

Ruskin's early life and training, as we have seen, were absolutely devoid of any influence that would tend to center his attention on social reforms. But all that time there was going on in him an unconscious preparation which was to enable him to render valuable services to mankind, and we shall find it interesting to watch the development of this phase of his work.

Ruskin was pre-eminently fitted to be a man of art and literature, for his natural endowments were those which qualified him in a peculiar way for such a career. He loved art passionately and when at work along artistic lines, his powers felt themselves in a free and congenial atmosphere; in short, he was at his best. Few

men have had to contend with such a rivalry of powers as did Ruskin, his many talents being a hindrance to his complete success, he of course finding it difficult to concentrate his efforts on one branch of work. I dare say England produced no man in the last century whose versatility can be compared to Ruskin's. He said of himself there were four different calls he might have heard. He could easily have become a poet, an architect, an engraver, or the first geologist in all Europe. Although Ruskin realized all this he renounced his poetic aspirations, his desire to be a man of science and his capacities of art production, and assumed the mission "to tell the world that Art, no less than the other spheres of life, had its heroes, that the main spring of their energy was Sincerity and the burden of their utterance Truth." He believed he must try to regenerate Art, and his first ambitious work is a volume in this direction. Written in a masterly style, it presents in an excellent way his theory that "Art is its service to humanity through the presentation of noble ideas;" when it has failed in this, as Mr. Ruskin thought the nineteenth century art had done, it has fallen far short of its divine mission.

With that intense enthusiasm and inordinate capacity for hard work which he possessed, he set about to bring it back again to the high standard. We see then, that he wrote not to be making literature, but as a means of presenting clearly and effectively his principles. Ruskin's idea of art is that "it exists for man and that its greatness consists in what it can do for him." In his early books, he maintained that the moral character of the individual artist is an essential to true work; in his later ones, he emphasized social rather than individual morality. His true doctrine may thus be summarized: "Let a nation be happy, healthy, pure in its enjoyments, brave in its acts, broad in its affections, and its art will spring around and within it as freely as the foam from

a fountain, but let the spring of its life be impure and its course polluted and you will not get the bright spray by treatises on the mathematical structure of bubbles."

Now, with his conceptions briefly put before us, we can readily bridge the apparent chasm between art and social reforms. Since it is not primarily, however, with the art problems, except as they are social ones, that we are concerned, we shall now consider his reforms more from an industrial standpoint.

In 1855, Mr. Ruskin turned his attention to political economy in which he found a new and fertile field for investigation. Very little work of importance had been done in this direction, and it was a subject about which practically nothing was known. He was alone in his researches, all of which were along independent lines. Much of his time was spent in finding out about the nature of money, rent and taxes. As a result of these economic studies, he was led into various philanthropic schemes, interesting himself chiefly with problems as they concerned the working classes. Wishing to get a clear understanding of the people for whose betterment he was laboring and to gain a comprehensive view of the situation, he toiled unceasingly toward this end.

Ruskin threw himself, heart and soul, absolutely without reservation, into this work. He wanted to see conditions from the standpoint of the laborer. It is not long after this that we hear of his delivering a lecture whose title is "The Political Economy of Art." In his address, he lays bare the defects of competitive commercialism as we have it in the production and distribution of "that species of wealth called art." He, too, expresses here certain socialistic tendencies, believing that it is the State's prerogative "to educate, organize and in every way economize the artistic ability of the nation." Now, we may say, his serious work as an industrial reformer began, and with it innumerable difficulties and hard-

ships. Not only did he fail to get any sympathy at the hands of the public, but on the contrary, his initial steps were regarded with utter indifference and even contempt. People were quite willing to accept Mr. Ruskin as authority on art, but when it came to hard business propositions they thought he was distinctly out of his sphere. This attitude toward him was assumed by the teachers of political economy as well as by those who had a superficial knowledge of his teachings. His literary and artistic contemporaries declared that he had gotten out of the field in which his powers most readily adjusted themselves and that he had abandoned himself to a wild and fruitless task. We have Mr. Ruskin then standing out alone, fighting heroically for what he believed to be the correct principles. I would not have you think that he was an idle dreamer, for always he had a burning desire "to do something practical."

It will be well at the outset to dispel any idea which may prevail that Mr. Ruskin rashly threw down the work of an art teacher, and without consideration and thought launched forth into political economy, for which he had neither aptitude nor special training.

Mr. Hobson has said, and rightly too, that his intelligent and minute love of nature must be taken as a starting point in the just appreciation of Mr. Ruskin's work. When he entered into this study of economic conditions, his knowledge of nature was of inestimable value. He had spent much time in making a complete and systematic investigation of vegetable and animal life, thus acquiring a clear-cut and definite idea of the raw materials of wealth which occupies such an important place in political economy.

Briefly we shall indicate one or two of his moral and intellectual qualifications for the work to which he had given himself. Above all he was absolutely honest in dealing with facts, wishing that nothing should be con-

cealed, regardless of its effect on business or political interests. He was always original, yet practical and willing to defer to the sound judgment of others.

Just a word about his marvellous capacity for analysis; his was "the most analytic mind in all Europe." Mr. Ruskin possessed in a remarkable degree the faculty of getting at the bottom of things; he could probe conditions to their very depths. Along with all these other equipments, he was a master of the English language. He had the ability to set forth his views and the facts upon which they were based in a perfectly clear manner. People could not help listening at the fervid eloquence of such a man, and oftentimes they cared more for the way in which he said a thing than they did for the thing itself.

He wrote much and with great force on questions relating to industrial situations. *Fors Clavigera* is a wonderful work; besides being important from an economic standpoint, it has a unique place in modern literature. Mr. Hobson claims that "it is the fullest, freest, and on the whole the most effective criticism of life in England during the nineteenth century." It presents in a brilliant way the social teachings of a man who, by his wide culture and marvellous gifts of expression, has succeeded in telling us more of the truths, a knowledge of which is essential, than any other man of the age.

In his volume, "Time and Tide," we have three proposals which Mr. Ruskin believed to be necessary in founding a sound social order: a renovated guild system, captains of industry, and State regulation of marriage and population.

We take up a few of the flaws of modern industry as regarded by Mr. Ruskin.

WAGES.

First he attacks the belief that there is any economy in low wages, and refutes in rather strong terms the arguments supported by some political economists "that

by paying the lowest market wages, the laborer would furnish the greatest average of work, thereby the fullest benefit accruing to the community, and through the community to the laborer himself." He grants that if the servant were an engine, and the motive power steam or some other force which can be exactly calculated, then this statement concerning wages would be true. But man does not work hardest when a pressure is brought to bear on him; he is a creature with a will and spirit of his own and these must be stimulated before he will give out the best that is in him. It is now generally conceded that a decent standard of subsistence is necessary before good and reliable work can be secured from a laborer. Unless a man have wholesome and nutritious food, comfortable clothes and home, it is unreasonable to suppose that he will work to the best of his ability. Then, too, mutual good will and contentment between employer and employee are acknowledged to be strong factors in getting the best business success. The fact that we have so many schemes such as bonus giving, progressive wages, and profit sharing goes to show that more and more we are abandoning the idea that man is a mechanical structure with no soul.

Municipal councils and State governments are gradually learning the false economy of low wages. They know that if sound, skilled work is secured, a good wage must be paid. Ruskin is a believer in paying labor at a fixed rate, employing, however, only the efficient workmen. No unreliable nor unskilled laborer should be allowed to offer his services at half price, thus supplanting the efficient or forcing him by competition to work for a sum insufficient to enable him to maintain a fairly good standard of living. In Ruskin's book, "Unto His Last," he gives expression to the same views about wages and working days, as the modern trade unionists support.

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED.

BY STEPHEN J. STEPHENS.

Jerome Carleton, attorney and counsellor at law, sat in his inner office with closed doors. He had a habit of staying much by himself; he was a lonely man, who had very little in common with those about him, and when his professional services were not engaged, he withdrew from association with his fellows and sought refuge in seclusion. If he had been at his club now, instead of alone in his office, he would have been the center of an admiring circle of friends. Only yesterday he had won a case before the Supreme Court of the State in competition with the greatest lawyer of the Commonwealth, and his name was on every tongue today.

But still, in the inner room, he sat quietly, his feet propped on the window sill and a distant look in his quiet gray eyes. Hard lines had formed about his brow and mouth. There was a look of ineffable sadness on his handsome face.

Jerome Carleton was, beyond a doubt, one of the most promising men in the State. He had worked hard and success had crowned his efforts. In the eyes of men, fortune had smiled upon him, but he was not a happy man and he knew that he never would be. The one great source of happiness was lacking and could never be supplied.

He looked back this morning over all his past life and the recollections gave him harsh and bitter pain; he looked into the future and the weary prospect chilled his blood. His years had not been pleasant ones. Born of poor parents, he had had a hard chance in life. They had given him every possible opportunity, but by the time he had completed his high school course they could do no more for him. He was not content. The stirrings of ambition were in his soul, and by hard work and con-

stant application to his tasks he had given himself a four years' college course by his twenty-first birthday. Since early childhood, he had intended to practice law and in the fall following his graduation he borrowed a sum of money which gave him ample preparation for his life work, and after three years of study he located in his native city, where he rapidly built up a large and lucrative practice. In the first two years he had paid his debt and lifted a mortgage from his father's home.

During all these years, a woman had been his inspiration and had nerved him for the conflict. He was strong because he loved. In every task which he set for himself, he saw the face of Louise Meredith, his life-long friend and companion. They had known each other from childhood. They had played together and shared each other's joys and sorrows. With advancing years all this ripened into something richer and fuller, and when Jerome received his license to practice law, they were engaged to be married. All the soul of the man was wrapped up in the woman. He would have poured out his life's blood, drop by drop, for her. Everything that he did sprang from his love for Louise. He knew nothing but his love for her, so completely had his heart been given over to her keeping.

She seemed to love him, though with not as strong a passion, and they were happy in their dreams for the future. Louise was a woman modeled after an angel of God. She was strong in body, in soul, in mind; a fit life companion for Jerome, who was one of God's own noblemen. She was a woman with strong motives and high ideals. Rather than do a low or dishonorable thing, she would have suffered death.

Jerome thought of all this this morning and pain sank deeper and deeper into his heart. All that had been a dozen years ago, and he was still unmarried. And Louise? She was a wife and a mother, living in

the very same town with the sad-faced bachelor who worked in silence and all alone. He remembered the fatal night at the close of the second year of his practice. Louise had sent for him and he had gone in joyful anticipation. But his joy was dispelled before he had been in her company long. She turned her full, dark eyes upon him and began to speak words that sank like lead upon his soul.

"Jerome," she said, "I have sent for you to say something that wrings my soul with the anguish which it will cause you, but which I would be a coward not to say. It has grown upon me for the past few months and I must tell you, even though it break both our hearts. I have been mistaken in the feeling which my heart bears for you. I cannot remember when I did not love you as a friend and a sister. There has been nothing that I would not do for you. I thought I loved you in that infinitely wider and fuller sense in which a wife should love her husband. But I have been forced to see that I was mistaken and that I should not join myself to you to make your life miserable, because I could not give you what your heart craves. I respect you, I admire you, I even love you as a friend, but as your wife I should eventually make both our lives wretched. I have promised to marry you. I have never yet broken a promise. If you still wish to marry me, knowing what I have told you, I shall have to consent. I love no man on earth. Whether I ever shall or not, I cannot say." She finished in a sob and buried her face in her hands.

Jerome heard her through without a word and then rose and paced up and down, up and down, with his head sunk low upon his breast. At last he stood before her and said:

"Louise, what you have just spoken is the utterance of a true woman. God knows I would not have had you do otherwise. He alone knows how my heart is torn by

what you have been forced to say. I love you even more tonight when you have hurt me most. You are right, we should not marry; but I shall always love you. You will find a man some day whom you will love. May he be worthy of you and may you both be happy. If I can ever serve you in any way, it will be a joy to me, the only joy I can hope for now. And now, good-bye." She arose and gave him her hand. He took it and looked long and earnestly into those soft eyes where he had seen so much. Then, before he knew it, he had her pressed to his heart, his kisses raining upon her. With a sob, he loosed her and went out into the night. And hope and joy left him and went out into the long night that was to know no ending.

Jerome worked even harder than before, and accomplished greater things, but worldly success brought him no peace, no rest. The love which had meant so much to him could not be repressed; it ate into his very life, day by day and year by year. At the age of thirty-five he had that haunting look of sorrow which marks the man who has had more than his share of the burdens of life.

As Jerome had predicted, Louise found a man who loved her and whom she loved. Four years after that fatal night she was married to Charles Curtis, an old schoolmate of Jerome's and his classmate in the law school. They had always been warm friends, and Jerome was best man at the wedding. No one wished the young couple joy with a heart more sincere than his; and no one went from the place with a sadder heart.

Jerome saw the unfolding of a tragedy in the married life of his friends. Curtis began to drift away from his trustful wife. He was a politician, and party affairs engrossed his attention. He fought a brilliant campaign for an important office and lost. Instead of going to his wife and child for comfort and consolation, he turned

to the wine cup and the brothel, and became a drunkard and a libertine. In time, he had lost the respect of every man who knew him.

His wife, angel that she was, stood by him through it all, and by love and trust tried to win him back. But he had gone too far. Deeper and deeper he plunged, and deeper and deeper went the dagger into the heart of his wife. Remonstrances of friends had no effect upon him. The blighting of the lives of his wife and child influenced him not. The man seemed beside himself. Meantime, the bloom went from his wife's cheek and all the light went out of her life.

It was of this that Jerome was thinking as he sat in his office looking out over the tops of the houses to the mountains beyond. He had seen what the whole city saw, and it gave him infinite pain. She whom he would give his heart's blood to protect was suffering and he could do nothing to help her. The thought made the lines on his face deeper and deeper and his anguish greater than ever before. The sorrow which he knew had blighted the life of the woman whom he still loved, was gnawing into his own heart and was putting an even deeper shadow upon his own life. Jerome's brow grew darker and darker, until the office boy came in to say that there was a lady to see him. Ordering the boy to show her in, he turned to receive her. A heavily veiled lady entered the room and advanced towards him. She lifted her veil and disclosed the pallid, pain-marked face of Louise Curtis. She extended her hand, which he took in a cordial grasp and held for an instant, while a look of infinite tenderness came upon his face. Mrs. Curtis blushed and took the seat which he offered her. Then she turned upon the lawyer a look of anguish that pierced his heart like a keen knife.

Unconsciously, she called him by the old name. "Jerome," she said, "you once told me that you would

gladly do anything in your power for me. I believe you meant it and I know you will help me. I come to you this morning on a matter that I would not carry to any other living man. You are familiar with my married life. You know what the whole town knows, but you do not know all that I have suffered. Only God can see into the depths of my heart and know the deeper pangs. My husband has grown from worse to worse, and my life has become unbearable. My friends have urged me to secure a divorce, but until now I have refused to do so. God help me, I still loved him. But now I see that for my child's sake, if not for my own, I must seek release from these bonds. My husband is a shameless profligate. During the past two years he has not been at home a fifth of his time. I had not seen him for three months until last night. I told him plainly that I intended to apply for a divorce; he struck me and cursed me and dared me to do it. And when he did that I saw what a fool I had been and knew that every particle of love was dead. I put the case into your hands. For God's sake, get me a release."

During the last of her speech, Carleton had risen and was pacing the floor as he had done in that other painful interview, twelve years before. When she spoke of the curse and the blow, he stopped with clenched fists and a livid face. He opened his mouth to cry out, but closed it and waited until she had finished. Then he spoke, distinctly and deliberately, falling, as she had done, into the use of the old name that he had not spoken save to himself for twelve years.

His words came from a heart surcharged with passion: "Louise, as I am a man, and as God is my helper, you shall have the release you seek. If Curtis opposes the divorce it will be a hard fight, for, villain though he is, he has powerful friends, both among the lawyers and the judges. He is a hard man to fight, but we will fight

him and win too, *damn* him." That was the first oath Jerome Carleton had ever used. It came in the flood of his righteous indignation, and if his listener heard it she made no sign. As he stood there, erect, with cheeks aflame and eyes flashing with holy passion, the woman before him found herself wishing, in spite of her efforts to the contrary, that she had married this man rather than the thing to which her life had been joined.

The fight for freedom began, and, as Carleton predicted, it was a hard one. In his villainous cruelty, Curtis sought to prevent the dissolution of the bonds which were so galling to the woman whose life he had ruined. He employed two of the most powerful lawyers of his acquaintance to make his fight. The trial judge was friendly to him and he felt secure. Jerome threw every energy of his being into the battle. He laid aside everything else and worked day and night on the case which meant so much to one still dear to him. In the frequent interviews with her which were necessary, he found the old passion creeping upon him with redoubled energy. And she—? Who can account for the heart of a woman?

At first Jerome told himself that the application for a divorce proved that Louise no longer loved Curtis. Perhaps she might have been mistaken throughout all the years, and might love *him* after all. But he put that thought resolutely aside. Even if they succeeded in getting the divorce, he could not ask her to marry him. That would be taking an unfair advantage of her.

Louise did not think. She only felt.

Finally the case went to trial. It was a fierce legal contest. Jerome Carleton made the greatest speech ever heard at the bar of that county, but to no avail. Curtis had used unfair means and the decision was in his favor.

Carleton cursed the second and last oath of his life, and gave notice of an appeal to the Supreme Court.

He made a desperate resolve to win at all hazards. He felt that right was on his side, and that right would triumph. He had always said that he would never appear in a divorce case; this was his first one. His views on the subject had changed radically. He had always opposed divorce, but he saw the matter in a new light now. He believed that God had had no hand in the joining of these two and that He would give His aid to the dissolution of the bonds which had more of hell than of heaven in them.

He worked harder and harder preparing the case for the higher court. He was conscious of faithful effort, and was almost sure of success. He saw Louise nearly every day, and seeing her gave him a greater degree of happiness than he had ever dared to hope for. And every day, when Jerome left her house, Louise cried bitterly and said to herself: "Oh God; I believe I have loved *him* all the while!" She was beginning to see clearly.

The case of Curtis v. Curtis was to be heard on appeal, on October 27. On the evening of the 25th, Carleton broke down under the long strain and went to bed with a high fever. His physician came in, examined him and went out with a grave look on his face. The sick man lay all night without sleeping. Morning came with a still greater rise of fever. He was delirious from eleven until three in the afternoon. At that hour, he quieted down suddenly and asked his nurse politely to leave the room. When she returned, she stopped in the doorway, horrified. Her patient was standing before the mirror putting the finishing touches to his toilet. Thinking the fever had driven him daft, she flew to the telephone and summoned the doctor, who got to the house in time to meet Carleton going down the steps. "What on earth, man?" he shouted. Carleton leaned against the railing and said, quietly: "Doctor, I have a case

before the Supreme Court tomorrow that I wouldn't miss for all this world. I'm going to the capital." "But, man, you are sick; it will kill you," the physician expostulated. "The court will postpone the case if you are unable to be there. I wouldn't give a copper cent for your chances for life if you take that trip." Jerome looked at his watch. "It's only ten minutes till train time. Remonstrance is unnecessary. I'm afraid to risk a delay. That case will be tried tomorrow and I will be there if it kills me."

And he was there, too. Seeing that the man was bent on going, the good old doctor went with him and gave him every possible attention. On the train his fever was six degrees above normal. At night he was delirious again. But when the case of Curtis v. Curtis was called the next day, Jerome Carleton was there and he conducted the most masterly fight that the learned court had ever witnessed.

He arose to make the closing speech with fever racking every part of his body. At first he staggered and had to lean on a chair for support. But he brushed his hand across his forehead and resolutely put his weakness aside. Then he began to speak. And such a speech! No one who heard it will ever forget it. If you go to that little city today, they will take you to the court room and show you just where he stood, and tell you how his eyes flashed fire, how his voice quivered with emotion, and how the room was full of sobs before he finished. He worked himself up to a close in one of the greatest bursts of oratory that ever fell from the lips of a lawyer pleading a case. And then he fell on the floor in a swoon and the ambulance came and took him to the hospital.

There, the great strong man sank lower and lower day by day. He lay in a semi-stupor, seemingly unconscious of his surroundings. And the fever was eating

his life away with every passing hour. For ten days, Carleton noticed nothing. On the morning of the eleventh, he opened his eyes and looked up into the face of Louise, who was sitting at his bedside. She had been there the greater part of the whole ten days and had watched over him with a tender care that was infinitely pathetic. Jerome smiled at her bravely. "I am going, now," he said. "How was the case decided?" Louise dropped a tear before she spoke. "The court has not handed down its opinion yet. It doesn't make much difference, if you are going, which way they decide. It breaks my heart to think that you have beaten your life out fighting for me. I'm going to tell you now what I would have to tell you if you were well, no matter which way the court might have decided. During these last few months I have awaked to a consciousness of the awful mistake which I have made. Through all these years I have loved an ideal. I did not love my husband, but the man I thought he was. All the time you were the man whose picture was in my heart, though I knew it not, so I loved you after all. Through all these bitter years, I have loved you unconsciously. And now, my darling, if you must go, take this with you. She bent and kissed him.

And with her kiss warm upon his lips and her hand in his, the great heart of Jerome Carleton went out into the Unseen, to rest and peace.

A LEGEND OF THE INDIAN FOLK.

BY W. A. STANBURY.

It was long, long ago, when all the vast stretches of this continent lay covered by forests, and unbroken save by the path of the red man. Among the mountains of extreme Eastern Tennessee, nestled beside a stream of the Watauga Valley, there was an Indian village. Wahkiakum, the great chief of the Wataugas, had long lived in this valley with his people. He had led them on the war path many times, and in the presence of his brave spirit his warriors had always been victorious. Of late years their battles had been few, and the pursuits of peace had largely taken the place of those of war. They hunted bears and deer, and fished instead of fighting a treacherous enemy.

As Wahkiakum had grown older, he had grown more thoughtful, but none the less brave. He loved to talk with his braves of the days spent in punishing their enemies, and to count the number of scalps he had taken. He loved to tell his children of the brave deeds of their father in days gone by, and to show them that bravery and courage and daring were the greatest virtues of the children of the Great Spirit. He loved to wander with his sons through the surrounding forests and tell them that the Great Spirit had put the powerful bear and the timid deer and the saucy squirrel and the gentle partridge in the woodlands, and the fishes in the creeks, for his red children's pleasure. But most of all he loved to sit by the fire in his wigwam at evening, and, as he smoked his pipe, relate to his little Nemewa stories of the time when her mother was young and loving in the years before she had gone to make ready his master's wigwam in the happy hunting grounds.

* * * * *

It was now the joyous springtime, and the grandeur

of the mountains and valleys about Wahkiakum's village none can imagine save those who have seen Western North Carolina or Eastern Tennessee in May or June. The Great Spirit had taught the little birds to sing again the songs they had not sung since the autumn-time, and was whispering to his children in the breezes as they stirred the tree branches of the wide forests, and was calling aloud to them in the muttering roll of thunder. The showers would fall and the sun would shine and the hearts of Wahkiakum and his tribe were glad.

Ten years had passed since we first saw this quiet Indian village. The quietude of the country around was still seldom broken by the war-whoop, and then those who broke the stillness fled away before the brave Wataugas could take their scalps. The little Nemewa had grown to be a lively, joyous maid of seventeen summers, and Wahkiakum's sons were strong young huntsmen, brave enough to fight, but true enough to their father and their tribe not to insult their neighbors who lived across the mountains in another valley. As the good chief had grown old he had learned to love his Nemewa more and more, for she reminded him of the days when he was young and loved the good Keyapaha, her mother. In the evening time she lighted her father's pipe and then sat at his feet to listen to the stories of the olden time, and of the brave men of their tribe who lived long ago.

Not only was Nemewa the great delight of her father's life, but all the tribe loved her because she was kind and good to them. The little children loved her because she made them pretty playthings, and told them sweet stories; the old men and women loved her because she was always good and knew how to beguile the weary hours for them; the young men admired her because she was comely and gentle and noble.

Among the young men was a very noble and handsome

brave, Wahonowin, the musician. Of an evening he would sit by the door of his father's wigwam and play the flutes he fashioned from the river reeds.

“He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was me,
Brave as man, soft as woman,
* * * * *
Stately as a deer with antlers,
When he sang the village listened,”

From his childhood, Wahonowin had known Nemewa. He had loved her in his childhood, he loved her in his manhood. The sweetest songs he sang were songs of love, and in all his music the one great chord of harmony was the thought of loved Nemewa.

One morning of the season described, Wahonowin had arisen early and had wandered with his flute into the grounds surrounding Wahkiakum's wigwam. Softly he sang as he thought of the gentle Nemewa and dreamed that he was singing to her in a wigwam of his own. Nemewa had stolen early from her rest to listen to the sweet call of the partridge in the level lands below, and to the sweet warblings of the robin at sunrise. Suddenly she stopped and listened. “Ah,” thought she, “that cannot be the voice of a bird I hear!” So she walked nearer to the music and still nearer, till she came un-awares upon Wahonowin. She quickly turned to go away, but he called to her not to leave him. “Stay,” said he, “and let me sing to you.” And then he sang until the murmuring of the brook faded away, and she was no longer conscious of the singing of the birds, nor of the sunlight glistening among the dew-drops on the trees. What was he singing? Had she ever heard anything like that before? Ah, he was chanting love's sweet song, the heart language of all nations and tribes of all times. She listened, her heart swelling as if to burst, and again she turned to leave him, but again he called

to her, "Stay, do not go, sweet breeze of the mountains, lovely flower of the valley, fair light of the morning! The love I have sung is for you, Nemewa. Would you, O daughter of the springtime, live in the wigwam of a musician of the Wataugas and make him happy evermore, even till the Great Spirit shall call us to the pleasure of the happy hunting grounds?"

"Ah," said she, "my father, the good chief Wahkiakum, loves me and could not let his child go to live with another, even though he be a great brave or the sweetest of all musicians. But, ask him, and if he say yes, I will go and live with you and build your campfire and sit at your feet while you smoke your pipe or play sweet music."

And then she vanished from Wahonowin's sight.

That evening when the sun was low and the thrush was singing in the wood, Wahonowin said to his father, the brave Itawamba: "My father, I love Nemewa, the daughter of Wahkiakum, as the sweet song-bird loves his mate; and as the beaver builds his home with much labor and care, so would I build mine, that I might be happy ever with the fairest of all the women of the Wataugas. Speak to our great chief for me. Ask him to make one of his young men happy by the gift of his daughter, and tell him that his grandchildren shall be taught to be brave in battle and strong and noble in time of peace."

Then answered Itawamba: "Know, my son, that you are young and that you have yet taken the scalp of no foe. Remember that no son of the Wataugas may marry the daughter till he has proved himself brave and victorious in war. Yet, I will ask for you, my son, that the fair daughter of the chief may be yours."

One day soon, Wahkiakum was holding a council of his great men, and Itawamba was asked to speak. Slowly he arose and said: "O Chief of the Wataugas, in the

presence of so many wise men one need not fear to speak the truth or to ask a favor from the greatest of all men. I have one request to make. My son, Wahonowin, the musician, has told me what the breezes of the valley whispered long ago. He loves your daughter, O Chief, and would take her to his wigwam to be happy evermore. We have had no war to try his courage, but my son is brave. The great chief will act wisely. Itawamba has spoken."

Then spoke Wahkiakum: "Great Brave, your son is a mourning musician, a squaw. I cannot give Nemewa to him until he has slain an enemy or killed a mighty bear. I love my daughter; my wigwam without her would be unhappy. Wahonowin is not brave. He cannot marry the daughter of a chief. The chief of the Wataugas has spoken."

When the young man's father told him of this, he raised the tomahawk of the Wataugas and said: "Is Wahonowin a woman, that his love should be ignored? Is he weak, that he should not resist and have this maiden, Nemewa, for his own? I will make the old chief mourn for his daughter as though she were not. I will bow down the head of the haughty one and show the race of the Wataugas that I am not as a hare, but brave like the eagle, chief of birds."

Again Wahonowin took his flute near the wigwam of Wahkiakum at the early dawn, and again Nemewa came out to meet him. The musician dropped his flute when he saw the maiden coming, and said to her as she came: "O Nemewa, daughter of the dew, one comes from the hunting grounds whither the sun goes to rest at night. I love you still with all the truth and honor of a brave Watauga. The great chief has said that his daughter may not marry a young musician. He has said that I am as a woman; that I am not brave enough to be worthy of you. Come now, we will go away tonight and cross the mountains towards the sunrise, to the land

of our brethren, the Catawbas. There we will build our wigwam. Then I will hunt in the daytime, and play my flute in the moonlight beside our door. You shall light my pipe and cook my meat, and I will slay him who dares molest or insult you."

Then Nemewa said: "Good Wahonowin, I love my father, but let him find another to listen to his stories and prepare his tobacco. When the moon rises we will depart."

Accordingly, when the village had become still and the moon had risen, the two set out on their journey across the mountains to find a place of freedom in the land of the peaceful Catawbas. Onward they went, always ascending the Watauga river, till two days' journey had brought them almost to its source. Were they lonely and unsatisfied in the wilderness? No; love lighted their path by night, and cooled the sun's hot rays by day. They ate the wild meat that Wahonowin's arrows brought down, and rested on logs and heaps of leaves in the forest.

On the third day from their departure, they were sitting on a log on the top of a hill resting for a few minutes. What was it they heard? Only the step of a deer on the other side of the vale. But it was heard again. What was it? Only the chirping of a bird on another hill. But next time it was heard more distinctly. They looked and listened. Finally they saw, and there, not more than three hundred yards away, was Chief Wahkiakum and a band of chosen warriors on their trail.

Flee they must, but how could they? Nemewa was tired and worn; her feet were sore, and she had already wondered if they would ever reach their journey's end. They went as fast as they could, but the pursuing party was fast gaining on them. Soon Nemewa sank down exhausted. Wahonowin took her in his arms and ran, hoping that perchance he might find a place of conceal-

ment. They were now on the crest of a high ridge, anxiously looking for a suitable place to cross over and hide themselves from Wahkiakum. But alas! unawares, Wahonowin had carried his precious burden to the edge of a high precipice. On his right hand and on his left were thickets almost impenetrable, while in his rear the old chief was fast coming up. What was to be done? Was there no escape? Then Nemewa said: "Wahonowin, do not let us fall into the hands of my father. He will beat me and kill you. Let us leap this precipice and die together!"

Then she waved a farewell to her father, the great chief of the Wataugas, and prepared with her lover to make the fatal leap. As Wakiakum saw them about to go over the precipice forever from his sight, he sighed and said to himself: "Oh, if I had only known that Wahonowin was so brave as that; that he was not a squaw, but a true Watauga, I would have given him my daughter and saved the life of my child and of a great young brave!" And then he cried out: "Come back, my children, come back!" But he called too late; they were gone, and the soft music of Wahonowin's song floated back to him. Quick as human thought, he lifted his eyes and breathed a silent petition to the Great Spirit to save them. The Great Spirit heard and answered, and blew his breath, the south-wind, up the steep incline of the precipice, and wafted them back to the top once more.

The old chief wept like a child when he embraced his daughter, and the warriors called Wahonowin a great brave.

Many, many years this story was told among the quiet Indian folk, and they repeated it again and again to their pale-faced brother when he came; but the south-wind has never ceased to blow up the sides of the precipice; and if you go there today, the guide will point out to you a smooth and lonely-looking place on the great Blowing Rock, called Lovers' Leap.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

BY SAUL.

*Who is the wonderful woman with whom
Often I meet in the mystical gloom
Down where the heart-soothing jessamines bloom
 In gardens of dreams?
Under the trees of perennial green
Murmur cool fountains. The undazzling sheen
Falls softly down and weaves rainbows between
 The hills and the streams.*

*There where the asphodel blossoms are sweet
Dew-jewelled lawns kiss the light-tripping feet
Bearing this fairy-like creature to greet
 My call from the grove;
Sweeter than nectar her kisses so warm;
Gently I clasp in my arms her pure form;
Blue as a lake never touched by a storm,—
 The eyes of my love.*

*Would this sweet phantom that evermore seems
Happy to walk by my side in my dreams
Watching the stars in the slumbering streams
 Of weird fancy-land,
Could in the future, sometime and somewhere,
Sweetly embodied—a woman so fair—
Look in my eyes with that love-smile so rare
 When I press her hand.*

TWO EPISODES IN THE LIFE OF JOHN SYNNOTT.

BY "W."

"Come, John, get out and get to your work; the sun's up long ago. Don't you know you'll never get started to school if you keep idling away your time this way? It'll be December directly, and the school'll be half out before you know it."

"All right, I'll go in a minute," said John, and he gave the fire a vicious kick that sent the sparks flurrying up the chimney and scattered the live coals thickly over the hearth. The wind was blowing outside, and it was cold; cold with the biting sting of an autumn morning. Inside, the fire was burning bright and cheerful, and it was hard for John Synnott to drag himself away. He stood up, looked out and shivered, and then turned round, held out his palms to the fire, and finally sat down again and looked long and intently into the great bed of live coals piled up in the fireplace.

"O, *John*," came the call again, when he had almost fallen asleep, and he jumped up quickly and ran out to help his father.

"Father," said John, "this is Thanksgiving Day. I want to go hunting after dinner. I haven't been this year."

"My son," said old Michael Synnott, "I'd like to let you go, but we are poor. You must have clothes to wear to school and books to study. I don't see how you can go today. You must work."

"But it's Thanksgiving, father, and I don't want to work all the time," said John, with a break in his voice. For a few minutes the father was silent. His thoughts went back to the time when he was a boy. His father had died when he was eight years old, and he had been forced to work hard to help his mother make a living. Then the war had come on when he was seventeen, and

he had joined a troop of infantry and marched away to help his brothers of the South in their great struggle with their brothers of the North. Then he had come out of the war broken in health and unfitted to fight in the stubborn battle for bread. Now he must see his own children struggling with poverty as he had done, and he turned sick at the picture. So he swallowed hard a few times and said:

"All right, John, work smart till dinner, and you may hunt all evening."

"Can I?" said John, and he looked the thanks he could not speak, as he went at his work with a lighter heart than he had had in many a day. The time passed swiftly and pleasantly as he dug up the sprouts from the newly sown wheat field. He worked rapidly, with now and then a wistful glance at the nearby forest, for in its shadows he had many a time matched his skill and patience against the cunning watchfulness of the turkey, and the shyness of the squirrel. Now and then the far-away song of a neighbor boy or strolling negro reached him and he sang, sometimes loud, sometimes low and softly:

"I have travelled round this world,
I've travelled with the sun;
If I can't marry the girl I love
I'll never marry none.

"O, my Laura Lee,
O, my Laura Lee,
O, my Laura Lee, girl,
O, do remember me.

"There's money in my pocket,
Don't you hear it jingle;
O, I'll never marry
As long as you stay single.

"O, my Laura Lee, etc.

"I wish I had a bandbox
To put my true love in;
I'd take her out and kiss her twice,
And lay her back agin.

"O, my Laura Lee," etc.

The song died away and he was silent for a while. There was only the dull thud of the mattock in the earth and the swish of the sassafras sprouts in the air when they were struck. Then after a time he broke into a droning tune learned from the negroes; there were no words to it, it was only a musical vibration of the vocal organs keeping time with the strokes of the mattock. Once he stopped work. From the sedge at the edge of the field came the shrill frightened cry of a bob-white, and then the bird came whizzing by him. He looked whence the sound came, and saw a hawk circling above the sedge. Soon there came a great chorus of cries, and a whole covey of bob-whites arose and scattered in every direction, fiercely pursued by the hawk. John shook his fist threateningly at the marauder, watched him as he, after missing his prey, circled up into the sky, and then turned to his work again.

At last the dinner horn sounded, and he shouldered his mattock and went to his dinner. He did not remain long at his home, but was soon in the woods, with his old muzzle-loader, looking for a flock of turkeys that he had been watching for months. He knew where the hen had built her nest; he had seen the young turkeys often when they were small, and for the last month, though he had not seen them, he had often heard their far-off plaintiff yelps on the damp, foggy, autumn mornings, when one farmer can hear another talking to his team a half mile away. This afternoon John meant to kill a turkey. He had several turkey beards and wings already in his collection of trophies, and he wished to get another beard. Also, he would be seventeen in a few days, and he wanted a turkey for a birthday dinner. Little Mary Blake, too, his neighbor's daughter, would be sure to admire his prowess if he succeeded in bringing down the big gobbler that led the flock. He was just bound to kill one of those turkeys, and the old gobbler, if possible.

So we find him paying no attention to squirrels and birds this afternoon. He went straight to the feeding grounds of his game.

The afternoon was calm and pleasant. The sun had driven away the coolness of the morning; the wind had died away, and the leaves were floating leisurely to the ground, now this way, now that, and making a thick, fluffy carpet for the great expanse of woodland. Now and then a squirrel, frightened by the sound of the boy's feet in the leaves, dropped the nut he was hulling and scampered down a branch and hid behind the trunk of a tree till his enemy had passed. The yellow hammer stopped his knocking and cautiously peeped from behind his dead limb to see who was passing, but John went straight on and on, with his eyes on the ground. He went up the valley of one little stream, crossed a ridge, and went down another valley. He crossed miniature ravines, climbed rocks, and pushed through masses of undergrowth and fallen tree tops, but always he went on and on, looking intently on the ground or peering between the trunks of the trees in front of him. As he was making his way across a damp hollow, he grasped a sapling and swung himself upon a rotting log that lay in his way. All at once he became as still as the log on which he was standing. As if by instinct, his shoulders bent forward, and he assumed a crouching position as of an animal intent on its prey.

"By George," he exclaimed under his breath, "the whole gang's just left here."

Right before him were the recent unmistakable signs of a flock of turkeys. The leaves under the dogwoods had been scratched hither and thither, and the marks of the great toes of the turkeys were still fresh and moist in the earth. John glanced to see which way the leaves had been tossed by the turkeys' feet, and then went up the hollow after them, for your true hunter can always tell

which way turkeys are travelling; they toss the leaves behind them. Crouching low, he followed the bend of the stream, where the leaves were too damp to crunch under his feet, peering in every direction, stopping now and then to listen, and then moving on silently and cautiously. A twig broke and he became as rigid as the stone by his side, and his heart leaped almost out of his mouth. It was only a squirrel that had broken a dead limb in his hurry to get out of sight. Again he moved on as before; again he became like a statue. This time it was only a ground squirrel scurrying to his hole under a dead stump. Proceeding in this way, and stopping again and again to look and listen, he had gone almost to the end of the hollow, and was about to conclude that the game would finally escape him, when suddenly there came from under a cluster of dogwoods in front of him, a sound that he could not mistake. He crouched low to the ground and crept along, inch by inch, always keeping a log or a tree in front of him. Reaching a large rock by a circuitous route, he lay flat on the ground and peered from behind it. There they were, the whole flock, not a hundred yards away. There were eleven in all; tall, slim, and glistening; two old ones and nine large young turkeys, every one on the alert. As they tore up the dry leaves, searching for dogwood berries, there was never a second that some one of them did not have its head in the air, turning its swift glance in every direction whence an enemy might approach.

For a moment John's heart almost stood still as he looked, then he began to make his plans. There was a large rock within close range of the game. If he could only reach it! Slowly and carefully he moved backward and to one side, till he was behind a slight rise in the ground which hid the turkeys from him. Then he moved swiftly toward the rock, bending low to the

ground. Now he was behind it! Lying stretched out on the ground, he crawled to the edge of the rock and looked round. The turkies were not to be seen; where were they? Surely they had not had time to get away. Ah! there they were in a clump of bushes and coming toward him. Now they were almost clear of the bushes; in another instant he would have a turkey to carry home. Cautiously he raised himself, cocked his gun, and waited. He leaned against the rock to steady himself and get better aim, and as he did so he pushed off a loose piece of stone. It fell in the leaves with a clatter, the old gobbler said "Put, put, put," and every turkey, with a loud flapping of wings rose among the thick saplings and flew away. John ran madly from behind the stone and fired at the flying turkeys, but in vain. They were gone, and with them his birthday dinner.

Sadly disappointed, he turned round and put his gun on his shoulder without loading it. There was no more time to follow up the turkeys, and he did not care for small game now, so he went straight to the road that led toward his home. This road led by the home of Mary Blake, and he began to wonder if he would see her in passing. If he could only get a sight of her, a look and a smile, there would be some comfort. Then it occurred to him that she was going to school, and that he would soon be in the road that led to the schoolhouse, and that it was now time for her to be coming home. He quickened his steps and in another minute she had turned into the road before him.

"Howdy, Mary," said John, running up beside her.

"Why, howdy, John," said Mary; "where have you been?"

As they walked on together he told of his hunt and his want of success, and she sympathized with him. They talked of the school and the new teacher. John told her when he would start to school, and asked how far she

had gotten in her books, and wondered if he would ever catch up. Soon Mary spoke again of the new teacher. He was a young man from a nearby town, and Mary said he was very kind and gentle and patient, and that she just loved him already. Immediately John decided that he would not like him, and told Mary so, and she wondered why he should have such an idea when he had never seen the man.

Chatting thus, they soon came to Mary's home. The boy stopped at the gate, lingered a moment to speak a few more words, and was about to say good-bye and go on when the girl asked if he would not come into the garden and get a rose. O, yes, certainly he would. So they strolled into the old-fashioned garden, which was full of tall box bushes, big rose bushes, syringa bushes and snowball bushes, with here and there numberless small shrubs and rose bushes. Here they had played hide and seek many a time among the dark old box bushes. Now, right in the midst of them, they found the everblooming rose with some buds and roses still bravely withstanding the autumn cold. Mary found a fresh, half-opened rose, broke it off, and shyly handed it to him, blushing the while redder than the rose itself. John had always been bashful with Mary, but now he became bold. He took the rose and held it up close to her burning cheeks.

"Mary," said he, "the rose ain't half as pretty as you are."

"Why, John," she stammered, blushing redder and redder, and pulling her sunbonnet together over her face.

"It's so, Mary, sure," said he, stepping up closer and trying to push back her bonnet.

"You stop that, John; you're too mean for anything; let me loose," said she, with an emphasis on "mean" that told him she was half pleased.

"Let me see that pretty mouth and those blue eyes again, then, you little dear," said he.

"Don't, John, I tell you," said she, with just a slight weakening of the "don't."

"O, Mary, I love you; don't you know I do? You're just the dearest little thing in the world," said he, pulling her hands loose with one hand, and the sunbonnet back with the other.

Just then she ducked her head and ran, and John kissed a spot in the atmosphere.

But he ran quickly after her and caught her as she tried to run between two big box bushes.

"John—you—mean thing," came in half smothered tones from the thick shrubbery, and a moment later Mary, with disheveled hair and flaming cheeks, ran out of the garden into the old back porch and then into the house, and John was left in the garden alone.

He had forgotten all about his rose, and as he walked out of the garden gate and picked up his gun, which he had left leaning against the gatepost, he said to himself:

"I don't care now, if I didn't kill the turkey."

* * * * *

It was Thanksgiving Day again. Thirteen years had passed away, and we find John Synnott no longer a poor country boy, but a prosperous and even wealthy man of thirty, living in a luxurious house in a thriving Southern city. He had gone from his home on the little farm to college, had graduated, and had been made tutor. Then he had gone into newspaper work, had advanced to magazine writer and from that to novelist. All along, the road had been difficult, but he had never hesitated or complained. His friends said he was lucky; they only knew of his successes. They never knew of the nights of toil and the days of self-denial and privation through which he had struggled. They never had felt the keen

disappointment that had come to him with his returned manuscripts. They saw only the successful young novelist, and said he was a lucky man.

On this Thanksgiving Day he stayed in his study all day. He was in no mood to attend Thanksgiving services or go to Thanksgiving dinners. He had been living all alone in his elegant house (he could not call it a home) for more than a year, and the longer he lived in it, the sadder and lonelier he got. As he walked through his halls, his footsteps made a far-away, melancholy sound. The rooms, though perfect in every detail of furnishing, seemed to him as desolate as the grave. Everywhere there was something lacking; he knew only too well what it was. As he built his house he had observed every movement of the workmen with the most exquisite pleasure. He had an end in view that was the dearest wish of his heart. For five long years he had loved Miss Mary Baker. But she had been reared in affluence, and had been accustomed to have her every wish gratified, and he was proud, proud as only a poor man can be, and he never would tell her of his love till he could provide for her. Desperately he had struggled in the battle he was fighting for love. He had written day in and day out; he had written when other men were asleep; he had written when other men were taking their holidays. Always, on and on, faster and faster his pen flew, with each stroke arriving nearer the goal. At last he had money, and he began building his house, but when it was done it seemed to him that Miss Baker had grown cold and distant toward him. Every day she seemed to be getting farther and farther away. Many a time he called intending to tell her of his love, but always he came away without saying the fateful word.

On this day he had been thinking. He had gone back over his past life; once again he lived through his struggles and privations, his joys and sorrows, his temp-

tations and his victories. Again he was in the forest roaming in quest of game; again he was in the old garden with Mary Blake, and here he lingered fondly, for this was one of the bright spots in his life. But he had grown away from her as he had from many other people and things, and she had ceased to care for him and was now the happy wife of a prosperous farmer. Mary had stopped, but John had gone on, always restless, restless, forever striving after the unattainable, the inaccessible.

When at last in the wanderings through his life history he reached his present state, he came to a decision. Today his case must be decided. Miss Mary Baker must say what she would do. He would risk all on this very day. He would have an answer one way or another. He could not endure to be uncertain any longer.

So in the evening, he was with Miss Baker in her parlor. She was elegant, refined, and beautiful. He had never seen her so beautiful before. And with her beauty there was strength and firmness. In the lines of her face one could easily read her character, and John Synnott had long ago learned it. When she said yes, she meant it; and it was the same when she said no. This knowledge had long kept him from putting his case to the test, but now it must be done.

From the time he entered the parlor they both seemed to understand that this was a night of more than usual moment. Conversation lagged, though they were both accomplished conversationalists. They talked of the current happenings, of politics, of the new minister of the fashionable church, and it was all cold and dry. The night was pleasant, and they moved to the open window. Now the strong man decided that the question must be asked. Not a moment longer must be wasted. It must be now or never. He did not know what she was saying now. He bent forward toward her, the muscles of his

face tense with excitement, his eyes flashing. She looked at him and stopped speaking, and the sound of her voice died away in the stillness of the room. When the silence had become oppressive, he said:

"Miss Mary, I have something to say to you that I have been wanting to say for five years. Tonight I am determined to say it. I love you. I have loved you since the first time I saw you. Every day my love has grown stronger. At first, I was poor and I was proud, too proud to tell you of my love. I have worked all these years for you, and now I come with myself and all I have. Will you take me? Do you love me?"

As his voice died away, the woman turned her eyes from his eager face and looked out upon the darkness of the night. Again silence settled over them. She looked long and calmly, it seemed to him, even into the depths of the stars. He watched her face, but not a sign could he read from it. At last he could endure it no longer, and he cried out in a whisper that was almost a shout:

"Speak, Mary, speak; I can stand it no longer; yes or no?"

She turned her face upon him, and her eyes were full of tears. She controlled herself with an effort, and, in a firm voice, she whispered:

"No."

Pale as death, he arose and left the room. As he walked out into the night air, heaven and earth swam before his eyes. All things were now as nothing to him, and he wandered on in the darkness, he knew not whither, nor cared.

THOUGHTS FOR A DISCOURAGED RHYMESTER.

BY RAYMOND BROWNING.

*Is you gwine ter quit yo singin
 Jes kase folks doan want ter hear?
 Is you gwine to stop de ringin
 Of de heart-bells sweet an clear?*

*Aint do rock dat went er sailin
 At de cat-bird in yo tree
 Sent him flyin ter my palin
 Fence, ter sing er chune fer me?*

*An deys lots of lonesome places
 In de woods, an fiels, and town,
 An deys lots ob pekid faces
 Glad to hear dem notes drap down.*

*Sho! dem little birds er cheepin
 To dere mammy fer er worm,
 Gwine ter set yo heart er leapin,
 Fo de summer's served its term.*

*Keep er tunin up an tryin
 Eben if de chords gits wrong;
 Bimeby de folks is sighin
 Fer de music ob yo song.*

*An cf dey don't, keep er-singin
 Lak a bird sing—kase he must;
 He's erbleeged to keep er ringin
 Out his glory chune or bust.*

A ROMANCE OF TWO LIVES.

BY MAY WRENN.

“‘What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.’ These were the words that kept coming into the mind of Robert Watkins as he sat at his window meditating. All of his best friends had gone on a moon-light picnic. It seemed so strange that he wasn’t with them, but Louise Reid was in the crowd, and of course he was not allowed to go.

“It happened this way. Several years before, Mr. Albert Reid had moved to the Town of E——, and built a home next door to Mr. Watkins. He had only one daughter, Louise. Robert, having no sister, and having always liked girls naturally, went with Louise a great deal. They went to school together, shared each other’s pleasures and sorrows, and in entertainments often played the part of lovers. They often sang duets in church. Louise always had a pleasant word for everyone. If no one knew what or how to do a thing, they asked her. Oftentimes when she saw a scholar who was timid and to whom no one was paying any attention, she would take especial pains to make her feel easy and have her join their games. Thus, while Robert and Louise were children, they became very strong friends.

“Things had changed now. Louise was no longer a child. She was to graduate from the High School in less than a month. She was very popular with her teachers, but not so much so with the girls, because they were jealous. The boys all liked her. She was considered by far the prettiest girl in town. Her fair skin and deep blue eyes were all the more beautiful with her dark, wavy hair. Christine Bell, who was ‘just crazy’ about Robert, decided that her only hope was to make him believe that Louise was not the girl she should be for him to go with. She accordingly began to talk to the girls about little things that Louise did, each time adding a

little. Christine's mother was very anxious that her daughter should be the most popular girl instead of Louise Reid, so she was very willing to join her daughter in this gossip. When it is said that the discussion of the character of Louise Reid was taken up by the gossipers, it is needless to say that in a short time she was the talk of the whole town. It was as Robert saw Louise take her diploma, having graduated with the highest honor, that he first realized that he loved her. He had always liked her, he knew, but now it was more than this.

"For the first three weeks after the close of school, Robert was with Louise a great deal. Each day she grew more beautiful and attractive to him. He had just about decided that she was the only girl for him, and now he had no desire even to meet another girl. Louise insisted on introducing him to her friend, Eleanor Randolph, who was a very accomplished young woman. Mrs. Bell saw that what was being said about Louise was having no effect on Robert. Thinking that it was nothing but right that Mrs. Watkins should know that these things would be harmful to her son, she told her that if Robert continued to go with Louise Reid, he could never go with the best girls of the town. Mr. and Mrs. Watkins at once informed Robert that he should go with Louise no more. Robert, knowing the temperament of his father, realized that it would be very unwise for him to disobey. His greatest pleasure was hindered, he had nothing to work for; there was a great barrier between him and the one he loved.

"In the meantime, Louise was wondering what could have caused Robert never to come to see her. Robert knew that he should tell her just how it was, but he kept putting it off. She at once became jealous of Eleanor Randolph, whom she thought was attracting his attention. On the same evening on which Louise entertained

some friends, Robert called on Eleanor, instead of accepting an invitation to the home of the former. This was enough for Louise. She at once wrote him a long note. The next evening, on his way to a reception, some one handed it to him. While waiting in the hall, he read it. It is sufficient to say that the last was something like this: '* * * and my letters. Our friendship is over. Louise.' He staggered and would have fallen had it not been for a chair. The crowd was boring, and he was indeed glad when the time for leaving came. But what could he have said to his hostess, except 'I've had a very enjoyable evening.' He could not believe that Louise meant this, but there it was in black and white. He carefully arranged everything which she had given him with her letters and sent them the next day.

"It was only a few days after this when Robert was taken suddenly sick with typhoid fever. For several days he lingered between life and death. Finally, after a stupor of forty-eight hours, there was a decided change for the better. He was given the best possible attention. Often he wondered if Louise cared in the least that he was sick. She had sent back all of his letters, and everything except a curl which he had given her when they were children. He thought that possibly when he got well she would let him at least explain why he had treated her as he did. It was six weeks before he was able to see her. When she understood all she forgave him, but still there was a great barrier between them."

* * * * *

This story was written by Robert himself, and sent to Louise. She then wrote as a sequel, the following:

"In the beautiful mountain town of E——, was the home of Louise Reid. One of her best friends was Robert Watkins, who lived next door to her. While they were only children, she liked him better than any one else, because he was always so kind to her. She found

when she became older that Rob was everything to her. She not only thought of him by day, but dreamed of him by night. When he suddenly quit coming to see her at all, she was very much troubled, for she missed him so much. Finally, when he called on Eleanor Randolph on the same evening on which she had invited him to her home, she wrote him a note asking for her letters. It was not until the following day, when a large package came to her that she realized what she had done. Now she must send back his letters. How could she give up all the books, pins and many other things he had given her? But this was what she had said she would do. The lock of hair which she had had so long she could not part with. How her heart ached when she heard in a few days that Rob was not expected to live! Eagerly she watched the morning and evening papers to see if there was any change.

“Several weeks afterwards, when she found a letter in that familiar handwriting, she hurriedly tore it open to find out what he had to say. In this letter, he explained why he had so suddenly quit coming to see her. To have these things which were entirely false cause all of this trouble was almost unbearable. Knowing that there wasn't a person in the world with a purer character than hers, she was at a loss to know what to do. When Robert came and they talked it over, she told him that as his father and mother had forbidden him to have anything to do with her, she would not allow him to come against their wishes. They decided to content themselves by writing, thinking that some day something would happen to make them happy again.”

* * * * *

For several months after this, the letters which Louise and Robert wrote would have indicated that they were still very fond of each other, but gradually the letters began to contain only news. Robert had noticed that

she was becoming more and more distant. He was determined that she should not drop him, but that at the very first opportunity, he would propose that they should break up their friendship. His opportunity came when, in company with a young lawyer, she passed him and refused to speak. Robert, thinking that this was her way of causing a quarrel, at once wrote a note telling her that so far as he was concerned, their friendship was over forever.

In a few months, Louise was married to the lawyer. Robert says now that although it was less than a year ago that he thought there was nothing to work for, nothing to make him strive to be a man, without the love of Louise, he has now found that it was only a school boy's fancy.

A WELCOME FROM TRINITY TO THE PRESIDENT.

BY KATIE M. HERRING.

Hail to thee, our nation's Chief!
Hail to thee, our people's Pride!
Hearts we bring that bear no grief,
Hearts and hands are open wide.

We welcome thee, a nation's Seer;
We welcome thee, a Prophet, great;
We wait with one loud, mighty cheer,
To greet thee at our College Gate.

Old Glory yonder welcomes thee;
A symbol true for what we stand.
For Freedom, waves she, gloriously,
For God and this, our native land.

Our College bell peals forth with might,
A plain and simple salutation;
Again we catch it in the night,
A sweet and solemn adoration.



S. B. UNDERWOOD,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
C. J. HARRELL,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A VALUABLE CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE.

Dr. Edwin Mims, of the chair of English Literature in Trinity College, has shown himself a benefactor to the South and to the nation in the writing of his Sidney Lanier. The life of that gifted Southern poet needs to be put before the American people, especially those of this section, and Dr. Mims has done it well. His book is one of the most valuable that has appeared in years, and deserves a wide circulation, which we are sure it will have. It fills a distinct place in American literature and will stand on its merits. The author has performed a task that will win him the appreciation of all thinking Southerners and Americans.

We do not speak of this merely as a matter of local pride. Of course, we are glad to have in our midst a man selected for such an important work, but from the larger standpoint of literary interest, we welcome the appearance of the book.

THE ANNUAL.

We are glad to be able to note that the matter of publishing an annual this year seems to be taking definite form. At a recent mass meeting of the students, the subject was discussed and committees appointed to consider

the advisability of taking that much desired step. The sentiment in favor of an annual is rapidly crystalizing, and we venture the prediction that this year will see its appearance. This is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

THE PRESIDENT'S UTTERANCES.

The visit of President Roosevelt to the city of Durham was a notable occasion for the college community. During his few minutes here he was given a most enthusiastic welcome by Trinity men, his appreciation of which was very evident. Mr. Roosevelt showed his knowledge of the history of this institution and bestowed words of appreciation and praise which, coming from such a high source, were doubly appreciated by his hearers. His words will not be forgotten in many a day. We wish we had the space to reproduce them in full. The greater part of his speech was addressed to the Trinity students and came straight from the sympathetic heart of a great man. We quote a few sentences:

"I have been more impressed than I can well express by the first article in the constitution of Trinity college, the article that sets forth the aims of the college; and not only for your sakes, but for the sake of all of us, North and South, I am going to read that article."

After reading this article, he continued:

"Gentlemen, I know of no other college which has so nobly set forth as the object of its being, the principles to which every college should be devoted, in whatever portion of this Union. You stand for all those things for which the scholar must stand if he is of any service to the State. You stand for academic freedom, for the right of private judgment, for a duty more incumbent upon the scholar than upon any other man, to tell the truth as he sees it, to claim for himself and to give to

others the largest liberty in seeking after the truth. You men of this college, you men throughout the South who have had collegiate training, you men throughout the Union who have had collegiate training have a peculiar burden of responsibility upon you. * * *

This strain ran through the whole of the masterful address. The President's words were sincere and came from a man who, aside from his official capacity, as an American citizen knows the academic world as do few men in our country. He is a scholar himself, and has a keen conception of the scholar's duties and responsibilities. His address was an inspiration to serious men. Such utterances make it easier to follow the path of Truth.

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Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS. - - - - - MANAGER.

A history of the Southern Literary Messenger has recently been written by Benjamin Minor, who was at one time its editor. This magazine held for many years the chief place in the periodical literature of the South, and an honorable one in that of the country. Mr. Minor's volume will be especially interesting to the cultivated people of the South, and to every student of American literary history as well.

For the person who has never read *The Divine Comedy* of Dante, but who would like to know something about it, Walter Sheldon has issued a book containing four excellent lectures on it.

We have a charming love story in "Rose o' the River," by Kate Douglas Wiggin. As in "Rebecca," the author gives another picture of life and the people "down in Maine." Each page is teeming with the brightness and humor so characteristic of Mrs. Wiggin, and to which she owes her tremendous success. It is a captivating little book in which the author tells in a delightful way of the heroism, romance and excitement which fills the life of her characters of the Saco river district.

Charles Eliot Norton has given a fine and careful editing to the "Love Poems of John Donne," which reveals the excellence of Donne's love poetry in a new and clear light. "Nothing of enduring value," says *The Na-*

tion, "has been left out, and the volume serves to show how Donne's poetry was always best when most purely impassioned." The book contains a brief critical introduction by the editor who has also provided it with notes for the elucidation of certain obscurities.

The final volume of the Biographical Edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works, edited by Mrs. Stevenson, will contain several essays which have never been published before. The middle of the month will see this and the other three last volumes in the edition come from Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The Life Worth Living," by Thomas Dixon, is reviewed in a very humorous style by The Bookman for October.

D. Appleton & Co. are hurrying through the press Senator Beveridge's new book, "The Young Man and the World." The author maintains that "good health is good business," and that you should "at all costs keep your capacity for human sympathy." This book has appeared serially in The Saturday Evening Post, of which periodical it was one of the leading features.

The autobiography of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace promises to contain much that is varied and interesting. Dr. Wallace and Darwin set forth almost simultaneously the theory of "Natural Selection."

Kipling's "Recessional" has been recognized by the officials of the Methodist Church and appears in the latest edition of the hymn book of that church.

An important book which is soon to be from the press, is "James Russel Lowell," by Ferris Greenslet. This is a compact and readable life of Lowell. "The two chapters of analysis of Lowell's work in poetry and prose wherewith the volume concludes are based upon

long and close study of Lowell's writings. They aim to disengage the permanent from the impermanent portions of Lowell's work, and to present him as a literary figure in the light of the present," says the New York Times.

There are poets other even than those few specially favored by President Roosevelt. We have from the pen of a North Carolinian the following lines which won for him the fifty dollar prize offered by The New York Tribune to the person making the best verse containing a word rhyming with Massachusetts:

A man named Heeth,
Who wears false teeth,
Bought two bran-new-sets,
Now Tribune, dear,
Please find here,
A rhyme for Massachusetts!



A. S. HOBGOOD,

MANAGER.

FOREWORD.

The business of this department is to receive exchanges from other institutions, comment on their significant phases, and, as far as possible, offer helpful and wholesome criticism upon their contents. It is obvious, then, how valuable an exchange department may become if these objects are faithfully, honestly and fearlessly carried out. The work of the critic is no easy task, especially to one who possesses neither the quality of mind nor the store of information necessary to the faithful discharge of the duties of such an office. One seldom realizes fully his own deficiencies until he begins to notice the deficiencies of others. Our idea of constructive criticism, however, is not to praise too freely or condemn too harshly. While observing charity in commenting on articles and magazines, the writer sees no necessity why "faint praise" or undeserved compliment should be bestowed, when, as a matter of fact, such articles deserve the most rigid criticism. If, however, an adverse criticism is made, and should be deemed an injustice to the article criticised, the reader will understand that it reflects no discredit upon the article, but only indicates how poorly endowed the writer is for work requiring such fine qualities of discrimination and taste.

The literature published in a college magazine reflects in a large measure the writing capacity, the ability to write stories, poetry, and treatises, of the student body.

Unfortunately, this is not always the case, for sometimes it happens that the brightest minds are not aroused to that point of college loyalty which will induce them to publish their thoughts. They are like a leaf-bearing tree, continually absorbing but never giving out. However, an outsider presumes, and has a right to presume, that the best literary work that college is capable of is printed in the columns of its organ. This being true, the burden is upon the student bodies to see that their periodicals are filled with instructive and readable matter which will be worthy of the attention of the reader. When this is done, the magazine will have attained the high purpose for which it has existed.

And consider for a moment what the scope of its usefulness may become. Through the medium of a college magazine, student bodies of various institutions come in contact with one another. Ideas are exchanged, suggestions offered, methods discussed, plans proposed; in a word, one institution is permitted to reap the benefit of the accumulated experience of all its sister institutions. In this way, a friendly rivalry is awakened, and a college pride in its own achievements is encouraged. The opportunity is afforded for observing the progress made by each institution, and also of becoming informed on the thoughts and deeds that interest college men.

In reviewing the exchanges we shall not confine our attention to the magazine of the large institutions and neglect those of the smaller colleges. We recognize the fact that some of the brightest minds have been nurtured and developed in the small institutions, and it often happens that within the folders of a small magazine gems of thought that promises the coming writer are hidden. Happy will we be if we shall discover and point out such a student to our contemporaries.

At this writing, we have only received *The Red* and

White, Clemson College Chronicle, and the Davidson College Magazine. We shall enter into no detailed criticism of their merits and defects, both of which abound. The Chronicle is the best of the trio. Neither is up to its proper standard.

We hope to have a large number of magazines to review next month.



Y. M. C. A. Department

Z. E. BARNHARDT, - - - - - MANAGER.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. has been very encouraging during the past month. All of the meetings have been well attended and we have every reason to believe that much good is being done.

Mr. Raymond Browning, of Trinity Park School, conducted the meeting for us on Wednesday evening, September 20. He spoke on the three cardinal virtues in the life of Joseph, industry, purity and reverence. He spoke ably and to the point. We hope to have him with us again.

On Thursday afternoon, September 28, Trinity men were given a special treat. Rev. George R. Stuart was at that time conducting a series of meetings in the city and gladly accepted an invitation to visit the college and address the Association. He is a master in the art of interpreting human nature and knew exactly "what tree the game was up," as he would say, when he came to talk to a crowd of college boys. He took as his subject, "Thought and Habit," setting forth the doctrine "as a man thinketh, so he is," and showing that habits formed thoughtlessly now will either make or mar our future.

On Sunday afternoon, October 8, Rev. J. A. B. Fry, who is spending a few weeks on the Park, conducted our Bible study rally. His subject was "The Importance of Bible Study," and his talk was very thoughtful.

The Y. M. C. A. offers three courses of Bible study, all led by members of the Association. The first course will consist in a study in the Life of Christ, with Messrs. E. O. Cole, C. E. Phillips and W. A. Stanbury as leaders. The second is a study in The Acts and Epistles, led by Messrs. H. E. Spence and L. T. Singleton. The third is a study in The Teachings of Jesus and His Disciples, with Messrs. S. B. Underwood and Z. E. Barnhardt as leaders.

The college is to be congratulated on the class of young men who have gathered here this year. We have now had good time in which to learn most of the new men, and, with a few exceptions, they are a set of clean gentlemen. As a whole, the morals of the community are decidedly better than in either of the three preceding years which we have spent here. It is now a very rare thing that one is forced to breathe air poisoned by profanity, and we hope that the fellow who has a dirty corner in his mouth will excuse us in the future and learn to be a gentleman. There are, as usual, a few young men who can find no better way to pass their time than in loafing, pitching crap or playing a "social" game of cards. This class is small, however, and should be made to feel the disapproval of every true gentleman in college. Let us rub off these rough corners and make this the brightest and best year in the history of the institution.

On Wednesday evening, October 11, was held our usual "Echo" meeting, the purpose of which is to give the young men who attended the Asheville Summer Conference a chance to inform us of the work done there, and to give us the benefit of whatever suggestions they may have received. Messrs. E. O. Cole, J. B. Aiken and W. V. McRae made short talks, setting forth the different phases of the work done there.



Wayside Wares

F. W. OBARR,

MANAGER.

THE MOSQUITO.

BY X. Y. Z.

*We are pestered with ha'nts and hoodoos,
 With goblins and spooks and ghosts,
 While spirits, witches and wizards
 Flock 'round in uncanny hosts.
 Men have trouble with bugs and bugbears,
 With chinchies, lizards, and lice,
 With hornets and wasps and spiders,
 And microbes and meddlesome mice.*

*The farmer's disturbed by locusts,
 By weevils and cut-worms too,
 And the whole creation's troubled
 With perplexities not a few.
 But of gnats, worms, fleas, flies, insects,
 And the plagues which on mankind fall
 And tend to increase his miseries—
 The "skeeter" has "skint" 'em all.*

*He breaks in on social functions,
 And doth fashions at will dispose;
 Low necks and short sleeves are forbidden,
 And a ban placed on drop-stitched hose.
 He makes lovers' hours less pleasant,
 And that bliss of all bliss he mars:
 Lipping love 'mid the fragrant flowers
 By the light of the summer stars.*

*He threatens the health of the nations,
 He scatters disease with a vim,
 Bacteria, miasma, malaria,
 And germs, all are traced to him.
 With typhus he seizes thousands
 And makes them with pain to rack,
 He causes a city panic
 By spreading the Yellow-Jack.*

*The mosquitoes of matrimony
 Breed love by river and rill,
 They implant their germs in the flowers
 In the glass on the window-sill.
 Their victims knew some preventive,
 But apply it they failed to do;
 The mosquito has slain his thousands
 And left but the faithful few.*

LEAVING THE BAR.

*Midnight and secret bar,
 And after that the cop,
 And may I with a warning leave him far
 As out of sight I drop!*

*But let him take that drunken fool asleep,
 Too full for care or shame,
 And lock him up in some foul prison deep—
 It's all the same!*

*Daylight and breakfast bell,
 And still abed I lie;
 And may my aching head soon cease to swell,
 Or else I die;*

*For though from out of court by quickened pace
 My legs have borne me far,
 I know the story's written on my face
 That I've just left the bar!*



At Home and Abroad

H. G. FOARD,

MANAGER.

In the Y. M. C. A. hall, on the evening of October 9, there was held a rally for the promotion of pure college athletics. An abundance of good nature and enthusiasm characterized the meeting and the speeches were particularly apt and in harmony with the occasion. The speeches were as follows: "Athletics in General," Dr. W. I. Cranford; "The Coming Ball Team," Paul Webb; "Tennis," B. S. Womble; "Benefits of the Gymnasium," W. W. Card.

Mr. W. G. Jerome was elected Vice-President of the Athletic Association; Mr. H. A. Page, Jr., First Assistant Manager of the Baseball Team, and Mr. J. W. Bagby, Second Assistant Manager.

The Freshman Class recently held its first meeting, and the following officers were elected: H. L. Smith, President; L. B. Suiter, Vice-President; Miss Mary Beaman, Secretary; J. L. Horne, Treasurer.

Mr. J. P. Lucas spent several days recently on the campus.

Miss Alice Craft, '05, was a visitor of friends at the Woman's Building some days ago.

Mr. J. A. Long, Jr., was on the Park last week.

Miss Lillian Bridges, ex-'04, is here on a visit, on ac-

count of the illness of her brother, who is sick at the Watts Hospital.

Mr. H. B. Adams, of the class of 1904 and last year's law class, was granted license by the Supreme Court in August, and has located in Concord for the practice of his profession.

Mr. E. F. Lee left all his fellows of the class of '05 in the rear, having been married at East Durham on August 16. Miss Barbee was his bride. Mr. Lee now has charge of the graded schools of Plymouth.

Mr. J. L. Williams, ex-'05, returned to college this fall and entered the law school.

Mr. E. R. Franklin, another of '05's men, has been elected principal of the Wakefield Academy, in Wake county.

Prospects for a first-class baseball team for the coming year are fine, as six of last year's team are back and six of Trinity Park School's crack team are members of the Freshman class. Then it is hoped that other ball players will show up in the course of the first few practices of the season.

Mr. E. B. Cooper, of Millsaps College fame, will also take his place among the "sphere twirlers" as a pitcher of repute.

In far away Arizona Mr. A. G. Moore, who graduated with the class of 1905, is living the literary life on a regular Western ranch. It is understood that he is engaged in important work, the results of which will appear later. His letters to the State papers describing his trip West have been read with interest.

It is understood that an orchestra will be organized

this year and work in conjunction with the Glee Club, in fact the two bodies will unite and form the Trinity College Glee Club and some fine trips are anticipated. At recent meetings Messrs. C. R. Pugh and L. J. Carter were elected manager and assistant manager respectively of the Glee Club, and Messrs. W. M. Crook and G. Körner, manager and assistant manager respectively of the Orchestra. We wish them a good year and much success.

Dr. Kilgo was absent from college on October 4, dedicating a church at Roxboro, and on October 6 dedicating one at Troy, N. C.

Mr. K. P. Nixon has entered the Law Class. He is a U. N. C. graduate, class of '05. We extend to him the welcome hand and hope his stay with us will be pleasant as well as profitable.

The Moot Court was organized several days ago, and temporary officers were appointed. Mr. W. S. Lowdermilk was appointed Marshal and Mr. A. S. Hobgood Clerk of the Court.

The Tennis Association met recently and elected the following officers: H. A. Page, Jr., President; M. E. Nathan, Vice-President; W. J. Whitley, Secretary and Treasurer; J. M. Holland, Manager of Grounds.

In the preliminary held in the Y. M. C. A. hall on the evening of October 12, Messrs. W. G. Jerome and E. O. Cole were selected to represent Trinity in the debate with Vanderbilt. Mr. C. R. Warren was chosen alternate.

At the first meeting of the Historical Society, Dr. J. S. Bassett was elected President; G. Greever, Vice-President; W. A. Bryan, Secretary; B. S. Womble, Curator of

Museum. Mr. W. S. Lockhart read a paper on "A Traveler's Observations on North Carolina Society in 1774."

At an enthusiastic mass meeting held in the Y. M. C. A. hall recently, The Trinity College Glee Club and Orchestra Association was formed and officers elected for the following year. This puts the musical interests of the college on a permanent basis.

At the same meeting, steps were taken looking to the establishment of an annual at Trinity. Committees were appointed to take the matter in hand. This is a very vital matter and it is hoped that the plans will mature.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., December, 1905.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

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J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

WHAT THE FUSCHIA GAVE

BY F. W. OHARR

It was in a time before mortality was. Before the sun had first shone, for it was not yet. But the earth was, and in it the things beautiful and everlasting that are still in it. Mortality was not yet, and neither was there any darkness, for that is mortal also.

Then the waters were as they are now. The trees peopled the hills and the valleys and rocks gave them footing. Grasses clothed the plains, and flowers gave splendor to all. But the transcending splendor of all

that was, and this splendor was everywhere, was the presence of the Master. When the seasons were not, He was. When the rains were not for a refreshment to the earth, He was present and there was need of no refreshings. His presence was the perfumes of the flowers, His being, their light. The Master was the light and life of all that was.

Once when He walked in the Earth-garden—and it was neither morning, noon or eve, for these are of the sun, which yet was not,—once as He walked, He called to the flowers to assemble near Him. And they all came and heard Him speak.

“My children, I have somewhat to tell ye, one and all.”

“Speak, Master, for we hear,” answered the Lily from a pure heart.

Now think not, strangers, that all the flowers assembled heard ungladly what their Master spake. And think you too how sad it must have made them! Thus He said:

“Children, our Father hath need of me in other spheres. I can no longer walk with you as I would, and as I have. I would that ye could be with me. The Father’s will is that another light be given you, that another master come unto you. This day shall he be, and the new light shall be with him and for him.”

“It is well for us as thou hast said,” spoke the Pansy, for it was most for thoughts accredited among all the flowers.

Then at the Master’s word all things changed. The sun stood up in the sky at near the noon hour. A new day, the first day; and strangers to the Infinite, you have never seen ought like it. It is not in you to see the Master in every day’s beauty.

And the flowers and the Master were together and it was near the sun’s first setting. The Master spake and a being like Him in all but spirit was with Him among

the flowers. And with them, too, was another, fairer, woman.

When it was first early twilight, the new creatures were together, and the Master and the flowers were there also. And, looking upon them and having compassion for the creatures of his love, the Master spake to the flowers:

“Children all, this first eve shall turn to night and another day shall come like unto this day. And this new day shall be the first day for all time. It will mark the time when I shall depart from you—and shall mark the time when I shall return to you. Man is mortal—so must ye be also like him, but immortality is in you in that you shall have your increase. Now upon this eve, e'er I depart, what give ye to man of what is now your immortality?”

“We give them beauty,” all cried together.

“And more, what givest thou, Rose?”

“Love I give,” said the Rose, and took upon itself thorns, which always go with love.

“Modesty from me,” said the Violet, and hid its head in the leaves.

Purity, hope, innocence, and many priceless things, something from every flower was given. At last came the Fuschia, and to the Master's words, “What givest thou?”—

“Pride is my gift,” replied the Fuschia, “let my head hang down that man's head may be held up that he may look unto thee.”

“Blessed art thou, O Fuschia! and blessed all who give of their strength unto man that he may look up unto me!”

“What ye all have given shall ever be found in you by man. It is not taken from you. Peace be with you for I go from you.”

The Master, thus blessing his children, departed, and it was the first darkness over the Earth.

On the morrow the sun arose and all nature was as the Master had left it. And man, with him woman,—they together had what the flowers and the Master had given them. They looked up in spirits unto the Master, and said:

“Let us ever call this day Christmas.”

THE VISION

BY F. X.

*Into the heart of the morning I wandered,
 Into the fields when all Nature was fair;
 Wrapt in her glories I dreamily lingered,
 And lo! I saw Thy dear handiwork there!*

*Deep in the leaves of a heaven-born flower,
 Into its bosom, how sacredly rare,
 My soul gazed a moment—it seemed full an hour—
 And ah, gracious Master, I felt thy breath there!*

*In the pure light of a child's face I pondered,
 Look'd in those eyes so beauteous and clear,
 Saw all their innocence, breathlessly wondered;
 And God, O my God, I knew thou wast there!*

THE DIFFERENCE

*Under the mistletoe
 We watch our sweetheart go;
 You kiss the miss,
 I miss the kiss;
 My state is envy, yours is bliss;
 Yours, ecstasy; mine, woe.*

AFTER THE BATTLE—A WAR TIME SKETCH

BY M. EMETH TUTTLE

One of my favorite means of amusement when time hangs heavily on my hands is to find some interesting, and if possible, quaint character and to persuade him to tell me some story of his early life. I found one such character last summer, a typical old Scotchman, jolly and good natured, who was never better pleased than when telling a well remembered story of his youth. I say old; he was only about middle aged, but his range of experiences was so large that he seemed much older.

One day last summer he told me this incident which I enjoyed very much, especially as he was the hero. It would be impossible for me to give it as he told it, so I will only try to sketch it as well as I can remember it. Jack Brice joined the army when only twelve years old, much against the wishes of his parents, and fought through to the end. This incident occurred almost at the close of the struggle, when Jack had reached the ripe age of sixteen and was orderly sergeant of his company.

It was just about the close of the great struggle; the Battle of the Wilderness, with its seven long days of death and cannon roar was over, and the troops were preparing to march South. Among those in the skirmishing line was young Brice in command of the squad and determined, if possible, to be the last to leave the field, as he had often wished to see the burial of the dead after a great battle. Stealing away from the others, he went to the long, deep trench to watch the soldiers pitch the dead bodies into their last camping ground, with no service other than the song of the birds, and no requiem but the sighing of the pines above. Just as the boy came up, the squad at the grave was in the very act of throwing a gray-coated form into the trench, but as they leaned back for the cast, Brice heard

a slight cough, and running up said: "Stop, men, for God's sake, that man's alive." Quietly they laid the body down and went on with their task, while Jack got hold of a cart and had the wounded man taken to the field hospital.

Turning from the trench, he soon joined his company and dashed down the old plank road at a gallop, for firing had opened up in the distance. A good way down the road, a large old colonial house was to be seen in the midst of a great old oak grove, and farther on the smoke from the enemy's guns darkened the atmosphere. For some reason Brice was especially attracted to this house, and as they rode nearer he noticed a woman standing in the door. Immovable she stood, with her hands clasped calmly across her breast, indifferent to all that was going on around her, and by her side stood a little white dog, as quiet as she. Riding up, Brice saluted and said, "Madam, you're in danger," and even while he spoke a shot struck the house with terrific force, tearing off a corner of the roof, but the woman, as calm as though nothing had happened, said, "The Lord will take care of me." "He will, Madam," called the soldier as he rode on to the charge.

* * * * *

The woman and the memory of his encounter had completely left Brice's mind when later in the day, the fighting over, he saw a woman wandering across the deserted battle field among the dead. Recognizing her as his acquaintance of the morning, the soldier walked over to her and inquired for whom she was seeking. "My son is dead," she told him, "he was in yesterday's battle." On making further inquiries, Brice was sure that her son was the man whom he had saved from burial, directed her to the field hospital where he had taken the wounded man the day before, and went on his way, for

the war was almost over and he had other things to occupy his mind for the next few years.

Now comes in the strange part of the incident. Some ten years from this time, Brice, now a full grown man, made up his mind to take another look at the battle fields of Virginia. Now, though, instead of the beautiful spring weather he remembered so well, it was the middle of winter and the snow flakes were chasing each other through the biting air. Young Brice was not alone this time, for in the intervening years he had married a beautiful Southern girl, and this trip was a part of their wedding tour. As they drove along the country road, fast becoming soft with the falling snow, the girl was listening to the foregoing part of this incident, when, suddenly turning a curve in the old plank road, they came upon the well remembered colonial house, and there in the door a woman stood, just as she had stood ten years ago, silently watching the snow storm, and by her side a little white dog, as silent and attentive as she. This time, though, her hair was white and the expression on her face was one of peace.

Brice, driving up, asked if she remembered him, and enquired about her son. For the first time she heard his part in saving the life of her boy, and scarcely knew how to thank him. About this time, the son came in and added his voice to the general rejoicing. Nothing would satisfy them but that Brice and his bride should spend the holidays with them, so old North Carolina friends were disappointed while they helped spread the Christmas cheer of their new found Virginia friends.

RED HURRICANE'S DAY

BY URAL N. HOFFMAN

He was like all the other Freshmen, with the exception of his personal appearance. He was ugly beyond compare—the most homely fellow that I have yet seen. The first vision I got of him was when I was with several more boys who were lolling on the grass. We spied him coming up the walk, alone, and at quite a rapid pace. When he got opposite us, he put on brakes, slowed down, and inquired of us where he could find the president. He had that “I-own-the-whole-blame-thing” air about him that some new fellows possess when they come to college. In addition, he seemed in as big a hurry as if he carried a message of very vital importance to the head of our institution, in view of which we directed him to the right place. As he hurried on, Tom Bushman remarked in his very solemn tone of voice, “Great God, but ain’t he a ‘beauty.’ He’s your regular red hurricane.” That settled it for that fellow, for from that day till this he has been known to all as “Red Hurricane.”

The name was extremely appropriate, for his hair was red and everything that he did was at a fast rate. Red his hair was, mind you; not merely auburn or sandy or any such like shade that always brings to the owner the appellation of “reddy,”—but a fierce, burning red that glowed like a blacksmith’s fire, and hung in long, curly locks from beneath his little red derby—red, no doubt, from long association with the crimson tresses that grew beneath it—that sat, like an acorn, on the crown of his cocoanut-shaped head. From each side of this so-called head was attached what was intended to pass for an ear, but which appeared to be misused.

His organs of vision were, also, not quite like those of the majority of persons. Instead of sitting well in order they were, it seemed, all the time both wanting to gaze

on the nose which was appended between them. Of them one co-ed was heard to say that she knew the tears never ran into his ears when he cried, as she had heard they did when some cross-eyed persons wept. In striking contrast to his eyes, was his nose. It was a classical nose, but oh how out of place it looked on that freckled face and perched above that mouth of his!

If Red Hurricane was odd in personal appearance, he was every whit as odd in personal manner. He was always in a rush, whatever he was doing. When he went to read Greek, he read it as fast as if it were English, and then translated it almost equally as rapidly; in mathematics he was always the first one to complete his task, no matter how hard it was. In fact, mathematics was what he loved. He took a delight in helping anyone in this subject just as much, he said, "as you do in sitting down to a good meal." And no one doubted what he said in the least. Whenever asked by one of his fellow students to work a problem he invariably would tell him that he could not. No sooner said, however, he would take the book and read the problem; and almost before one knew it, he would droll out, "Here is what you want," and would then proceed to explain it so clearly that anyone with the least amount of understanding could comprehend it. In view of this fact Red Hurricane was a general favorite among those young men who had not yet completed the required work in mathematics. This love was only mercenary, however, for when his assistance became no longer needed he was teased and guyed by being asked such questions as, "How many ladies' hearts have you broken with your Phœbus Apollo pulchritude?" What co-ed is doting on you, did you say?" and so on. Wonderful to say, he always took such taunts very good-naturedly. To some of the most fastidious sports he would sometimes say, in good humor, "Every dog has his day and mine is coming too."

From the exceedingly awkward and gawky fellow he was when he entered, Red Hurricane had developed into a respectable and dignified Senior. He had done a great deal towards lessening his homeliness. His dress was neat, his ruddy locks were kept artistically trimmed, and with the wealth which his father possessed he had been able to have his eyes greatly improved by the most skilled optical surgeon in the country. Three years had wrought a great development in him.

Though a very brave and manly fellow he had never exerted enough courage to take any part in the social life of the community. He seemed to be afraid of the swish of a young woman's dress, and never let himself get in her way. But in his heart he was an ardent admirer of the feminine sex. All that was necessary, it seemed, was a "falling in" which came (as it always does).

Among the freshmen entering the autumn that he became a Senior was a young lady who caught his fancy the first time he saw her. Not only his, but also that of many of his fellow companions. The reason for this was that she was a fine specimen of feminine beauty. Her hair was a dark brown, and of a very luxuriant growth; her eyes were black, with a piercing expression that charmed; her soft, creamy cheeks were decorated further with dimples that showed at her faintest smile, and her whole face at all times wore a sweet, mischievous expression that won the soul. Only a few days had elapsed till it became a question in the minds of most of the upper classmen as to who would be the fellow so lucky as to be assigned as her partner when the three literary societies united and gave their annual reception to the new students. The mischief of the whole matter lay in the fact that it was a custom for a committee of two young women and two young men, of the Senior class, to arrange the couples. This of course left every man in the dark as to whom he should go with until the day

before, when the committee would notify him. Both of the young ladies that were on this committee this year were girls always on the alert for some innocent fun, and the first proposition made by them to the other members was that Red Hurricane should be asked to accompany this beautiful young lady of the Freshman class. The young men only laughed at such a suggestion. "It would be an insult to the young lady, and, furthermore, Red Hurricane would not have grit enough to do that," they said. The result was that the girls decided that they would broach such a subject on the sly, to the young lady, and the young men would do likewise to Red Hurricane. The report at the next meeting revealed the fact, much to the surprise of all, that such an arrangement would be agreeable to both, and consequently the matter was so arranged, and from such much sport was anticipated.

Knowing that in acting well his part lay all the honor and happiness of this occasion, Red Hurricane rose to his highest self—in fact almost got beside himself. Miss Branscomb also prepared herself to make the occasion a success, and when they walked into the reception hall together that evening, under the glare of the brightly burning lights, they presented an appearance that was, to say the least, a general surprise. Both were perfectly at ease, and chatted as sedately as if they had been friends for some time. The more mischievous boys and girls tried to make them the butt of their fun, but the attempt was a failure. Red Hurricane had at last fallen in and was at his usual self, furiously fast.

Thereafter Red Hurricane was noticed to become very fastidious as to his dress and spent his money very lavishly for haberdashery. Then, too, it became known that he was spending the evenings less and less in study, and instead, was making calls on Miss Branscomb. The only way that the boys and girls could account for this was

that she was perpetrating a huge joke upon him, and that by and by his overthrow would come. But such had not yet occurred when the Christmas holidays had come, and many were led to believe that the joke was going to turn out in reality to be a love affair of the first magnitude, while others thought that it would all end between the two during the holidays. And it did, as the following will show: "There was a very quiet and unexpected wedding at the residence of Mr. J. T. Branscomb, on Christmas Eve, when his daughter became the wife of Mr. William Leonard * * *"

This was another confirmation that Red Hurricane was a proper name for the bearer, that his "day" had come, and also that the ways of love are past finding out.

TWO VIEWS

BY R. BROWNING

*A cabin on a distant hill,
The moonlight's clear yet all is drear;
The winter wind is whistling shrill
 Across the gleaming snow,
 And ghosts of every woe
 Within me start
 And make my heart
Like to the scene,—a gloomy chill.*

*Still stands the cabin on the hill,
The moonlight clear betokens cheer;
The wind is whistling just as shrill
 Across the frozen snow,
 And every joy I know
 Wakes at the sight,
 A soft red light
That flickers o'er the window sill.*

MY AMBITION

BY RAYMOND BROWNING

*I'll leave one tender little song,
A flower for my grave,
That tired earth's melancholy throng
May smile and hum its music long
When tears their faces lave.*

*The circling planets mete my time
And hurry me away,
Perhaps unto a cloudless clime
To live in youth's eternal prime,
And yet I yearn to stay.*

*Ah! earth is sweet and life is good
However mixed with pain,
And heaven's luring pleasures would
Not tempt me hence, if but I could
Forever here remain.*

*The golden glow of autumn leaves
Was once the green of May;
In transient glory nature weaves
From bursting buds to garnered sheaves
A drama of decay.*

*The gentle throbbing carmine stream
Of life is at flood tide.
In laughter, sorrow, work, and dream
Its opalescent treasures gleam
But soon it shall subside.*

*Before the vesper bell shall ring
The sunset of my day,
One fadeless hopeful song I'll sing.
Born of a soul with broken wing.
Then gladly I'll away.*

SIDNEY LANIER

BY GARLAND GREEVER

To write a biography that at the same time appeals to the general reader and wins the approval of the technical critic is by no means a common achievement. Judging by such comments, however, as have already emanated from the opposite worlds of the casual and the acute, the distinction of having pleased both classes has fallen upon Dr. Mims in his recently published life of Lanier.

This review is not intended as a compendium of the volume just named. In fact, anything like an epitomized statement would, in the case of this book, be peculiarly difficult. Nor is any chronicle of the events of Lanier's history purposed, nor any attempt to decide upon the merit of his artistic work to be made. We propose, in preference to these things, to consider informally the personality of Lanier, his temperament, his ideals, and his attitude toward different phases of his work. That this may be done with genuine advantage, we deem it advisable to select characteristic, rather than consecutive, aspects of his activity, and to deal as largely as possible with those things in his life which are least known. As the author has made Lanier with the assistance of his friends, tell much of his story in his own words, so shall we resort repeatedly to first and second-hand quotations.

Lanier was born in 1842, in Macon, Ga., the center of perhaps the most democratic section of the Old South. While his ancestry was good and his parents were in many respects cultured and progressive, certain harsh and restraining influences were thrown about him in his youth. Of all these the one most inauspicious to his career as an artist was instruction in "the strictest tenets of the Calvinistic creed." Yet his early home life

was beautiful. His father was both confidant and guide to all his aspirations. Oftentimes his brother strolled with him through the woods; and to these boyish journeys may we ascribe much of that later delight in nature which elicited from him such sentiments and expressions as "the whole earth singing like a flock of birds," "a walk in fairyland amidst unutterable wonders," "every leaf that I brush against breeds a poem," and "all this loveliness of wood, earth, and water makes me feel as if I could do the whole Universe into poetry." Music, too, was at his disposal. "He did not remember a time when he could not play upon almost any musical instrument."

He entered Oglethorpe University in 1857. Here he did not live a life of seclusion, but entered vigorously into student enterprises and diversions, becoming speedily noted for "his marvelous flute-playing," when, with other companions, he went serenading on "those happy nights, which were veritable reflections of the gods." Yet he was a "very hard student," "intensely conscientious," "an omnivorous reader," and the leader of his class. His mind expanded under the tutelage of such men as Dr. Woodrow, who, despite the somewhat intolerant atmosphere wherein they wrought, pointed out "the value of science in modern life and its relation to poetry and religion" and "that the church would make a great mistake if it attempted to shut off the human intellect from the search of truth." Lanier was now casting about for his own true employment. "The point which I wish to settle," he wrote, "is merely by what method shall I ascertain what I am fit for as preliminary to ascertaining God's will with reference to me; or what my inclinations are, as preliminary to ascertaining what my capacities are—that is, what I am fit for."

When the war came, he enlisted with the Confederacy; for "he dreamed with his people of a nation that might be the embodiment of all that was fine in government

liable" for rents and gas-bills! That his interest in his community was great, and that the national spirit had developed wonderfully within him, there can be no doubt. That his own calamities left him uncomplaining is explicable from his dictum: "Those are the best poets who keep down these cloudy sorrow songs and wait until some light comes to gild them with comfort." That his work had a deep personal meaning for him is obvious when we are told that in his judgment music creates in man "a great, pure, unanalyzable yearning after God," and that he said "I must get upon paper as many as possible of the poems with which my heart is stuffed." That visions of the remote did not sap his interest in present things are proven by his words "one who *knows* and in society." Amid his varied and onerous experiences as a soldier, he found time to develop his literary talent. "I find that my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing, and especially of writing poetry," he asserted. He had a sense of his deficiencies as an author, the principle one being a diffuseness of style and metaphoric conceits. Towards the close of the conflict he was captured and imprisoned. This "dreary and distressing" confinement brought about the beginning of his breakdown in health, and was afterwards to him a source of the most "harrowing memories." Notwithstanding his own sufferings his "dear-hearted hopeful voice" rang out to cheer his fellow unfortunates. In this place there was "no room for pretense or disguise;" a man appeared as he was. Says one of Lanier's companions: "In all our intercourse I can remember no conversation or word of his that an angel might not have uttered or listened to."

The termination of the war found him still optimistic and ambitious to do. How clearly he discerned the drift of conditions may be discovered from his words regarding the need of a great man, one "tall enough to see over

the whole country." Within the next few years he had tried his hand at law; had published "Tiger Lilies," which, though ornate and fanciful, stamped him as "one of the promising writers of the South;" and had in his marriage with Miss Day obtained "one of the greatest blessings of his life." While at San Antonio, Texas, whither he had gone, "realizing that his hold upon life was but slight," he formed "the fixed purpose to give the remainder of his life to music and poetry." "For twelve years he had been deflected out of his true orbit;" "the ceaseless wear of incompleteness" had chafed him terribly. His resolution "meant heroism of a new type. It meant that he must seem disobedient to a father with whom his relation had been peculiarly intimate," disregard the opinions of friends and relatives, and leave his family for a time. Yet in this as in other acts of his life he worked out one of his favorite theories, "that antagonism or opposition either in art or morals is to be welcomed, for out of it comes a finer art and a larger manhood." A kindred, and even nobler sentiment is that in which he sets forth the need of a sincere personality behind all works of art: "Surely, in fine, there is a point of mere technic in art beyond which nothing but moral greatness can attain, because it is at this point that the moral range, the religious fervor, the true seership and prophethood of the poet, come in and lift him to higher views of all things." More and more, as the fleeting years went by, Lanier was coming to blend the ethical with the æsthetical in literature and music, and to realize and vitalize "the spiritual significance of scholarship."

The life of Lanier subsequent to his removal northward need not be recounted. It is already well known. Nor need his achievements be referred to in detail. In his connection with orchestra, in his literary work, in his lectures and professorship, in the friendships—

such as those with Paul Hamilton Hayne, Bayard Taylor, Gibson Peacock, and Charlotte Cushman—which sweetened his life, and in his last heroic battle against an incurable disease, he displayed a pure, serene and wholesome spirit, such as endeared him to his associates and enhanced his value to mankind. His playfulness and humor break over on occasions, especially in those inimitable letters of his. Think of the audacity of suggestion which leads him to speak of “the dignity of being exactly what his great passion is and what his God desires him to do, will straightway lose all anxiety as to what he is working *for*, in the simple glory of doing that which lies immediately before him.” “He lived the abundant life, and all of the roads which he traveled led to God.”

The chapters devoted to the New South deserves a most careful study, to which we recommend our readers, as any adequate summary is impossible. The chapter on “Criticism and Poetry” will give the biographer’s estimate of Lanier’s ultimate place in the history of letters, and assist in placing proper value on such poems as “The Marshes of Glynn.” While we shall not attempt to reproduce even the germ of this chapter, it might be well to record the biographer’s answer to the question as to where Lanier is lacking, in what makes a great poet. “In power of expression,” he asserts, “the touch of finality is not in his words.” They “are not inevitable enough.” Too perceptibly absent, as a rule, is that facility, that felicity of expression which breaks out occasionally in such fine apophthegms as “Music is love in search of a word.” Yet the biographer evidently believes that there was vast possibility in this young singer of the South. “Lanier, with his reverence for science, his appreciation of scholarship, his fine feeling for music, and withal his love of nature and of man, had laid broad the foundation for a great poet’s career.”

We do not intend to be led by local pride into any of those bombastic and unscholarly encomiums which, from some source or other, are sure to greet the appearance of each new book; nor are we willing, on the other hand, to let modesty keep back the statement of what in our opinion is a just estimate of the merit of this work. "Sidney Lanier" strikes one immediately as being interesting. In fact, among biographies it would be hard to find another more delightfully readable than the one by Dr. Mims. In it are a plethora of facts in themselves "dry-as-dust," much technical observation, more or less of inquiry into every subject that occupied Lanier, and innumerable sidelights on the history and conditions of the time; yet this farrago of weariness becomes real and significant under the transforming touch of the craftsman. Logic is used unsparingly, it is true; but it is used judiciously, so as not to pall. But the biography, while thus absorbing and appetizing, contains nothing that is sensational or untrue; there is no cheap appeal to popular favor; there is no deviation from the strictest accuracy.

The book may be compared to a stream that is not clogged or hindered by its new accretions, but flows musically onward without break or flaw; or to a well contrived piece of mechanism, whose parts are perfectly adjusted, each performing its task, not so much for its own glory, as for the harmony and usefulness of the whole. Finally, it may be said of this biography that the conclusions it reaches are likely to satisfy the most discriminating critic; and that, so far as can now be seen, it has pronounced the final verdict on Lanier.

WHERE ENDETH LOVE?

BY ALBERT MAYNARD

Four years had passed since the marriage of Philip Webb to the beautiful Christine Matheson. Theirs was not an extraordinary love affair. Philip was the son of a well-to-do banker of H—. He was given ample academic training, and very early in his life he chose to enter the business world. Beginning as book-keeper for Holt & Co., wholesale merchants of H—, Philip was in a short time a prosperous commission merchant in the same town.

Christine was the daughter of a noted clergyman. She inherited, and under the careful training of pious parents, developed, those elements of character which are essential to the making of a noble woman. Her home also was in H—.

Philip and Christine came to be sweethearts when scarcely more than children. The latter's influence and example were powerful factors in moulding the character of her lover. She was by choice no society belle. Shams and hollow mockeries were displeasing to her. In fine, she was not like the average girl of her town.

Shortly after she promised to be Philip's bride, Christine went to spend the summer following her graduation with relatives in Atlanta. Philip was then book-keeper for Holt & Co. His father had already expressed disapproval of the proposed marriage, because of family differences. Of this Christine was not aware. Partly because of this attitude of his father perhaps, and partly because of his own instability, Philip began to doubt his childhood's love. He was not yet willing to reveal his state of mind to Christine, and his letters still contained the wonted expressions of love. He excused this deception, which he intended should last only for a short time, on the ground that he could not explain his

position satisfactorily by letter, that when Christine should return he would be honest and tell her all. It had not been without a struggle that he came to doubt his love for her, and he was not glad to find the change.

Gradually Philip fell into line with the society fellows in his town. Once he had disliked the questionable, and hated the grossly immoral, practices of the dancing crowd. But now he began to think differently. It may be that the deception hidden away in his soul was the primary cause of his moral atrophy which now began. Whatever its cause, this atrophy came to be all too nearly complete. He went the way thousands of other young men have trod. By way of the no-harm pleasures and the ball-room, he proceeded into sensual indulgence until the lowest depth of shame was reached. There was a scandal. But a lie, a faithless promise, kept his name out of the gossip. Nor was it long probable that his lie would be detected. Soon there was in a retired corner of the H— cemetery a new, untimely grave—how untimely no one else knew so well as he.

When it was too late to undo the wrong, Philip began to reflect seriously upon his sin. He was sorry he had so far forgotten himself, and resolved never to fall thus again. Yet his life was wretched and he knew it. How he longed for those earlier days! He dreaded Christine's return to H—. The memory of that old love haunted him while in his own soul he cursed himself. Now, even if he had still loved Christine, he knew that he was no longer worthy of her love. In the meantime, despite his efforts to conceal his new state of mind, Christine had noted a change in the tone of his letters. But she gave no intimation of the discovery, hoping she was mistaken.

When Christine returned to H—, Philip called on her with the purpose of breaking their engagement. Once again in her presence, he found that the old love was not dead. He knew now that he loved her and in-

wardly heaped bitter curses upon himself for having doubted that love, and for his unworthiness of her love. Christine was puzzled, not being able to reconcile Philip's attitude at this time with what she had read between the lines of his letters. He hastened to confess that he had once doubted his love for her, but declared that he could no longer doubt it. Christine's love had remained constant and Philip was freely forgiven.

Philip had confessed, but not fully. How could he confess all? He was quite sure that Christine lived daily in the presence of an ideal which could not accept anything less perfect than itself. Then how could she ever love him again if she knew the kind of man he had been in her absence. What did it matter any way? Why should not the past be past? She need not know. These are some of the thoughts which occupied his mind. "What I am, not what I was, concerns her," he said to himself.

"The sin that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after, of whose fold we be."

The months passed on. Philip was sure of his love. He would marry Christine in despite of his father's objections. He was independent in a pecuniary way and had started business for himself. On the whole, he was happy in the expectation of his marriage, although at times the voice of conscience made him uneasy; yet he suppressed this voice and went his way.

It was Christmas eve now. Philip and Christine were seated in their beautifully furnished home. Mary, their little daughter of three summers, was thinking only of Santa Claus, about whom she asked many questions in the course of the evening. The night was stormy, snow having fallen all the afternoon. The forenoon Christine had spent in dispensing food and other gifts which

make the poor people glad and happy at Christmas time. At noon she and her husband had attended a short but impressive service at their church. During the service Christine noted that Philip seemed profoundly moved. His conscience was aroused as never before. Full well he knew that often he had failed to give expression to his love, and to make his home happy, all because there was hidden away in his life a sin, which, when his conscience would be aroused, made him indifferent to much that he really held dear. His faithful wife, thinking that perhaps she had not fully met his expectations, and that this was the cause of those melancholy periods, had been inclined to blame herself.

To-night the struggle which had begun in Philip's mind at the noon service was only more intense. The joy, mirth and good cheer of the thousands of homes in the city constituted a striking contrast to the turmoil in his soul. His thoughts ran back to another Christmas, a few years earlier, since when all his sorrow had come. Wild as was the storm that raged outside, that within his soul was more terrific. In vain did Christine strive to cheer him. She could not understand. There was no tinge of suspicion in her mind, only a weary longing to know in what respect she had failed to be the wife Philip expected.

As Philip sat silently, listening to Christine while she told Mary of the first Christmas, and as Mary knelt and repeated the simple "Now I lay me down to sleep," before being put to bed, the look of angelic purity in the face of both mother and child increased immeasurably the tumult in his soul. When Mary was abed and dreaming of Santa Claus, conscience at last had its perfect work. The great strongholds that guarded the secrets were at last surrendered. What was said within that Holy of Holies the world can never know. But

what was Christine's disappointment? Had she loved an ideal of which she mistakenly thought Philip to be an embodiment, or was it Philip she loved? In either case, what of her life from this night? Let only those who know the heart of a woman attempt an answer.

FORBIDDEN NOT

*I se jus' uh lil' nigger,
 'At's not wuf much a'tall:
 I reckon white foks's bigger
 Eb'n w'en dey doan yet crawl.*

*I hears 'em tell ob gibbin'
 Nice gif's an' sech lak tings,
 But mine's de scasses' libbin'
 W'en dat Chris' mus bell rings!*

*But w'y is I be carin'
 Cause Jesus lubs me too,
 Eb'n if I ain' uh sharin'
 Dem gif's an' tings wid you.*

IN THE LIBRARY

(Not dedicated)

*Upon a shelf's th' encyclopedia
 And just above the dictionary;
 To the one I've said, "I have no need o' you,"
 And of the other, too, I'm leery.*

*They may define a paradise,
 But just between's a two-inch space,
 And peering through a pair o' eyes
 Then see I heaven face to face.*

THE HEART INTERPRETS FOR THE EYE

BY KATIE M. HERRING

1. Eugene to Clara

NASHVILLE, TENN.,

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, Nov. 17, 1903.

DEAR CLARA:—Your letter was of the greatest interest and pleasure to me. After reading every word over carefully, I felt better fitted for several hours of hard study.

Thank you, Clara, for the invitation to attend your Thanksgiving reception; no other pleasure would be greater than to spend the day at home and go to your party that evening—not so much in attending the party as being with you once more. Yes, they expect me to spend the day at home, but having only one day off and much work pressing, I am going to be a good boy once and deny myself the pleasure of seeing you.

I send you the latest issue of "The Observer." I found it to be very interesting, and marked several passages which greatly impressed me, and I hope will affect you likewise.

Wishing you success, and much pleasure at your party, I am, as ever yours,

EUGENE.

2. Clara to Eugene

GLENRIFF, TENN., Nov. 30, 1903.

DEAR EUGENE:—I am glad to see you growing more conservative as you grow older, but it seems rather strange to me that you so hastily decided "to be good." My invitation seems to have helped you to decide at once, but you are right, I suppose, since you could enjoy yourself better elsewhere,

The party was thoroughly delightful, and all seemed a merry crowd. Janie spent Thanksgiving with me, and what do you think? Percy went all the way from C—to see her, and she was with me. Poor girl! I was so

sorry for her, but sympathy would not bring to her the one she wished to see.

I am going to spend several days before Christmas with my aunt in Centerville, and I'm quite busy, as I leave tomorrow. You will pardon this short letter.

Very sincerely,

CLARA JAMES.

3. Eugene to Clara

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,

NASHVILLE, TENN., Dec. 10, 1903.

DEAR CLARA:—I hope you enjoyed your visit to your Aunt's. I wish I were with you now to hear you tell all about it.

Clara, I sincerely repent for "being good," and not going to see you Thanksgiving. Your invitation had nothing at all to do with my spending the day here. It made me all the more anxious to go, but as I said before, my work would not permit me. You seem not to understand, but if I were with you I could explain it all, and I'm sure you would forgive me. It was my one regret the whole day, and you know there's nothing pleasant akin to regret.

Did you get the magazine? You did not mention it, perhaps you haven't had time to read it.

Do write soon; you have no idea how long the time seems when I have to wait. Your own true friend,

EUGENE.

4. Eugene to Clara

You will be surprised, Clara, to get this note from me, but I just could not wait to hear from you to tell you that my very good friend, Max Rowland, from North Carolina, whom you have heard me speak of so many times, is going home with me to spend Christmas. I'm sure you will like him, but I hope not too well. I enclose a small snap of him that you may see how he looks. This is one I got on the sly while he was "loafing" in

front of Kissam Hall. By the way, don't you think it would be fine to have Janie to spend the holidays with you? You know four can always get along better than three. Then there's not an odd one always to be troubling.

Yours,

December 16, 1903.

EUGENE WATTS.

5. Clara to Eugene

DEAR EUGENE:—I would have written earlier but was detained on my visit several days longer than I expected and then it takes sometime, you know, to get to be yourself again.

Pardon me, Eugene, for not thanking you for "The Observer." I heartily appreciate your sending it and enjoyed it. The marked passages were interesting, perhaps all the more so by being marked. Not knowing in what manner they impressed you, I cannot say that they impressed me likewise. I especially enjoyed the Thanksgiving poem.

I am delighted to hear that "Max," as you call him, is coming home with you. I will do all I can to make it pleasant for him, for I know I'm going to like him. I think that is one of the cutest pictures I have ever seen. Does he look as well as his picture? Yes, I'll be sure to invite Janie to spend the time with me and you must not fail to bring him. I have just been discussing some plans for receptions, dinners, etc., all for Max's pleasure you see.

While glancing over a back number of the Columbia Daily Herald today, I came across an item that at once took my eye. I do not understand it, although I am not surprised. I wish you to explain. I send the clipping.

Very truly,

Glenriff, Tenn., Dec. 19, 1903.

CLARA.

The Clipping

"Among those registered at the Bethel Hotel is Mr. Eugene Watts, of Nashville, who has come to attend the

Thanksgiving german to be given by the Elks' club in Elks' Hall."

6. **Eugene to Clara**

DEAR CLARA:—Examinations are on and I have only a few minutes to write and tell you that Max and I will be home the evening of the 23d. If the train is not too late, we'll come around that night, otherwise next morning, and will then know your plans. I would like to write you more, but English exam. is on for today.

Hoping to see you soon,

EUGENE.

P. S.—I don't understand what you mean by the clipping, but will take it along and we'll discuss it in full while home. E.

7. **Eugene to Clara**

(After the Holidays.)

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY,

NASHVILLE, TENN., Jan. 6, 1904.

MY DEAREST CLARA:—We arrived safely on the Park yesterday. There's quite a rush as the boys are not all in yet. There's not more than half back; perhaps they had the same inclination, and I might say temptation, to stay over that we had. I now see wherein they were wise to heed; for, Clara, never did I want to see you as I do tonight. If you only knew how Max and I hated to leave, and how tame it is to come back to this hum-drum life! I don't believe I can ever wait until June to see you. I feel tonight as if it were five years since I was with you, and what will five long months seem? Clara, I love you more tonight than I ever did. You looked so fair and beautiful—more than I ever saw you—the night we told you good-bye.

I can never thank you enough for the genuinely pleasant time you gave my friend and me. It is useless for me to attempt to tell you how much we enjoyed it, but I never spent a more pleasant Christmas, and Max says he

never will unless he can spend it with you. I know he has told you all this; I will never forgive him for taking all my time from you when Janie was there. And, Clara, when you went to ride and stayed so long I almost said you were to blame; and when we would call at night and I would see Max follow you over to the sofa in the corner—I wished I had never seen Max Rowland. Poor Janie; I know I made it miserable for her, and she never did like me. I don't see why Max didn't pay her more attention. She's a fine, clever girl.

Max sends you quite a number of messages which I hardly know how to express.

Please write soon, for I will be anxiously waiting to hear from you.

Devotedly yours,

EUGENE.

8. Clara to Eugene

DEAR EUGENE:—I hope you and Mr. Rowland have gotten settled and down to work before now. It is awfully hard to apply yourself after a long rest; but speaking of leaving, those leaving never fare so badly as those left. They have nothing of interest to occupy their time till they can somewhat recover, while those leaving are meeting new scenes and faces constantly.

It was indeed nice of you to speak of my entertaining as you did. But could anyone have done other than her best when her guests were so charming? Really, I think Mr. Rowland is one of the most attractive men I ever met; as for you, Gene, you know my views there. But I congratulate you on your excellent choice of friends.

Janie left yesterday and I was almost as lonely as when you left—lonely enough to cry, but tears often make worse instead of mend * * *.

Remember me always kindly to Mr. Rowland.

Your old friend,

Glenriff, Tenn., January 12, 1904.

CLARA.

9. Eugene to Clara

MY DEAR CLARA:—I am troubled. I can never rest until I understand and then I fear it will be the ruin of me. Oh! Clara, you that have made me so happy so many times and who have been all the world to me, why is it you wish to crush the very life out of me? Can one so fair, and at one time so good and true, be so heartless and cruel? It is useless for me to tell you for you know it all and it needs no explanation. Forgive Max? Let me never see him again, yet he knows not of my great grief. I have told you all this. It will break my heart to give you up, but if you say so, it will be so with all the strength of my manhood.

March 3.

EUGENE.

10. Clara to Eugene

Will you please explain your rage, Eugene Watts, without further pouring volley upon me, or let me know wherein I am the cause? Very rude of you in the least.

Glenriff, Tenn., March 4.

CLARA JAMES.

11. Eugene to Clara

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 6, 1904.

Your innocence, Clara, is indeed uncalled for. If you really knew nothing and are ignorant of my great trouble, it would be indeed rude of me. But can my eyes fool me—the most trustworthy of my senses? Can my heart deceive me? Would that my eyes had never seen and my heart had never felt! And, Clara, if I must tell you it was that while in Max's room I unintentionally saw in a letter to you just begun, one sentence that kills me and separates us forever. This is sufficient; with this I close.

EUGENE.

12. Eugene to Clara

MY DEAREST CLARA:—Why can't we judge as we'd be judged? Clara, I can never forgive myself for doubting you and saying the harsh things I did. Just a few min-

utes ago, Max came in for a friendly chat, and while asking me of you incidentally remarked about "his Clara" down in North Carolina. Oh, how mean and wretched I felt! Nothing could ease my mind but to sit down and tell you all about it at once and beg your forgiveness. You see I thought there was no other Clara in the world but "my Clara," and thereby misjudged my good friend Max, and my friend that is all the world to me. Little girl, won't you forgive me? I never knew that love was so sweet until I thought I had lost yours. Write me forgiveness and love at once. I cannot wait.

Yours forever,

Vanderbilt, March 11, 1904.

EUGENE.

13. Clara to Eugene

After several days of suspense, I received a note of apology from you, and one I assure was sorely needed. Forgive you? How hastily you judged when so much depended on the turning of the balance. And how could you have ever made so great an error through a simple name? But, I remember—yes, I forgive you—when I thought that the Eugene Watts, from Nashville, registered at the Bethel Hotel, was "my Eugene." I forgive you all and since we find ourselves in the same error let us never again let hearts full of suspicions and doubts interpret for the eyes. As ever yours,

Glenriff, Tenn., March 14, 1904.

CLARA.

Telegram

NASHVILLE, TENN., March 14, 1904.

No heart can ever again interpret for my eyes.

E. W.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

BY H. E. SPENCE

Alone she sits,
Silent and thoughtful, by the fire's pale gleams,
While through her brain the fitful mem'ry flits
Of long-departed dreams.

The trickling tears
Flow down her furrowed face. Sad mem'ry grieves
Her lonely heart with thoughts of other years
And other Christmas eves.

Her childhood days—
She dreams of them, and of her children too,
Once bright'ning home life with their winning ways:
Tonight—so far from view.

And one doth pray,
For that dear mother on this Christmas night:
Keep Thou the weary feet in that strait way
That leadeth unto light.

Those withered hands,
So worn and weary with Life's tiresome task,
So faithful in fulfilling Love's commands—
Lord, give them rest, we ask.

To that dear heart,
Which ached and throbb'd for me, her wayward boy,
Do Thou, O Christmas Child, the lot impart
Of happiness and joy.

Around her head
Until the weary watch of Life shall cease,
Do Thou in e'er increasing radiance shed
The holy light of peace.

THE DECISION

BY N. B. K.

The great reception was almost over. Here and there a few couples could be seen strolling among the palms or hurrying away to their carriages. In a small alcove, almost hidden by a profusion of decorative plants, sat a young man and a girl. All traces of the merriment occasioned by the earlier festivities of the evening had left their faces. They seemed not conscious of their surroundings. The wealth of ferns, holly, mistletoe and palms scattered around moved them not; nor did the falling snow on the outside. The man's face was full of sadness and even pain, but there was a look there of determination. He had been dallying with a dangerous passion all through the Christmas holidays, and now on this last night he must put an end to it. He must go away and leave the girl he loved; he must leave what he desired most, and go away to the dull and commonplace. He was thirty years old; the girl was only fifteen. More than a year before she had come into his life. At first she was to him only a pretty girl, well grown and well developed for her age. But one day he realized that she was becoming more to him than an ordinary girl. His reason told him that it would never do for him to love her. She was a girl, yet far from womanhood, while he was a mature man. But gradually he lost control of himself. Irresistibly the passion swept over him till he reached the point where a decision must be made. She could not marry him now, even if she loved him; she was too young. And the probability was that in five years she would not want him. So at last he had made up his mind. He would leave her and forget her in new scenes and activities. He was fully convinced that in this course lay his only salvation.

For some minutes they had been sitting silent and

thoughtful. They seemed to understand each other without words. At last he spoke.

"Mary," said he, and his voice was full of pain, "I must go away and leave you. In a few minutes I will say good-bye and never see you again. It is hard, hard to leave you; the hardest thing I ever did, but it must be. I have hesitated too long. Now it is all over."

The girl was frightened. Something in his voice told her that he was in earnest.

"Why, why must you go, Mr. Clay? Tell me what you mean," said she with a little cry, and the tears started in her eyes.

"I love you, Mary; I go for no other reason. I can endure the torment of it no longer. To love without being loved will burn up my very soul like a furnace. I must leave, but I could not leave without telling you."

"But, Mr. Clay," and her cheeks burned red as she said it, "I—I—I love you too."

An almost overwhelming impulse seized him—an impulse to cast aside the admonitions of reason, and brave the strictness of society. Why should he not marry a fifteen year old girl in spite of the criticisms of hateful gossips? What did he care? Ah, to be sure he cared not, but the girl; he must not be wronged. He must not take advantage of her inexperience and youth. In a moment he got the better of his impulses.

"Yes, Mary, I am glad you do, but (and there was a huskiness in his voice) it is better for me to leave you."

Again they became silent. A feeling too deep for words settled over them. The snow outside beat with gentle thuds against the window panes, and away out in the other parts of the hall the sound of hurrying feet and the swish of rustling skirts could be heard. Gradually the noises in the hall got further and further away, and the crunching of the carriage wheels on the gravel outside, with the tramps of the horses, drifted

back to their secluded retreat. They sat motionless as the furniture around them. Her handkerchief slipped from her hand and fell on the floor. They both reached for it at the same instant and their hands touched. He was thrilled as with an electric shock and his feelings broke the bounds of restraint. He slipped his arm around her shoulder and drew her to him without resistance. She looked into his eyes for an instant with a startled glance and then dropped her lashes before the betrayal of powerful passion she saw depicted there. For an instant he gazed with wonder on the marvelous beauty and freshness of the girlish face so close to his own. Then a flood of passion swept over him, and he touched her lips with his own, trembling like a devotee before the shrine of a goddess. After that, all fear was gone; he rained kiss after kiss on her beautiful lips, in an effort to satisfy a soul that had been thirsting for love a lifetime.

How long they remained thus, he knew not. Suddenly he became aware that no sounds drifted in to them, save the restless tramping of horses on the ground. Tenderly he raised her head from his shoulder and led her to her carriage. Without a word, they drove away from the reception hall to her home.

"Mary," said he, as he was about to turn away from her door, "I shall see you no more. I am going far away. When you are a woman, I shall come back, if you love me then, I shall be happy. If not, I shall endure it as best I may."

With a little sob she went in, and he turned away and was swallowed up in the darkness of the snowy night.

JOHN RUSKIN, THE SOCIAL REFORMER

BY MARY REAMEY THOMAS

PART II

OVER-SPECIALIZATION.

Another phase of modern industry which Ruskin discusses and criticises severely is over-specialization. The theory advanced that the cost of production is lowered by division of labor, Ruskin says, means that less wages are paid to the laborer for the smaller amount of energy put into the making of a given article, no account of the quality of that energy being taken. This, he contends, destroys the interest of the worker and degrades the energy, for the loss of which nothing can compensate, even though the cost of production is reduced to a minimum.

A second point he brings out is that over-specialization tends to make a man a mere machine, who for years, and may be a whole lifetime, performs at regular intervals, with clock-work regularity and precision, some small act such as the letting down of a bar or the turning of a screw. The man who must, to gain a livelihood, be confined to some narrow routine task, which requires neither skill nor individuality, is thus educating only one activity, with an utter disregard for all his others. His aim is to have in this one a purely mechanical accuracy. Quoting from Mr. Ruskin: "It is not labor that is divided, but the men—divided into mere segments of men, broken into small fragments and crumbs of life." Suppose that a man of middle age should have, by accident, the hand that opens a valve cut off, in what condition would he then be to earn a living—too old to learn a new trade and physically incapacitated to continue his former one? If we think for a minute how some men spend their whole life in turning a screw and die with having made nothing more than the seventeenth part of

a cambric needle, we will surely, in some measure at least, appreciate the humanity and justice of Mr. Ruskin's views. By no means has Mr. Ruskin been alone on this point in his reforms, for Carlyle, Tolstoi and Emerson have all cried out against over-specialization, regarding it as "one of the most destructive vices of our age, and a chief source of discontent."

Mr. Ruskin does not oppose all division of labor, only that which has become excessive, and which confines the workmen to a narrow routine. He thinks the raising of the character of production quite as important as the increase in the quantity of consumption. Ruskin heartily approves of the division of labor in so far as it reduces the amount of painful and tedious toil.

CREDIT.

In no uncertain terms Mr. Ruskin denounces credit. He says that speculation permeates the entire system of credit in modern commerce and that such credit, though highly serviceable to the individual, is of doubtful benefit to society. Quoting Mr. Hobson: "Ruskin's persistent advocacy of ready money, both for wholesale and retail transactions, is not merely a sound moral principle, but a true economic policy." It is precisely as great a loss to commerce that every seller has to wait six months for his money as that every buyer should keep his money six months in his pocket. He protests loudly against speculation which he believes to be the prime cause of our financial crisis.

COMPETITION.

Toward competition as a method of determining prices and payment of any kind, Mr. Ruskin's attitude is one of "unqualified hostility." He seemed never tired of pressing charges against it. He stoutly maintained that industry which is competitive, not only degrades the character of the laborer in the conscious motive it

indulges, but in the character it imposes upon work itself. The individual producer has as his admitted aim, not thoroughness of work, but profit only; and, as a consequence he becomes selfish and has no thought of social service. In all his trading, in his buying and selling, his self-interest is increased by the sharp antagonism between himself and his competitors. The everlasting struggle keeps the men who engage in it from cooperating in any way toward an end which may benefit society at large. Since good work is obtained only from those who are striving to work well, and since in competition, profit is the goal to which people strive, with almost disregard for the excellence of the achievement, we see the degrading influences such a system has on work itself. We all know that when a man labors only that he may get his promised pay, he cannot be uplifted by the performance of that task. No great art production can be brought forth if the artist has in view merely the material profits that will accrue therefrom. His efforts and the quality of his work enter so vitally into his product.

What has made doctors, lawyers and preachers always held in high esteem socially? The fact that their labor is such that its conditions give them an interest in its success aside from the mere knowledge that they will receive a fee. They are not constantly thinking about the pay they are to get for their services; their minds are not so thoroughly absorbed and engrossed in the question of profits as are retail shop dealers and other laborers of that type. Just in the same proportion as a man feels pride and a genuine interest in his work will he work well and receive a benefit therefrom. To the argument advanced that love of profit will evoke good work by competition, Mr. Ruskin answers that rarely or never is this true. He does say, however, that it may prevent articles whose cheapness and poor quality

can be detected, from being bought and sold. But, on the other hand, competition rather acts as a stimulus to the practice of adulteration and fraud. Profit seeking serves to keep down expenses with no regard for how it is done; in rare cases does it improve the quality of the product.

Mr. Ruskin also brings up the familiar charge of the economic waste competition necessarily incurs. Fortunes are spent annually in advertisement and in the payment of drummers. Mr. Ruskin, too, opposes anything which is a disuniting force in society, and he says: "This antagonism which we have in competition inevitably retards social progress, and all reasonable men must favor such reforms as shall make industry a conscious social bond between man and man, instead of a conscious severance." He goes so far as to claim that there is no profit in exchange, since nothing is produced or created by it. He admits, however, that advantage accrues from the exchange of commodities, but objects to calling it profit. Mr. Ruskin was a stickler for the nice use of words.

THE TRUE SOCIAL ORDER.

How can society consciously order the lives of its members so as to maintain the largest number of noble and happy human beings?—is the practical social question as it appeared to Mr. Ruskin. He is wise enough to see that most social problems can be traced back, in a degree, at least, to some physiological cause. If we are to have a sound society, our citizens must be well born. Ruskin says the only way this may be brought about is for the State to assume the office of forbidding or granting marriage permission. Regulations prohibiting the union of persons physically, morally, or financially incapable of becoming parents, should be rigidly

enforced. The wisdom of this is at once apparent. Think of the suffering and cost to society such a course of action would eliminate! Epilepsy, insanity and inebriety would be practically unheard of.

(TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.)

STILL SMOKIN'

BY F. W. OBARR

*A girl of rare face my heart has broken
By saying I had sinned when I kissed her:
Like she left 'em, love's fires are still smokin',
And no one knows how I have missed her.*

*A girl of rare grace my heart has broken
By saying she'd be just a sister:
Like she left 'em, love's fires are still smokin'—
And no one knows how I have missed her.*

PARODY ON TENNYSON'S "THE EAGLE"

BY W. H. SANDERS

*He holds the girl with crooked hands;
Close he sits and briskly fans
And tells his tale to sweetheart Nan.*

*A wrinkled Pa with all his gall
Is watching from the garden wall;
A stick! a strike! the young man falls.*



S. B. UNDERWOOD,
C. J. HARRELL,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
ASSISTANT EDITOR.

A WORTHY EXAMPLE

There is a young man in the city of Raleigh who has set every man in North Carolina a worthy example within the last year. We refer to Clarence H. Poe, editor of the "Progressive Farmer." Few men in the State have been of more service to his people than he. And there has hardly been a better example of the true spirit of service in years than Mr. Poe has given us. Twice recently, he has been offered positions at the head of large magazines in New York City, one published by the Review of Reviews Company; the other launched within the last few weeks by another company. Each company in turn, called Mr. Poe to the editorial chair. Each time a large salary, more than any North Carolina editor can hope to get in years, was offered; each time inducements were held out which would have tempted any man; but each time, Clarence H. Poe heard the voice of his home people calling, and decided to remain in North Carolina and continue his efforts for the building of the Commonwealth. This course meant personal sacrifice, it meant long years of hard and, perhaps, unappreciated toil, but it also meant a chance to put a life where it was most needed. All honor to the man who can hear the voice of duty in such a crisis!

North Carolina has been too long a good State to move

from. We have too many scattered sons spending their powers in other sections. We need more men who can hear the call to intelligent service at home, and heed that call. Then and then only, will our State come to her highest life. Mr. Poe has shown us where duty lies.

MUSIC IN THE AIR

Judging from the "chuning er fiddles" and noises in general around the campus, Trinity is soon to have a creditable College Orchestra. Of late unusual enthusiasm has been manifested in behalf of the musical interests of the college. The Trinity College Glee Club and Orchestra Association has been organized as a regular college organization, and is on a sound and permanent footing.

We are glad of it. The ARCHIVE always heartily cheers any movement that means the enriching of college life. A life, a home, a college, without music is incomplete, and it is our ambition to see Trinity life a full life. Trinity College stands for harmony as well as mathematics and science. We Americans are bent too much on making money these days anyway, and a little inclined to overlook the finer things of the world. We are far behind the European countries on this line, and certainly we could find no better place to begin to correct this shortcoming than in a college, where life is forming itself. The Association should have the co-operation of every loyal Trinity man. The ARCHIVE bids it Godspeed, and hopes it will do its work well. We want more music!

Carlyle said that if we would go deep enough, we would find music everywhere. While we are of the opinion that we would have to go rather deep to find harmony in some of the sounds drifting around the Park of late, let us only wait—Trinity never does things by halves.

C. J. H.

GREETING

The ARCHIVE makes its best bow and wishes all its readers the happiest possible Christinas. May it be full of joy and gladness. May all your fond dreams be realized; may you see Mother and Father and Katie and Mary and Willie and Johnnie and Tommie, and may they all be glad to see you, and proud of the big brother or sister that has come home from college. And may you see *her*, not once or twice, but several times. May she smile upon you and lavish upon you all the sunniness and warmth of heart that you have longed for. May fortune smile and heaven favor your cause with her.

Sentiment? Yes, but, men and brethren, who would not be sentimental with the holidays only a few days off? The spirit got into the devil (printer's) and he produced the preceding paragraph. We had not the heart to quench his youthful genius. We wrote *stet* on the proof-sheet, which, being interpreted, is "let it stand."

We are glad to be able to use a hackneyed expression and say that these fall months have been the best in the history of the institution. In every respect this statement will hold. The enrollment has reached the high water mark, good work has been done by faculty and students, material improvements have been added,—altogether we have had a good fall.

The ARCHIVE appears late this month. It was delayed purposely in order that it might reach its readers near the beginning of the holidays. According to custom, there will be no issue in January; the next number will appear promptly on the first day of February. Help us to make it a good one.



Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS, - - - - -

MANAGER.

December brings from the press "The Spirit of Christmas," by Henry Van Dyke. The book has only four chapters, and their titles are: "The Christmas Angel," "Living and Giving," "Keeping Christmas," and "Two Christmas Prayers." Dr. Van Dyke's way of saying things and the things he says have justly found great favor with the public, and this will be none the less true of this piece of work; also of "Essays in Applications," which is a volume of able and inspiring essays, illustrating the application of a sane idealism to the practical problems of life.

No book in recent years has received such favorable criticism at the hands of the leading periodicals of the country as "The House of Mirth," by Edith Wharton. It is unquestionably a most remarkable novel and fulfils its early promise of being one of the few great works of fiction of the year. It is impossible to tell now whether or not "The House of Mirth" will take a permanent place in literature, but it is not too soon to recognize its veracity, its strength, its art. From every point of view the book is invigorating. "A story of such integrity of insight and of workmanship is an achievement of high importance in American life," says the Outlook.

The "Great Word," by Hamilton Wright Mabie, will be out before the holidays. The title is taken from one of Robert Browning's most characteristic poems on love. In this book Mr. Mabie makes a study of "the phrases

and aspects of love, and comments on its uses, its possibilities of joy and its prophetic quality."

To any lover of nature in the wild, and to any admirer of manliness and courage, "Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter," by Theodore Roosevelt, will be full of interest. The book is accurate and complete, and contains thrilling narratives of the chase. It is a refreshing piece of work and each page of it is teeming with life and action. The President takes his sport seriously, as he does all other things of life.

The Harpers have just published "The Line of Love," by James Branch Cabell. In this book there are seven exquisite love stories of the middle ages in France and England, "rich in incident and glowing with color." It is an exceptionally beautiful volume, with the daintiest of bindings and illustrations.

"Howdy, Honey, Howdy," is a collection of Paul Lawrence Dunbar's poems which is now in press. "These poems of Dunbar's are full of sweetness, and possess what the artist calls atmosphere—that intangible something which differentiates mere verse from poetry," is what the New York Times says about the volume.

William Dean Howells has written a most engaging volume, "London Films." This is the result of an appreciative "mental kodak" which the author carried with him during his recent London sojourn, and he talks delightfully of the sights and people in the English metropolis.

The first scholarly edition of George Herbert's works has been made by Professor George Herbert Palmer. The book is not a mere mass of matter, but an orderly and illuminating group of facts. Prof. Palmer has been wonderfully successful in giving a systematic view of the man and his poetry, treating them both as a whole.



Editors Table

A. S. HOBGOOD,

- - - - - MANAGER.

We have failed to receive the November issue of the University of Virginia Magazine, but the October number is on our table and we will call attention to a few striking articles. As a rule we find the first issues of a college magazine lacking in material of first quality, but not so with the University Magazine. Its columns are filled with well written stories, essays, and excellent poetry. "The Legend of the Maiden's Tower" is a delightful little story, short but sufficient to show the hand of a gifted writer. "The Masquerade of Death" is, as its name would indicate, a ghostly story clothed in mystery. To those who delight in Hindooistic and alchemy fables it will be found interesting, but otherwise it possesses no special merit. There is too much form and ceremony, too much changing of scenes within small compass, to form a connected and readable story. It is, however, original in its character. In striking contrast to this is the easy flowing style and pleasing story found in "The Aid of the Goddess." This writer, in his management of characters and incidents, in his ability to pass easily from one paragraph to another without doing violence to the continuity of thought, and in his clear, felicitous expressions, possesses singular power as a short story writer.

The best contributions to the Wake Forest Student are two poems entitled "Starlight" and "Class Poem."

The former is a beautiful conception, not unlike in thought to Bryant's "Water-Fowl." There is a playful melody in the poem that reminds one of the light, musical touch of Herrick's poetry. The latter is local, but rich in mythological allusions, and it is full of college enthusiasm and loyalty. The stories in this issue are not of a very high order. It is true the author of the "Dangler" possesses a keen insight into the character of the modern "Delilah," but he reaches the rather sad conclusion that after all the "dangler is a public benefactor." Is there no relief? Such pieces as "John Brooks" and "The Lost Scholarship" are almost too simple and childish for a college magazine, and we would be glad to see them replaced by such articles as "The Tragedy of Boston Bridge" and "The Physician's Story."

The Clemson College Chronicle strikes us as being an unusually strong and meritorious magazine. It is neat and attractive in appearance, timely in its discussion of current topics, and choice in its selection of material. There is a business air about the Chronicle that puts to shame the sentimental tone of some college magazines. The editor's discussion of "The Cotton Situation," and "The Insurance Scandal," is to the point and shows his grasp on public questions and current events. In the literary department, "The Commercial Progress of the South," "A Revolutionary Reminiscence," and "Patriotism of the Southern People," are readable and thoughtful articles. Absence of poetry in this worthy journal may also account for the absence of the "eloquent passion" of love, which seems to be its favorite theme. Lack of appreciation for these noble sentiments is lamented by most exchange critics as indicative of the fact that the student body has become insensitive to the glories of beauty and harmony. We rather regard it as a hopeful sign that the magazine is emerging from the depths

of sentimentalism to the plains of sanity and reason. At any rate, such a charge as the above cannot be made against the Chronicle when we find such choice prose in its columns.

The William Jewell Student is a well edited magazine and contains some timely and well written articles. "Roosevelt, The Titanic Driver of Destiny," is an enthusiastic appreciation of the President. The style, as the title will indicate, is somewhat Carlylese, but is not stiff or imitative. The subject is a rather pretentious one, and the writer compares his hero with Napoleon and other great epoch-making men. We think, however, that the comparisons are not inapt, and the writer does justice to the President. "To Whom Honor is Due," calls our attention to the scattered race, which though neglected and often persecuted, has risen to the front in every profession of life, and have made society richer by its efforts. "Threshing," "Echoes From My California Home" (Poem), and other articles of equal merit make the Student an up-to-date magazine.

The Wofford College Journal contains two medal essays worth reading, namely, "Robert Browning,—Philosopher and Poet," and "Our World, Its Formation and Development." The former is interesting because of the many sided character of the man and the sympathetic interpretation by the writer, and the latter because it imparts valuable information without reminding the reader that the subject, except to the scientific mind, is extremely dry. "The Red Cross" is a thrilling story of the Incas Indians, and gives a touching incident of a son presumably sold into slavery by his Spanish father, but who becomes leader of the Indians and in an engagement with the Spaniards, in a dramatic and almost tragic situation, finds his long lost father.

In the *College Message* appears a lengthy, but very interesting and thoughtful article on the "Career of Blucher." It is a straightforward, sympathetic presentation of a hero fighting to redeem his country from the foot of the oppressor, and the writer seems to be inspired by his patriotism. The other articles, with the possible exceptions of the sketches on "Emerson" and "Lowell," are lacking in quality and interest.

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: The William Jewell Student, Wofford College Journal, *College Message* (G. F. C.), Aurora, Emory Phoenix, Ivey (Winston-Salem), Wake Forest Student, Clemson College Chronicle, Davidson College Magazine, Hendrix College Mirror, Blue and Gold, Erskinian, Park School Gazette, Crimson-White, Andrew College Journal, Buff and Blue, Occidental, Tennessee University Magazine, Converse Concept, Haverfordian, University Cynic, William and Mary Literary Magazine, Criterion, Pine and Thistle, Emory and Henry Era, Ouchita Ripples, *College Message*, Central Collegian, Red and White.



Y.M.C.A. Department

Z. E. BARNHARDT, - - - - - MANAGER.

Owing to the fact that this is a Christmas number, our space has been encroached upon, and we are sorry that we cannot give full credit for the month's work. We are glad to have had with us during the month, Messrs. L. P. Howard and A. B. Bradsher, both graduates of this institution, and Mr. W. B. Love, president of the Association at Chapel Hill. All three of these gentlemen were heard with pleasure and profit.

On November 15, Mr. Z. Hinohara favored us with an able address on the subject of "The New Japan." There is no foreign country, perhaps, which means quite so much to Trinity students as does Japan. For a number of years we have had this whole-souled Christian man in our midst, and he has done much to enlist our sympathies and our interest in his own native land.

After speaking of Japan's rapid growth and recent victories, Mr. Hinohara stated in emphatic terms that it was due to Christian influences concentrated there from without, and not emanating from within; that Christianity, in the positive and absolute sense, is very weak in Japan, and that for this reason, a general crisis is now on in that country. Among other important statements, he said that Japan has 29,000 public schools which do not have Christian teachers, while only three out of three hundred professors in their large university are Christians. He said that only two out of 1,500 edi-

tors are Christian men, thus showing that the people cannot be reached through this channel, as it now stands. The wealthier classes do not attend church at all. In a city of 125,000 people, fifty would be considered an average congregation, and these would be gathered from the most humble classes. He then referred to Rev. T. Kugimiya, who graduated here in 1903, and who is now editing a paper in connection with his pastoral work.

At the conclusion of this address it was moved that the Association continue its regular contribution of ten cents a month for each subscriber, to aid Mr. Kugimiya in this worthy cause. Already one hundred and fifty subscriptions have been taken. We all know Mr. Kugimiya, and feel sure that God will bless this means in his hands.



F. W. OBARR,

MANAGER.

THE JUDGE OF THE PENGUINS

[A FABLE FOR STUDENTS]

BY O. W. F.

Once upon a time on an isolated rocky island in the ice-bound seas of the South, there lived an aged penguin called Wise. Now Wise was in nowise an ordinary bird. There were in all about five hundred penguins on that far away island, and every one was the willing subject of Wise.

This old ruler of the penguins was not called Wise because he had great wisdom like Solomon, nor because of any great strength was he chosen ruler of that bird kingdom. It may be noted also that there were many other penguins of even greater age than Wise. Now why do you suppose he was chosen ruler of so great a country as that of the penguins?

In order to know the whole story, one must understand something about penguins and their manners of life. They are not always the quiet, peaceful birds that are pictured to us in books of travel. They are like some peoples of other parts of the world. They are usually good when being watched; hence all pictures show them in a light that is not,—well always true, anyway. At night time, and when not under guard there are always some of the penguins in mischief. Wickedness shows itself in such ways as making baby penguins

cry, when their mothers are away after food, stealing eggs from nests unguarded, or stealing the storehouse fish. Now Wise was chosen ruler of Penguindom because he knew that all living beings are always consistent if only any one can see the connections in their lives. For this power of his—and he could always see what a fellow penguin really was at heart—he was made judge of the realm.

And this is an instance of his good judgment; the success of it gave him the first place among his people: One time when Wise was younger than he later lived to be, there were an unusual number of thefts being made from the public store of fish. No other living creature besides the penguins lived on their island, and they knew the thief must be one of their number. But they could find no evidence upon which to condemn any one. At last the penguin who came to be called Wise suggested that they hold a public meeting every morning for a week. Just at sunrise every morning, all the birds came sailing down with great noise and flurry to the Great Table Rock. Here the birds took their places and this one of their number began to call the roll. All answered present on the first morning, and on the second morning also. But on the third morning one young gentleman penguin was not on time—though he came at length with great noise and disturbance. He took his place as usual, and, being out of breath and unable to hear distinctly, he answered to another's name on the roll. His mistake was corrected with some waste of time and all the birds were dismissed. Every morning this same bird caused some like disturbances by his thoughtlessness and carelessness.

On the last morning of the time agreed for assembling, and after a repetition of this penguin's usual performance, Wise announced that he had discovered the thief.

After naming the fellow who had caused so much disturbance every morning as the fish thief, he delivered the following convicting evidence:

“Fellow penguins, our fish has been stolen by this fellow citizen whom I accuse, and I offer for my proof of this statement no other evidence than that to which you have all been witnesses. Has he not been here in this place daily stolen from each and every one of us some-moments of our valuable time? There was an appointed time to assemble for roll call. This gentleman was careless of his conduct even after his neglect in keeping the set time. Thus he has taken from us our most valuable of all possessions—our time. Surely, fellow citizens, he is worse than a fish thief.”

And with one accord they all shouted “guilty!”

Moral: If you are coming on a class, don’t storm in like the discharge of a blunderbuss, while the roll is being called.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., February, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager. Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to S. B. UNDERWOOD, Editor-in-Chief.
Business correspondence to W. M. SMITH, Business Manager.



J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

OLD DURHAM TRADITIONS

EDITED BY JOHN SPENCER BASSETT

Durham county is of recent origin, but the remarkably rapid development of its population, both as to numbers and as to changes in manner of living, serves to remove to a long distance from the present the customs and traditions of the region in the days when the county had not been thought of. Most of the people who remember the former days are now old, and it is but natural to expect that they will soon pass out of the world. It would, therefore, be proper if some one who has the

true history of the community at heart would concern himself to gather up all the facts and interesting stories of the by-gone days and put them in printed and accessible form for the use and delectation of posterity. It is in something of this spirit that some of the members of the Trinity College Historical Society have undertaken to gather what they may of the general nature indicated, and in this number of THE ARCHIVE they give some of the results of their labors. Other results, it is hoped, may follow this group of stories, till the whole nature of Durham's past may be brought vividly before the present and future denizen of the place.

THE PEELEERS.

On the newly macadamized road which runs from Durham westward past the Erwin Cotton Mill, at a spot two hundred yards or more below the point at which the county road passes under the railroad, is a place which has a certain weird interest for those people who like to know the legends of the past. It is known as the Redmond Place, and because of a fine spring of clear water it is frequently visited by some Durham people who have never heard of the dark traditions concerning it which have come down in the minds of old people in the community. Seventy years and more ago this place belonged to a family by the name of Peeler. They were people of poor social standing, and many dark stories were told to the discredit of its members, both male and female. They pretended to keep an inn and sold spirituous liquor, as was the custom in most inns of the day, and uproarious times were often witnessed in the small house which has long since fallen into decay. At that time the road ran close to the house, and traces of the old roadway are still to be seen.

Mr. H. A. Neal, who lives less than a half mile from the place, has collected the facts about the Peelers. He says:

“When my grandmother moved into the neighborhood about fifty or more years ago, there were some old Rhodes women near the place who had known the Peelers. They told her that Ben. Peeler took in travelers and very often killed them. They said that more than one had been known to go there and had never been seen afterwards. Tradition asserts that he disposed of the bodies of his victims in an old well which people now living have pointed out. He had a pasture on a creek southwest of his house in which he always kept several horses. He often carried horses to Raleigh for sale, and the supposition was that he killed his guests in order to get their mounts. There were two girls and the family was very wild.

“The grandson of one of the old ladies (Mrs. Rhodes) says that she has heard his grandmother speak of the Peelers, but only remembers that there were two boys, and one of them was called ‘Pet-Tich-Eye,’ the other ‘Red-Wine.’

“An old gentleman, Alvis Neal, says that Ben. Peeler had a wife, and the family left the Redmond Place when he was small. He had never heard of their killing people, but they had the reputation of being a very bad family.

“Another old gentleman, Turner Browning, says there were two families of Peelers. Ben. Peeler lived at the Redmond Place, and took in travelers, the other family lived about half a mile further down the road near a cross-roads. This place is now sometimes called Peeler’s Cross-roads.”

History is not concerned with proving whether or not Ben. Peeler really did kill travelers for their horses, or whether or not he or his family were really bad people; but it does like to know what fancies of the horrible or the fearful hung around the beautiful Redmond Spring of the present day in the minds of the people of this

neighborhood seventy-five years ago. Perhaps some poet of the future, or some writer of romance, may be able to give us in a form true to the spirit of the day the story of the adventures of "Pet-Tich-Eye" and his uproarious brother who boasted the name of "Red-Wine."

THE CORNWALLIS ROAD.

To the people of North Carolina from 1776 till the recent Civil War, the most striking incident in the history of the State was the coming of Cornwallis in 1780 and 1781. Other events were probably more important, but here was a genuine adventure. It came with the glare of war, it swept over the whole breadth of the State, it settled to a large extent the fate of the revolution, and it brought into the bounds of North Carolina one of the few world figures who ever visited it. In the numerous traditions which have come down from this visit it is clear that the people did not treasure any hard feelings for his coming or his going. Stories are found in abundance which relate some kindly action of the British commander.

One of the commonest traditions of Cornwallis's march is to point out some road which he is locally believed to have traveled. There are, perhaps, few counties in the State which have not such a road. I have heard of such a tradition in the neighborhood of Raleigh, and in the northern part of Granville, and in Durham county there is a road which is generally believed to have been used by Cornwallis. Yet the route by which he came is minutely described in his own letters and in the account which his lieutenant, Tarleton, wrote and published, with a large detailed map of his journeying. In the light of such evidence it is possible to say that the British general visited neither of the three localities named.

The road in Durham county which tradition calls

“the Cornwallis Road” is found about four miles south of Durham and runs in a northwesterly direction to Hillsboro. It is now unused in most of its parts. When I first saw it my companion called my attention to the fact that it was an old military road, built after the ancient fashion which took no notice of grades. It was, in fact, not till the year 1800 that Telford convinced English people that in building roads it was better to go around a hill than to climb over it, and all the earlier English military roads were built on the principle that the shortest distance between points is a straight line. Now it happens that there is recorded evidence that in another campaign, and one nearly as famous as that of Cornwallis, a road was built through this very region—a military road, too—and there is not much doubt that it is this road which popular tradition has ascribed to Lord Cornwallis.

In 1771, when Gov. Tryon determined to restore order and obedience to law in the region inhabited by the Regulators, he marched with an army from New Bern to Hillsboro. He proceeded up the Neuse to Johnston Court House, where he halted for a few days. Thence he proceeded to Hunter’s Lodge in the forest of the newly formed county of Wake, about four miles south of the site of Raleigh, and here he halted again, calling the reluctant Wake militia to rally around his standard. A respectable number of them came, some willingly and some unwillingly, and the governor moved on toward Hillsboro. Till that time no good road had been made through the unsettled wilderness to the westward. Only a bridle path marked the way and this was not practicable for the artillery and the baggage wagons. Tryon, therefore, cut a new road straight to the neighborhood of Hillsboro, calling it “Ramsgate Road.” The name survives in the vicinity to this day, but the popular mind has modified it into “Ramcat,” and a part of this

“Ramcat Road” is still in use. The road which Durham tradition points out as Cornwallis’s is probably that laid out by Tryon. It ought to be called Tryon’s road, or—to follow his own preference—“The Ramsgate Road.”

Another historic road in Durham county is a part of the old Trading Path, which ran from the James river at Bermuda Hundred to the Catawba Indians, near Charlotte. It was the first route of travel through this part of the country, so far as we know, and it was in use as early as the middle of the 17th century, that is to say at the time when the first settlers were finding homes on the shores of the Albemarle Sound. Possibly it was established along a line first marked out by the Indians in their tribal wanderings. At this time it was used frequently by the traders who went out to the Indians for Colonel Thomas Stegg the elder. He was a man of means, and the business he built up fell to his grandson, the first William Byrd, who continued it in the old manner. Byrd’s son, William Byrd the second, has given us a definite account of the Trading Path. It crossed the Roanoke river at Moniseep Ford, about a mile west of the point at which the river crosses the North Carolina boundary line, curved southward through Granville county, passing westward through what is now Durham county to the town of Hillsboro, thence across the Haw by what is known as the Haw Old Fields, thence by the site of Graham, across Alamance river at the famous battlefield, to the Yadkin at Trading Ford—nearly north of Salisbury—thence south to the Catawba Indians on the Catawba river. The route is clearly traced on the map in Tarleton’s *Campaign* where the old pioneer’s path though now a great highway, was still called in certain places the Trading Path.

That part which passed through Durham county entered it at a point opposite the little station of Green’s,

on the O. & C. Railroad, passed westward near Williardsville on the railroad to Roxboro and thence to Hillsboro. It was long a favored road between Granville county and Hillsboro and was used as the regular means of wagoning to Petersburg, Va., till the R. & G. Railway was built. It traversed that part of the country which lies about ten miles north of Durham. Will not some local antiquarian take upon himself the task of locating this old road exactly? And that done, will not some funds be raised for erecting memorials along its course by which men who pass may understand that this was the artery through which pulsated the first blood of civilization in these parts?

THE PINHOOK SETTLEMENT

BY W. S. LOCKHART

The student of history has long ago learned that the situation of a country and the nature of the soil are large factors in determining the character of a people. This is especially true of the section in which Durham is situated. The city is built on a low ridge which serves as a watershed between the Eno and the Neuse on the north, and New Hope creek, which is a tributary of the Cape Fear, on the south. As might be expected the soil is poor and unsuited to the cultivation of most crops that a pioneer would be likely to raise. So a student is likely to conclude that in the early settlement of the country this section would not be taken up by the first settlers. The more fertile tracts along the New Hope on the south and the Eno and Neuse on the west and north attracted the new home-seekers and the land lying between them was for some time left vacant. Later on, when the settlements became more thickly populated, the shiftless were pushed out of the fertile acres and came into this poor section of country and built themselves homes. As all know, the shiftless and poor

are liable to give way to the less refined forms of vice and we find the people of this section no exception to the rule. Also it is likely that the vicious element from adjacent sections drifted into such places as this, being spurned by the more wealthy communities. As proof of the poverty of these people one only has to drive out along the country roads in any direction from Durham. He will have to go almost a dozen miles before he finds a house of any consequence that was built before the Civil War.

The foregoing, I think, accounts largely for the straitened condition and low morality of a large number of the old inhabitants of this section, for almost any old citizen can, if he chooses, tell you interesting tales concerning the exploits of certain characters who used to live here. These people generally lived in little communities, each of which had a distinctive name. One of these places which was in what is now the suburbs of the city of Durham was called Pinhook.

Pinhook was near the place where the West Durham Cotton Mill has been erected. The house stood about a hundred yards southwest of the southwest corner of the mill. Some questionable characters kept a resort there, and near by there was a grog shop. Why the place was called Pinhook is not known, but it certainly went by that name for a number of years before the Civil War.

Near this place was a camping ground where wagoners stopped on their way to Raleigh and other eastern towns before the time of railroads. The campers got water from the Pinhook well and made use of the grove near by, where they tied their horses and were protected somewhat by the trees from the weather. It is said that a man, who later was a citizen of Durham and became quite rich, was a pale, sallow-looking boy at the time Pinhook was experiencing its balmiest days. He carried watermelons out to the old camp ground, piled

them up in the fence corners, and sold them to the wagoners who doubtless found them refreshing after their long draughts of fiery corn liquor which they bought from the Pinhook grog shop. In this way he started a fortune which became quite considerable before his death.

Besides being a favorite stopping-place for the wagoners, Pinhook was known for miles around. Its fame spread as far as twelve or fifteen miles northwest, as may to this day be learned from the old inhabitants of the country communities, and even the students of the University at Chapel Hill had the habit of coming over when they wished to go off on a lark. It was known as a place of brawls and rough-and-tumble fights, drinking, gambling and other forms of amusement, where the natives and visitors met to have a rough, roaring, and, to them, glorious time.

Pinhook was the best known of a number of houses of rather shady reputation around West Durham and a little west of it. The section from this settlement as far east as the wye near East Durham was, in the language of a citizen of Durham, "a roaring old place" before and for a while after the war. Down near the wye a man named Vickers kept a liquor shop, and just west of him one William Pratt, who was quite a wealthy man for this time, also dispensed "the universal panacea." It may be added that at various times liquor was sold at several other places in what is now the city of Durham.

An amusing incident is told of an old man of the neighborhood, now many years dead, who, not to mention a rather ordinary cognomen, gloried in the prænomen, "Wash." He was a notorious rowdy, a man who drank and was known far and wide for his boisterous carousing. When the North Carolina Railroad was in process of construction, it was announced that on a

certain day a train would approach within a few miles of the place where Durham is now situated. Many of the people of the community collected at the appointed time to see the new wonder. Among these were the aforementioned "Wash" and his wife. Like almost all trains, ancient and modern, this train was late and after waiting some time "Wash" announced that he was thirsty. So with much fussing and in spite of the protestations of his wife he declared that he was going to Vickers's tavern to get him some liquor. The good lady objected in a most strenuous manner, urging the great danger from the expected train, but "Wash" was obdurate. He, therefore, secured a bushel of corn, a gallon jug and a blind horse and set out. It was not more than a mile to the tavern and it so happened that the ever watchful Mrs. "Wash" spied the train approaching from one direction and her husband from the other at the same time. Screaming at the top of her voice and with outstretched arms she ran to meet her beloved spouse. Before she reached him the train passed and the blind horse, frightened by the unusual noise, threw the doughty tippler and broke his jug. Immediately Mrs. "Wash's" fear was turned into joy and she ran back to her friends, clapping her hands and shouting: "Glory to God! 'Wash' is safe and his jug of liquor's broke!"

With the growth of the city of Durham these old inhabitants learned new ways and many of their descendants are now regarded as the city's most valuable citizens. Indeed, with new conditions, the old have almost been forgotten and it will be only a few years till you cannot find a man who ever heard of Pinhook. Thus the old is being continually swallowed up by the new.

GENERAL SLADE'S JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO
TENNESSEE

The following journal was found among the Slade Papers in the handwriting of General Jeremiah Slade, of Martin county, N. C., and although there is nothing in it which directly attributes it to his authorship, it seems undoubtedly to have been his composition. It is the view of a broad-minded man, a shrewd observer, and an intelligent North Carolinian made at a time when there were few people in the State putting down on paper their impressions of the things which they saw around them. It is copied here with faithfulness, the editor taking no other liberty than now and then to write out an abbreviation or other expression which otherwise would obscure the sense and to reduce to modern form the author's capitalization. The beauties of nature deeply impressed the diarist, and his descriptions of the mountains are almost good literature. It has required some self-restraint to keep the editor from improving them in some essential points. J. S. B.

A Journal of a Journey from Williamston, Martin County, N. C., to Nashville, Tennessee, commenced on the 27th day of June, 1819.

Dined at John Griffin's, stopped at Wilson Sherrod's, fed and rested my horse, bill 25cs., and arrived at Tarboro that evening.

28.

After arranging some private business and visiting my friends with whom I had some agreeable conversation on the subject of my journey, set out about 10 o'clock, bill Mrs. Gregory \$1.50, McWilliam \$1.20. By 12½ arrived at Mr. W. Parker's to dinner, spent about 2 hours in very agreeable conversation with him and his amiable lady; bill 50cs. Set out at 3 o'clock, stoppd.

at Daniels a few minutes to have my horse watered and get some grog, went on, met very unexpectedly an old acquaintance, Mr. James Blount, from Georgia. After usual ceremonies went on and arrived at sundown at the well known stand in Nash County, Mr. J.— T's, where I put up the night. Went to bed supperless. Saw there all the features of uncivilized life and that Mr. T——'s daughters though unmarried all had separate names, as Polly H——, Ann B—— &c.

29.

Set off from T——'s before sunrise. Bill 50cs. Memo. a lame man with a blind horse staid last night at T——'s who had been eight days traveling from Raleigh there, only thirty-five miles. Arrived at Majr. Alford's to Breakfast, where I met with every attention, and treated very hospitably, Bill 50cs. Arrived at Raleigh at 12 o'clock, at Col. Cooke's. After dinner having dressed strolled out to stroll up and down the principal streets without appearing to notice one of the puffed little great men of the city, being resolved to observe as little ceremony towards them as they are usually in the habit of shewing to all strangers, and after visiting my cousins at Mrs. Pullum's, conversing with them for a while, I returned to my lodgings. In course of the day had occasion to call on the deputy clerk of the Federal court on business, was ushered into his office with all the hauteur of a French exciseman, and treated with every mark of supercillious pride and haughty arrogance and finally dismissed with contempt. After supper I retired to my room where I was visited by J. B. Slade, my relation, who staid with me all night & we pass the time much more agreeable than I had done during the day.

30th.

Left Raleigh at Sunrise, Bill \$2.00 with a perfect confirmation of former opinion "that the citizens are a per-

fect set of blood suckers who prey upon the vitals of the State and wallow in luxuriant indolence." Arrive at Jones' to brkft.; bill 60cs. Arrived at Chapell that evening in a severe shower of Rain (which tho' not so agreeable to my situation was most acceptable to visitors to that part of the country, as it was and had been for some time so dry as to endanger the crops of corn in all the upper country. Wheat crops uncommonly good, price 25cs per bus. & little or no demand for it at that or even any price). At Mrs. Mitchell's Hotel was met and greeted as soon as arrived by cousin Jeremiah and Thomas B. Slade, dined, after the shower was over went with Cousin Thomas to Mr. Mooring's Hotel, was introduced to several collegiates of respectability & to Mr. Mark Henderson, attorney at law, whom I found particularly agreeable, polite and attentive, & as we returned to Mr. Mitchell's invited us to his father's, Pleasant Henderson's Esqr. to sup & spend the evening, which we accepted, (Cousin Thomas from an inclination to be with the young ladies of the family & I for the gratification of an acquaintance of so respectable a family). On entering the house I was introduced by Cousin Thomas to a Miss Kittrell & to Miss Eliza Henderson, only daughter of Mr. P. H., who, take her all in all (tho' not a Venus di Medici in form & feature) is as pretty, agreeable, and desirable as is rarely to be met with. She was easy in her manners, gracefull in her actions & movements, condescending and affible in conversation, still modest and unassuming. We spent the evening till late bed-time in very agreeable conversation, when we retired to Mrs. Mitchell's & rested for the night.

Thursday, July 1st.

After breakft. visited college which appeared almost deserted, except now and then a solitary Bachelor silently gliding across the long passages. The Dialectic

Hall appeared much improved since my last visit, the library has received a large acquisition of books to the amt. of five hundred dollars within the last year. Met there Mr. Thomas Green, of Va., late of the senr. class. He appeared very much reserved, and tho' we had been formerly acquainted he seemed not disposd to renew it. Returned to Mrs. Mitchell's to dinner and shortly after set out for Hillsboro, accompanied by Cousin Thos. Bill with Mrs. Mitchell \$2.00. We arrived at Thompson's Inn in Hillsboro at sunset, disappointed in our expectations of meeting Mrs. Doctr. Pugh & others on their way to Louisiana, nor did they arrive during my stay in Hillsboro.

2nd.

Left Hillsboro after Breakft, Bill \$1.80. Crossed Troliner's Bridge about 12 o'clock: had a smart words with Mrs. Troliner about the toll, paid 20cs and parted in friendship. Dined at Mr. Cook's, found him to have been a red coater, dinner & horse feed 50cts. Went on to Mr. James Dicks, stopped, claimed acquaintance, and took some good whiskey, paid 10cts. Arrived at Greensboro at sunset, put up at the sign of the Three Ships under Sail; looked more like nine stack-poles with sprouts grown out round them. Suppd. and staid that night, bill \$1.00 cts.

3rd.

Next morning eight o'clock found me at friend Stockton's where it was difficult for me to determine whether my appearance was a greater source of satisfaction to the good family or myself. The truth is that I received every mark of attention and respect, as well as every demonstration of unalloyed friendship and almost relative affection. The overflowing of their spontaneous good wishes was almost overwhelming, as they entered into the circumstances of our first acquaintance and re-

lated all the occurrences of our earliest knowledge of each other, with every exaggeration of my actions and imputing to me many credits to which I thought myself unentitled to, and all before genl^{mn}. & ladies of the first standing, who happened to be present to my considerable discomfiture. I Breakftd. & dined with them, and in the evening went to Salem, paid bill for Brkft. & Dinr. & H fd. 80cts. At Salem after some ceremonious obsevances I obtained the pleasure of the girls' company at my room in the evening.* They suppd. with me & staid till dark when I escorted them to their homes, and parted with them loaded with their good wishes. Returned to my lodgings for the night.

4th.

Rose & wrote a letter to Capt Edwd. Yellowly, placed it in the p. office, paid my bill, \$2.80 cts. & set out on my journey, Dined at Hauser town, pd. bill 50cts. Set out for Mr. Sheppard's but past there and reached at dusk Mr. Unthank's, ten miles beyond the Pilot Mountain, whose granduer & sublimity exceeded my most sanguine expectation. Its summit appears like a Hat Crown above the brim, as the mountain rises like an obtuse cone from its base to an enormous height: there it is capped by a vertical column of rock for the height (from the distance I was from it) of from one to two hundred feet perpendicular, the rock bare and inaccessible for even human exertion, except only on one side, where with great difficulty it may be surmounted. The top is the form of a dome and elegantly crowned with trees and shrubbery.

5th.

Left Unthank's at sunrise, bill 65cts. Arrived at the foot of the Blue Rdge to breakfast at Mr. Mankin's, where while brkft. was preparing I indulged in all the

*General Slade's daughters were sent to Salem Academy.

surrounding sublimity of the mighty ridge stretching from N. to S. that seemed almost to war with Heaven and to place a final bar to the northwest winds. Set out from Nankin's at eleven o'clock (bill 65cts.) to ascend the mountains. Drove up to the first level but found it too much for my horse. At the second rise dismounted, laid off my coat & walked up, driving my horse before me. On reaching the second level, at the half-way spring, I fell in with a young gentl. resting, who afterwards turned out to be Mr. Wm. McKenny, of Surry, N. Cr., who had ascended the mountain just before me. After partaking of a copious draught of the delightful crystalline water that trickled from an impending rock, we set out in company, and after winding some time between impending cliffs in a winding and circuitous direction we came to the third rest, which happened to be the top of a knob, bare and open to all the country below and commanded the view of all the country to the southward & eastward; and I am certain my mind was never more delighted and astonished at the same time. The hills and valleys beneath pictured to me at once the ocean after a severe gale of wind. The hills next the ridge resembled waves when sinking and bobbing about, while the Sorrowtown [Saura-Town] Mountain to the east and the Pilot to the So., with its top like a combing swell, seemed moving on apace as if intended to sweep over the intermediated space and try their force against the mighty Ridge. We proceeded then to the summit, which seemed to overlook the world. After resting a few minutes we descended a hill to a branch, the head of the Ohio River. Then proceeding up a glen for a quarter of a mile we came to an excellent spring and partook freely of the water and rested a while. Went on through the mountains, a very bad road for about three miles to Mr. McKenny's brother's, where we stopped, had our horses fed, and dined. After dinner I

went on alone, Mr. McK. not going farther (bill 35cts.); and at dark I arrived at a Mr. Betts', five miles below the Poplar Camp, where I put up for the night.

6th.

Left Betts' early (bill 50.) Descended Iron Mountain about eight o'clock, where I could but stop a few moments and admire the stupendous height of the surrounding cliffs & knobs, where it would seem that nature had frolicked & sported with her daughter earth & tried into what grotesque contortions she could throw her; for such a beautiful contrast of acclivity and declivity never before had presented itself to my view. After crossing at the bottom a small rivulet, my way wound along on the edge of a declivity hewn out of the rotten rock (of which these mountains seem to be composed), just sufficiently wide for a waggon to pass, which reminded me of Capt. Riley's "Jew's leap along the Atlas," where for half a mile had I have met a waggon, one of us must have inevitably have tumbled down the precipice into the river below, that was dammed & deep. My curiosity had to give way to my necessity in stopping to examine the iron-works at Poplar Camp furnace, as my time would not admit of any delay. I passed on over hills & valleys and narrow ravines to Jackson's Ferry across New River, the main prong of the source of the Ohio. It was about a hundred yards wide & twenty five feet deep at the ferry, apparently still, lympid, and as clear as crystal (ferriage 25). Crossed to Mr. Saunders' immediately on the opposite bank where I breakfasted (bill 37½). Proceeded up along the bank of the river for about two miles where the eye could not possibly be more engaged & delighted than with so diversified a scene of impending rocks, stupendous cliffs, and tumbling roaring cascades, that rolled over the ledge of rocks that stretched athwart its current in every direc-

tion. The road struck off at right angles with the river along a rivulet to the north and through valleys of appearance, that seemed in many places to be threatened with overwhelming destruction from the impending hills, until I came into the main stage road from the eastern to the western country, a few miles below the town of Wythe, in Va., where I soon arrived, passing along a valley in a high state of cultivation, with a neat house and farm for every quarter of a mile. Houses chiefly built of hewn logs with chinks left large, plastered & whitewashed outside, that gives them quite an agreeable & neat appearance. Wythe, like most inland towns, has but one street, which is the main stage road that runs through it from east to west, which is filled on each side with neat buildings, chiefly of wood in the manner before described, however, with some exceptions of elegant brick & stone. The court house is large but built of wood and in a very ordinary manner, & much out of repair, and stands in the middle of the street, which gives it a still more disagreeable appearance. Its situation, however, is pleasant & agreeable, standing on a plain just under the Blue Ridge that overhangs it & seems to frown on it with supercilious grandure. I stopped at the Wythe Hotel, striking for its large sign & superfluous emblematic paintings, which time at present won't permit me—had I an inclination—to describe. In the evening set out for Mr. Drury's [?] a stage house, 14 miles from Wythe (bill 60). Passed along a valley equally striking for elegance and high state of cultivation as thickly inhabited as usual to the stage house, where I came at dark. Found it much crowded with travellers, supped and some desultory conversation, retired for the night.

7th.

Set out at five o'clock for Abington, forty five miles distant, where I arrived after stopping at 8 o. at an old

Dutchman's house, a stage house, for brkft. (bill 42), who related several anecdotes of the Revolutionary War—"all of which he saw and part of which he was." Passed along the valley of Holston River, which I crossed many times, the road running nearly straight and intersecting the meandering of the Holston. Passing over the nolls & knobs of the hills, that project to it on either side, covered with fragments. Knobs of limestone rock, left bare & projecting out of the ground in every direction, so that it is impossible to pass without tumbling over them, form for about ten miles the most disagreeable road I ever travelled, and would not risk my head in a public stage on any considerations, as they go thundering over the rock at half speed in a four horse stage with very frequently a drunken driver; and a striking result is that you will scarcely pass a stage house without seeing two or three wrecked stages.

I dined at a miserable tavern about 17 miles below Abington (bill 42½), stopped at a very decent brick tavern about 8 miles from A., rested & took some refreshment (paid 15). The valley of the Holston so far is very fertile and in a high state of cultivation, the country becoming more level as I progress down the river which runs west.

Abington, or Abingdon, is something larger than Wythe, but not so handsomely situated, being more broken. The buildings are principally wood, but a greater proportion of brick with an elegant brick C. H. the town has not still the neatness of appearance that Wythe has: has but one tavern which, tho', is a good one & well furnished & attended. It is more a manufacturing than a commercial, & in consequence of the salt works in its vicinity is a place of considerable resort of, and importance to, all the western country. Salt sells at the works at \$1.75 per 52 lb. & that very damp.

8th.

Left Abington after brkft. (bill \$2.), the road very muddy & slippery in consequence of a rain the night before. Dined at Mr. Goodson's (bill 50c). The country, as I descended along the Holston was more fertile in appearance, but in a worse state of cultivation than below Abington. The inhabitants seemed more like the lessees of some large proprietor than the real possessors of the soil, which I afterwards ascertained to be the fact; for as I passed, once in about every three or four miles, I could see an attempt at style and grandure, but entirely void of taste or elegance (notwithstanding they seemed to have spared neither labor or expence), and still the outward appearances as far exceeds the housewifery as ours does theirs. I proceeded on to Mrs. Nicely's, where I arrived at sundown, where Mr. Mushrow, of Va., who had traveled with me from Mr. Goodson's, & I were compelled to become our own hostler, the widow's servant being gone to a neighbor's reaping. Mrs. N. lived about three miles within the Tennessee line, so that this was my first essay into that State, where altho' so near the Va. line, still I thought that I perceived a striking difference in the manners and habits, which afterwards as I progressed into the State developed themselves still more forcibly—which assimilated more to the manners of our State in the less refined part.

9th.

Set off from Mrs. Nicely's at sunrise (bill 50). Came to Mr. J. L. Gains to brkft. who was a distant relative of Mr. Mushrow's and nephew to Genl. E. P. Gains, of the U. S. Army, who treated us with much attention (bill 40.). We passed some smelting mills across a branch of the Holston. They were at work and seemed to be new & in fine order. About a half mile below is

the head of navigation of the Holston, which is principally carried on by rafts in times of freshets. However, they navigate the river also with keeled bateaux, built very sharp from 60 to 70 feet long and 8 or ten feet beam, with a companionway extending nearly two thirds of their length, raised to the height of six feet above their gunnels, with space left on each to pass from stem to stern; & this companionway is shingled over and bears a striking resemblance to an old fashioned hip-roofed house. These boats are used to take down salt which is waggoned from the factory near Abington to the Mussle Shoals and below; but these boats seldom ever attempt to ascend the river, in consequence of the obstructive rocks and shoals and the extreme distance, which is 750 miles from the Mussle Shoals. This landing is called the Boat Yard & appears to be a place of business as there are stores and shops. One mile still down the Holston, which is an hundred yards wide with many beautiful islands in it, is a new toll bridge across the north fork of the Holston, which is also 100 yards wide at its junction, built upon stone pillars in very neat and workmanlike manner, & for strength and elegance excels anything of the kind I have ever seen (toll 25). Dined at Mr. Vaughan's (bill 50), proceeded on to Surgoinville, a new town on the Holston ten miles above Rogersville, which as yet is neither conspicuous for elegance, neatness, or design, and appears more like the result of mad speculation than for beneficial design, for publick utility, accomodation miserable for both horse & man.

10th.

Set out from Surgoinville after sunrise (bill \$1.00), left Mr. Mushrow complaining of the headache as usual, arrived at Rogersville to brkft. (bill 75). Rogersville, the county seat of Hawkins County, is a considerable place for an inland country town. Built chiefly of

brick, has considerable trade, and is much resorted, being the half way stage from Abington to Knoxville. It is situated in the valley of the Holston but not immediately on the river: the land of an inferior quality to the eastern part of the valley and less improved, the inhabitants consequently less wealthy. Left Rogersville at 12 o., went on alone still along the valley of Holston, which is bounded on the N. & W. by the Clinch mountain, and on the east by the Blue Ridge. The valley is intersected by innumerable streamlets of pure limestone water of crystalline clearness, across many of which are grist & saw mills that seem to have been profitable, as near most of them the mud-plastered log huts are contrasted with huge brick houses, built at much expence apparently, but entirely destitute of taste or elegance. My horse nearly exhausted, scarcely able to get him along. Was overtaken by Mr. Mushrow & Mr. Sims, of Nashville, & we proceeded in company to Mr. Nall's where we dined (bill 50). Here the valley appeared much narrower than I had seen it, seemingly not more than a mile wide and more fertile. We all set out in company, passed along the river bank for some distance, then turning a little more to the west the valley widened and became much more level than I had seen since I crossed the Ridge & of inferior quality, more thinly inhabited and the habitations more miserable than before. We passed Bean's Station at sundown, where Mr. Mushrow stopped, but Mr. Sims & myself went on to the Widow Copeland's, two miles further, where we stopped for the night.

11th.

We set out before sunrise from Mrs. Copeland's (bill 75), passed through much such country as we had done the latter part of the day before seventeen miles to Mr. Juornegain's to brkft., rested three hours (bill 75),

Proceeded to Knoxville thro' a still poorer soil, the mountains having disappeared on both sides and the country become quite a level piney woods. In my way to Knoxville I passed the town of Rutledge, which is the county seat of Sevier Co'ty. It is a very inconsiderable place of a most miserable appearance, built chiefly of log-houses, with a very indifferent court house, which is rather singular in this State, as their chief pride seems to be displayed in building fine brick court houses and jails. Such a display of large daubed signs I never before witnessed. It would seem from their magnitude and the glaringness of the representations attempted to be painted on them that the people were only susceptible to ocular demonstration. One at a miserable looking log inn more particularly attracted my attention: it was nearly of the size of a large barn door, (with a counterscarp suspended to the bottom about eight inches on which the inn-keeper's name was inscribed in capitals), on which I am certain that the venerable Father of his Coutry was never so basely caricatured. He was represented on horseback, his horse white with a neck that bore about the same proportion to his body that a heron's does; and indeed the whole representation was equally absurd & ridiculous.

KNOXVILLE.

Is situated on the west bank of the Holston on a very broken hilly place, intersected by a creek that runs nearly through the centre of the town, across which are several mills, besides tanneries and whiskey distilleries which gives it quite an unpleasant scent along those streets most contiguous to it. The town has, however, a very neat and agreeable appearance, a place of extensive trade for an inland town, and of much resort, having been the seat of government of the State for some time, has apparently very respectable society and considerable

refinement. The town is about the size of Raleigh, N. Ca. but more thickly built, mostly of brick but not in so good taste.

12th.

Left Knoxville by sunrise; on thro' a much leveller country than I met with on this side of the Blue Ridge. Land of an inferior quality & much thinnier inhabited and more in style of N. Ca. Stopped at Campbell's Station for brakft. but could not be accommodated, proceeded five miles further to Mr. Meredith's, where we breakfted. & rested till afternoon; proceeded at 4 o.; my horse taken sick on the road shortly after I was left by Mr. Sims, he not knowing my situation. However, resting my horse occasionally and walking by his side encouragin him and he getting better, I proceeded at a slow rate over a very poor, barren, hilly country. At length descended a valley that was overhung by very high hills on both sides, at the bottom of which stands the little town of Kingston; but it being in the night and so dark, I was not able to see anything distinctly, so as to form any opinion relative to its situation or extent. I arrived at South West Point at Mr. Clark's ferry, where I found Mr. Sims, who appeared much rejoiced to see me come up, it then being ten o. and he prepared to go to bed, having given me out.

13th.

Crossed Clinch River at sunrise which at this place is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, carrying 14 feet water, the water as clear as crystal and moving on with a still but majestic current, the valley of the river on the west side narrow but very fertile. The country here becomes very hilly & broken and thinly inhabited in consequence of sterility. Arrived at the stage house, Mr. Brown's at the foot of the Cumberland Mountain to breakft, my horse much recruited. Rested and then set

out to climb the impending cliffs of the mountain, I walked & drove my horse the whole way up, 2 miles. The heat was intense, it being then about noon. Passed on about ten miles thro' a most broken, unpleasant country to the Crab Orchard, during which I passed the celebrated Spencer's Hill (which is said to be turnpiked, toll $37\frac{1}{2}$, but is a perfect burlesque on the name of turnpike). One & a half miles up & two down, most part of the way at an angle of 90 degrees and that way scarcely wide enough between the impending rocks, that seem tottering on their summits—many of them—, some one or two hundred feet high, & threatening to tumble down & crush the astonished traveler into atoms: to pass with a single gig or carriage [was impossible]. We dined at Crab Orchard and proceeded on to the stage house on "the Barrens," as they are very appropriately called, through the most miserably poor country I have ever seen, mostly level, covered with grass & shrubbery of dwarf chestnut & black-jack, very few of which attain the height of ten feet, with now and then a solitary hut or hunting camp. And let me remark here, for the first time I took a distaste to venison, which is the chief diet in this part of the country. This stage house is kept by a Mr. Devon, and a most miserable hovel it is. We arrived there after night, could scarcely get anything for our horses, much more ourselves, to eat. Shortly afterwards two stages arrived and kept so much noise we scarcely slept any during the night.

14th.

Set out at sunrise, had dispute with the bar-keeper (if he might be so termed) about the bill, as he wanted Mr. Sims to pay for supper when he had eaten none. Passed thro' much the same kind of country as before described since crossing the hills to Mr. Bradley, who keeps a toll gate for a bridge across My Mamma's Creek,

that cost perhaps twenty dollars; took a nap of sleep while they were preparing breakft. after resting our horses set off again, cross the bridge, and ascended Primrose Hill, where, had I a fortune sufficient to support myself in ease, I would choose to live in preference to any place in all Tennessee. The soil on the top of the hill is sandy a little intermixed with rocks, perfectly dry and agreeable, commanding a view of all the circumjacent country, the growth principally chesnut of the loftiest kind. It is about a mile across the top. Its extent otherwise I was not able to ascertain. Descended it and passed along a quite sandy road interspersed with hills and valleys for some distance, until I descried thro' the foliage of the trees the blue ethereal sky below me, when on a sudden after taking a short turn around a knob we began to descend the Cumberland mountain, which went off at an angle of 45 degrees for about two miles when we descended into a very uneven country resembling the waves of the sea when subsiding after a smart gale. We seemed to pass on the pinnacle of a wave, which sunk into huge ampitheatres of 40 or 50 feet depth, representing the state of the ocean after a storm had just subsided, and then wound along in meandering form in a westerly direction covered with a luxuriant growth of poplar, chesnut, and oak to Sparta, the coty. seat of White, where we stopped, fed our horses, and proceeded for Col. Smiths thro' a level country, mostly prarie and level, where we arrived at dark. Col. Smith informed us that his house was full, & that we must proceed to a Mr. Clark's about four miles farther. The road being very stumpy & narrow & it quite dark, it was with difficulty that I could drive a gig thro' it without getting upset. However at a late hour of the night we arrived at Mr. Clark's, which was a miserable hut, and after much entreaty were to have food for our horses and a bed to lie upon, but no supper;—& hav-

ing had no dinner that day, it went particularly hard on us.

15th.

Set off at sunrise, proceeded through a tolerably level country to Mr. Shaw's where we brkftd. Set out after breakft, traveled along immediately upon the top of a seeming wave whose base seemed to be at the centre of gravity; for notwithstanding below grew the most luxuriant forests of poplar, walnut, sugar maple, chesnut, beach &c, we were passing above their tops, whose gloom prevented our seeing the depths of the valleys beneath. The top of the wave, for I can compare it to nothing besides, was literally inlaid with broken fragments of free stone, the most disagreeable road I ever saw. Our horses having lost some of their shoes could scarcely get along. At 1:10 we arrived at W. A. Muck's, where we made them get us coffee at that time of the day. We then set off again and proceeded along a like wave or ridge, for four or five miles, when we descended a most intolerable rocky road, which is ironically called "Feather-Bed Hill," into the valley of the Caney Fork of Cumberland river, which runs about northwest to the ford. This river is about one hundred yards wide: was quite shallow at this time, being very low. The country on the west side of it surpasses any I have before seen in the western country in the fertility of its soil and is much less broken than the valley of the Holston, or its branches. Proceeded about twenty miles thro' a country of the greatest fertility I have ever seen, except Roanoke low-grounds, which surpasses it only in its durability. This being in many places rolling is subject to wash away as soon as cleared & put into a state of complete cultivation. The most fertile part I think I passed was what is called "The Cedar Bottoms," which in point of fertility excells any land I ever saw; but then there lies at the bottom of every branch or bottom

exposed a sheet of limestone rock that pervades this country at a certain depth, & indeed in most places huge piles & sheets of it lie piled & spread over the face of the earth in every direction. We arrived at Mrs. Carteret's in Wilson County, and after some persuasion gained permission of the negroes to stay all night, Mrs. C. being absent at meeting. However we got something to eat & retired for the night.

16th.

Set out at sunrise from Mrs. Carteret's and passing thro' the same kind of country as the preceding evening rather in a higher state of cultivation, the farms teeming with the luxuriant crops of corn; but notwithstanding the fertility of the soil still the people live in the most miserable, dirty looking huts I ever beheld in any country. Arrived at Lebanon to brkft., where I stopped to make arrangements about my business in Tenn. until the next day, while Mr. Sims went on twenty five miles farther to his mother's in Davidson County, who before he set out introduced me to Genl. Saml. Houston, a lawyer of Lebanon, whose attentions, politeness, and assistance in my business were of very essential service to me in the prosecution of my business. Visited Mr. Isaac Kennedy & delivered him a letter after a recognition on his part of me. Treated me with every mark of attention he possessed, offering me his house, bed & board gratis, which I declined. He then gave me every information about my business I deserved and furnished me with names of what gentlemen to call on for testimonial information. Returned to Lebanon and wrote to the justices and to the gentlemen whose depositions I wished to take requesting them to meet me on Thursday next at Lebanon.

Lebanon is the county seat of Wilson, is situated on each side of a small creek that runs thro' a large cedar

valley. Is eligible only for a large spring of limestone water that spouts up in a cave near the centre of the town, that makes up from the creek, that furnishes an ample supply of that indispensable for the whole town & would for one of ten times its size. The town is only built on two streets as yet, which intersect each other at right angles, in the centre of the intersection of which streets stands a very elegant two story brick court house with a cupola which instead of embellishing detracts from the elegance of the building, as it is awkwardly formed and disproportionated, its spire being taller than the base and ornamental parts of the cupola, and all the way of the same size, passing thro' balls of the same size in a number of places. On its top is placed a gilt eagle *volant* that seems to be holding on to the point of the spire with great exertion, striving against every passing breeze. Fronting the court house diagonally are a large brick jail and a stone clerk's & sheriff's office. The chief buildings of the town are of brick, there being no timber immediately in its vicinity to build wooden houses of, except cedar, which never grows large: hence it took the name of Lebanon. It has five or six stores, which seem to do a tolerable business, and three publick houses, less fantastic in their signs than I have seen anywhere in the State. In winter the streets are remarkably muddy, and in summer equally dusty in consequence of the flatness of its situation & the stiffness of its soil.

17th.

Set out for Nashville after brkft. Passed thro' cedar glades of barren rock for about three miles when the land became more rolling and less rocky. Saw some excellent fields of corn & tobacco. Arrived at Mr. I. F. Davis' to dinner, the most pleasant situation I have seen in West Tennessee (bill 50). Passed on thro' a still rolling country in very good state of culture of corn &

tobacco to Stone's River, which at the ford is about one hundred yards wide at common tide, but was extremely low then, being nearly dry over. On the other side was a level, extending along the river of the width of a quarter of a mile, the quality of the Roanoke low-lands, of rather a darker hue, called "The Clover Bottoms." The country from there to Nashville is more rolling than on the north side of Stone's River and equally fertile and far superior in point of cultivation to any part of West Tennessee, the farms being laid out in some taste and good brick buildings on the principal ones, built many in taste & style. The lands mostly cleared & very thickly settled. I arrived at Nashville in the evening and put up at the inn, a hotel kept in as much pomp and style as the Tontine Coffee House in New York, or Renshaw's Hotel in Philadelphia. I was ushered into the bar in great pomp, presented with the coffee-house book, and pen & ink, to write my name and place of residence.

JOHN RUSKIN, THE SOCIAL REFORMER

BY MARY REAMEY THOMAS

PART III

After a child has been well born, the State should continue her watch and care over him, seeing that he is reared in a sound physical as well as intellectual atmosphere. First of all, he should be taught the fundamental laws of health, and the importance of observing them. The school he attends ought to be located in a fresh country amidst fresh air, and with plenty of playground. If the child has any special aptitude, it should be discovered and used. After he is grown to manhood an effort should be made to put him into an office for which he is particularly qualified, and Ruskin says if this is not done, nothing but a wreck of social order will result. Ruskin is an advocate of the theory that the hands should be trained as well as the mind. He thinks it a good idea to teach every youth in the State "to do something finely and thoroughly with his hands."

We have in Mr. Ruskin a staunch believer in the "unconquerable differences in the clay of human creatures." He says the children of unskilled laborers will be best fitted to continue the work of their parents, while the children of professional men will be suited to carry on the professions. He has no patience with the opinion that every form of work is equally ennobling. On the contrary, he thinks much labor is low and degrading, but he also thinks there are many people by nature adapted to do it. He is anxious for some policy of reform to be instituted which will reduce the amount of base work to a minimum and keep down the demand for it.

All workmen, according to Mr. Ruskin's views, should organize themselves peaceably for the carrying on of their several crafts. In other words, he thinks it would

be wise to go back to the medieval system of guilds, which regulate the quality and quantity of goods along with the conditions of work; membership in these organizations of course, being optional.

MACHINERY AND INDUSTRIAL TOWNS

There exists about Mr. Ruskin the general notion that he is a fanatical opponent of machinery. We have heard stories of how he used to travel in old fashioned carriages with relays of horses in order to avoid the railway, how he tried to restore hand weaving and that he did revert to hand-made paper in the publishing of his books. We also know that he denounced factory life and towns vehemently.

His opposition is not so much to machinery as it is to steam power "superseding not only human power, but the natural agencies of wind, water and animal life." The chief reason for objecting so strenuously to steam is because of the foul, impure atmosphere it produces. His heart goes out to the poor factory employees who toil year by year in unsanitary buildings, surrounded by the most unwholesome and degrading influences, and with nothing to break the monotony of their existence.

Mr. Ruskin's attitude toward railroads perhaps seems unreasonable. He does not oppose all railways; he thinks the main and a few branch lines occupy a perfectly legitimate place, but he does cry out against their introduction into the beautiful valleys of Switzerland, and the damaging beyond reparation of the magnificent scenery. Everywhere Ruskin objects to anything that is debasing to what is greatest and finest in nature. He sees in machinery a tendency to subdivision of labor—or "subdivision of man." He dreads for the time to come, when the laborer no longer uses the tool, but is used by it.

The greatest danger that can possibly accrue from

machinery is the industrial town, and Mr. Ruskin paints in blackest colors the modern factory settlements. They do not deserve to be called "cities," they are rather enormous "work-shops." All the sympathy in his nature is brought to the surface when he thinks of the people who must live in the huge areas, ugly streets and buildings devoid of any architectural adornment whatever. He says of the inhabitants of these towns, "the women and girls have no pleasure save in arraying themselves in cheap dresses of gaudy stuffs, false hair and high-heeled shoes; the men no joy beyond eating and smoking, and no ideas, nor any capacity of forming ideas of anything that has yet been done of great or seen of good in this world."

EDUCATION

It is not surprising to us that Mr. Ruskin maintained free and vigorous ideas about education and that he was the advocate of radical reforms in the system. Here, as elsewhere, he opposes vehemently anything that savors of the mechanical. He defines education as "that leading of souls to what is best and making what is best out of them." He regrets that forces have not been strong enough to keep industrialism from dominating the system, and absorbing valuable energy. In no uncertain terms Mr. Ruskin denounces the view prevalent among the middle and even upper classes, that the sole object of education is to enable a boy to get on in the world—to gain for himself success in life. He too regrets that money-making had crept into the schools and made foul both the moral and intellectual atmosphere. We often find the expression, "payment by result" in his articles regarding this subject. The present system is nothing more than a collection of the "lamps of knowledge" of various sorts and sizes, which are stored away in the brain to be produced and measured out on demand at regular stock prices. He then pictures the school as a

“factory of knowledge” engaged in stuffing the small heads of our boys and girls with a large quantity of facts which really have no interest nor significance to them.

In Mr. Ruskin we have a strong upholder of the gospel of the individual. The temperament and tendencies of each child should be carefully studied and then that child should be placed in an atmosphere which will cultivate the best that is in him. He insists that the child be allowed to lead a free out-door life, in direct contact with nature. Mr. Ruskin appreciates the potent influence exerted by environment and sets forth in a forcible way the importance of having good school buildings and equipments. He realizes that by filling the school-room with whatever is beautiful and attractive in nature the pupil is being educated passively. We must, he says, surround the student with things which stir the imagination and teach him by their presence. There should be in connection with every school a workshop, for the child ought to learn the importance of manual labor. This is a good means of teaching him to know conditions.

Mr. Ruskin condemns the everlasting cram and cram of schools as well as the competitive examinations and prizes; the latter given as a reward to those who can cram the most. He says the incentive to work thus engendered is a wrong one, and that in competition antagonism is sure to follow. In the application of Mr. Ruskin's ideas, a higher state of rationality in the learner than ever exists in reality is presumed. We, of course, do not expect a lively, bad boy or frisky little miss to see the wisdom of attending school and there performing the task assigned, hence we believe it a wise policy to impose these tasks authoritatively upon them. Prizes, too, occupy a legitimate place in the system, for they undoubtedly make a child bestir himself and gain infor-

mation, the value of which in after years he will appreciate.

If we apply too rigidly Mr. Ruskin's individualistic methods there is danger that we pay too much attention to the idiosyncrasies of the child and their development, and thereby neglect to consider the claims society at large has on him.

Finally, Mr. Ruskin wisely insists that "the education of all shall include direct contact with, and familiar experience of, representative facts and feelings belonging to the various departments of material nature and human works upon matter. To prepare us for complete living is the function education has to perform."

WOMAN'S PLACE

Now let us consider what Mr. Ruskin thinks of woman. First of all, he believes home is the place for her, and that under no consideration does her sphere extend beyond it. God intended her only for the performance of duties in that home. This is a summary of Mr. Ruskin's conception of her work :

1. To please people.
2. To feed them in dainty ways.
3. To clothe them.
4. To keep them orderly.
5. To teach them.

That she may fill these offices satisfactorily, he suggests that every girl of the boarding school age be taught plain sewing, cooking, dress-making, ironing and scrubbing. In short, his view is that her training should be that alone which enables her to assist man in his work. By maintaining such a view Ruskin merely subordinates woman's mission to that of man and imposes on her intellectual slavery. Throughout his whole teaching, there is constantly set forth the idea of service and drudgery in order that man may be happier. She is a creature of

emotion, and he insists that this side of her nature be highly cultivated and that she be made sympathetic with her husband's plans.

Ruskin almost idealized the life of the farm house, which he says is "the essentially right one for all women kind." While the husband attends to the cattle and crops, the wife stays at home, feeds the chickens, churns the milk and keeps everything in apple-pie order. She is to concern herself with "the arts of consumption and leave those of production alone. Woman is intended not for invention and creation, but for sweet order and arrangement." Since nature has endowed men and women so differently, he denies that they are in any sense competing groups of laborers.

How contemptible, in Ruskin's sight, is the woman who believes there is another calling so noble for her as that of being a wife and a mother, and who wishes to go out into the world "on a career." I fancy he would frown disapprovingly on the young business woman of today as she hurries to and fro from her office. Her shoes built on a "swagger last," her short walking skirt and mannish shirt waist would evoke from him only disgust. Towards a woman's entering into industrial and professional competition, his attitude is one of unqualified hostility.

To my mind it is utterly incomprehensible how Mr. Ruskin could have supported such views in regard to woman; how he could have made her position one of servility. Most strongly does he condemn her for going into business, yet he seems not to consider that sheer necessity has forced her to resort to this means of gaining a livelihood. Worthless fathers, idle brothers, lazy sons-in-law, drunken husbands (and sometimes the absence of any husband at all!) have compelled her to do it. Does he suppose that a vast deal of pleasure is derived from standing behind the lace counter at the "5 and 10 cent

store," or from the constant click-click of the typewriter?

Heartily do I agree with Mr. Ruskin when he says home is the place for her, but he fails to provide for the woman who has none. Most women want a home of their own. They build air castles and furnish them too, but when it comes to living in them, the proposition assumes difficult aspects. Show me the woman who has not eagerly looked over the exceedingly practical and altogether economical architectural plans, as kodaked in that popular college man's periodical, "The Ladies' Home Journal," and really longed for the time when she, too, could transform with the magic tack-hammer and paint brush an ordinary Arbuckle's coffee box into a set of furniture which would cause Royall & Borden to look to their laurels.

But again, all women are no more suited to be homemakers than all men are to be lawyers, nor do they desire it; hence there is for them no other alternative than the school-room or office. The majority of women do finally marry, but if we debar them from industries and professions, pray tell me what is to become of them in the interim?

(THE END).



S. B. UNDERWOOD,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
C. J. HARRELL,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

FOREWORD

We issue with pleasure this month our historical number. We believe that the contributions are valuable and that they will be well received by our readers. We have thought it well to give over the whole literary department to "solid" matter, hoping that by so doing the ARCHIVE might be of some service to the cause of historical research. We are greatly indebted to Dr. John Spencer Bassett, of the chair of history, for his hearty co-operation in producing this number; we also thank all who have contributed to its pages.

"THE DURABLE SATISFACTIONS OF LIFE"

In the editorial department of McClure's Magazine for January there is reprinted an article that will bear reading and re-reading. It is an address on "The Durable Satisfactions of Life," delivered by President Eliot, of Harvard, to the undergraduates of that institution. It abounds in practical advice of the soundest kind. We wish we could prevail upon every Trinity man to read and ponder it.

President Eliot asks and answers this question: "For educated men, what are the sources of the solid and durable satisfactions of life?" The first of these, he says, is

health. No man can do his part of "perpetual good in the world" unless he has a sound and vigorous body; it is the college man's duty to cultivate this side of his being; to quote exactly, he must be "a clean, wholesome, vigorous animal."

But this must be subordinate to the second element, intellectual power. The college man is called to intense labor of the mind; he needs a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard work. "Get it now," he says. "That capacity will be the main source of intellectual joys and of happiness and content throughout a long and busy life."

But there is something yet beyond this intellectual power. President Eliot believes with Shakspeare that "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation." The college man ought above all others to be a man of honor. His characterization of such a one is striking: "Some things the honorable man cannot do, never does. He never wrongs or degrades a woman. He never oppresses or cheats a person weaker or poorer than himself. He never betrays a truth. He is honest, sincere, candid and generous."

The ultimate tribunal which declares whether or not a man is honorable and worthy is made up of his contemporaries and the younger generations. He urges college men to begin now to live in fear of this tribunal, to prepare for its judgments; to look forward to the important crises of life; to live purely; to endeavor to learn to work hard; "and, lastly, live today and every day like a man of honor."

"IDLE COMMENTS"

Erwin Avery was one of those men whom one held as a friend without ever having made his acquaintance. His writings in the Charlotte Observer were followed with keen interest and appreciation by a large circle

of readers in this and other states. One instinctively felt that the man who penned those lines was one with a soul in him, one with a heart which might include all humanity. And at his tragic death, one felt, without ever having seen the man, a sense of personal bereavement, a feeling that a warm friend was gone.

So "Idle Comments," the collection of some of the best of his writing which came from the press in December, meets an unusual reception. We take it as the book of a friend and read it with a feeling akin to reverence. It is a book to love. Avery, gentle, kindly, open-hearted, sympathetic, speaks in every page. The editors have given us the very cream of this man's work—what that is must be realized, it cannot be described. The book deserves and will receive a large sale. From a purely literary standpoint it is most valuable; there has hardly been in the whole South in recent years a book which can better lay claim to being classed as genuine literature. There is not a dull page in it, interest is sustained to the last. The same strain runs through the whole; the style is inimitable in its simple grace and charm.

"Idle Comments" should be especially popular at Trinity College. Avery was a son of this institution, once editor of this magazine, and an earnest supporter of every phase of college life. The entire net proceeds from the sale of the book are to be used in establishing memorial scholarships here. On this account alone, large orders should by all means be sent from the college community.

A more extended review of "Idle Comments" will appear next month.

ON TO NASHVILLE

The ARCHIVE would like to call attention to the Fifth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement which is to be held in the city of Nashville

from February 28 to March 4. Beyond a doubt, this will be one of the greatest religious assemblies ever held in the South. Delegates from practically every country in the world will be present. Three thousand students, 200 missionaries, 300 college professors and a great number of American and European speakers of note will make up the personnel of the gathering. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to Trinity students. The convention is practically at our doors, nearer than it will be again for years. The expenses are moderate; twenty or twenty-five dollars will be sufficient. We should by all means have our full quota of four men in attendance.

THE TRINITY CHRONICLE

The ARCHIVE welcomes heartily the Trinity Chronicle, which made its first appearance just before the Christmas holidays and will be issued weekly. This is something that Trinity has needed a long time and we hope and believe that it will succeed. It has a distinct place to fill in college life and, from present indications, will fill it most admirably. The few numbers which have been published reflect great credit upon the board of editors. They have worked hard and unceasingly upon their venture, and the result of their labors is a paper which is really valuable. They deserve and should receive the support of every student and friend of Trinity College. Give them your hearty co-operation.

WHERE SHALL WE WALK?

The condition of the walks on the campus has been deplorable during the recent bad weather. We will not attempt to describe them—all who have had to wade through mud and water of uncertain depth will under-

stand the reference. We are not given to complaining, but we do venture to suggest that if the walks were given some attention and put in proper condition for use, the students might more readily heed the earnest exhortations to "keep off the grass."

Since the appearance of the Chronicle, we have decided to discontinue our local department, At Home and Abroad. Our contemporary will furnish the college news weekly, and we can use the space to greater advantage for something else.

The ARCHIVE is very much in need of some good short stories. There are men and women in Trinity College who can write them. Will you not show enough interest in your college magazine to do that much for it? That would be far better than criticising the editors because the contents do not suit your fastidious taste.

We note that our esteemed contemporary, the Trinity Chronicle, is beginning to indulge in Wittecisms. In a recent issue, the editor says that "Russia needs to keep her Wittes about her" in the present critical state of affairs. Be careful, brother Foard; you are treading upon slippery ground.

The late unpleasantness is over; which is to say that the examination period has been passed more or less successfully and we are just entering upon another term's work. May it be a good one.



Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS,

MANAGER.

No biography in recent years has received such favorable criticism at the hands of the leading periodicals of the country as Dr. Edwin Mims' "Sidney Lanier." The Outlook believes that "in a library of heroism, Edwin Mims' biography of Sidney Lanier would surely find a place. It belongs, as a piece of writing, with the best American biography. It is an admirable piece of discriminating, judicious, intelligent and sympathetic interpretation. Dr. Henry Van Dyke says: "It is a beautiful piece of work; sympathetic, penetrating, true. It could not be better done." Mr. Hamilton Mabie writes: "I consider it one of the very best pieces of biography that has been done in this country; sound to the core in its judgment, full of the divination of sympathy, but full also of the sanity of criticism. It is in my judgment the happiest appreciation of the literary South which has appeared, but it is a thoroughly national book."

Mr. A. M. Trollope has recently completed an elaborate and careful work upon the great French dramatist, Molière. In this biography the author has given us a very sympathetic analysis of the man and his genius, depending entirely upon French sources for his facts and adopting as nearly as possible the French point of view. Most of the book is a criticism of the actual plays of Molière and is of exceptional interest and value to the student.

One of the strong novels of the season which has a political interest attaching to it, besides being a good story, is Gustave F. Merlin's "The Storm Signal." It is a story of Southern life in which the character of the old time negro is graphically described, and the author shows a keen psychological insight. "The book has a vital message for our times," says the Review of Reviews.

Another significant biography is Winston Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph Churchill." Lord Churchill is the most striking figure of the past century in English public life, and his career is very conspicuous. Mr. Churchill's book is an adequate appreciation of his work and has come up to the anticipation expressed when the volume was announced by the publishers.

"Yolanda," Charles Major's latest story, is one of the most charming and delightfully entertaining books of the season. The plot is a historical one, having for its basis the courtship of Mary, Princess of Burgundy, and Maxmillan, Count of Hapsburg. The story is well worked out, holding one's interest from start to finish. Mr. Major has skilfully combined the political intrigues of Duke Charles, the Bold, and a certain amount of fights, feasts and disguises. It is in no wise less enjoyable than the author's earlier work, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Lovers of real poetry will find comfort and pleasure in Mr. Bliss Carman's collection of essays entitled, "The Poetry of Life." "Mr. Carman, whose exquisite poetic insight is only equalled by his exquisite workmanship, believes that the religious consciousness is returning to man, and that poetry will return with religion."

Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Times" has been brought to a close by the recent publication of the

fourth and fifth volumes. These volumes include not only all the events of public importance between 1897 and 1901, but also tell of the changes which the reign of Queen Victoria saw in art, science and literature.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers of Dr. Stanwood's admirable life of James G. Blaine. Dr. Stanwood is a scholar of unusual insight and in this volume has put aside all personal and political bias, subordinating it to the "scientific attitude of the investigator." The book will be read with keen interest for its impartiality and instructiveness.

A deservedly popular novel is Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan." Mr. Tarkington has made this an entertaining and readable romance and has shown wonderful cleverness in depicting his characters, all of which are thoroughly American and are drawn true to nature. The book is full of refreshing and exciting episodes, told with decided skill.



Editors Table

A. S. HOBGOOD,

MANAGER.

Many of the exchanges for last month appeared in appropriate Christmas garb. Their covers were bright and attractive, and what is still better, they contained as a rule, more interesting and readable articles than usual. Christmas stories, poetry and legends take up the larger portion of space. Indeed, the holiday atmosphere, which pervades a college community at this time, finds expression in these numbers. Some of the articles are of a very high order, being illustrative of the great truths that cluster around the day "wherein our Lord's birth is celebrated." Others are of a very low order, being light and frivolous attempts to record some love affair. We note, however, a steady improvement in college journalism, and have hopes of its final redemption.

The Davidson College Magazine is an exceedingly interesting number. Its table of contents discloses a well-balanced and well-selected set of articles. Such subjects as "American Statesmanship," "Chinese as Domestic Laborers," and "The Man of Action," are ably presented and indicate the wholesome trend of thought at the Presbyterian college. "The Realm of Poesy" has the ring and the conception of a really good poem.

The December number of the Mercerian is an inaugural number, the occasion being the inauguration of Dr. Charles Lee Smith as president of Mercer University. Addresses by such eminent men as Gov. Terrell, Chancellor Walter B. Hill, ex-Gov. Northern, Judge Emory

Speer, the mayor of Macon, and the newly elected president, are given in full. We forbear to comment upon these addresses, but commend them to the careful reading of our students, as they will find in them much that is profitable and inspiring. We congratulate Mercer upon the large success she has attained in the past, and under the new administration wish for her that degree of prosperity and growth she so richly deserves.

The December number of the Randolph-Macon Monthly is a memorial number in memory of the late Dr. Arthur Wightman, of the faculty of Randolph-Macon. The appreciative tributes of the students bear ample testimony of the esteem in which he was held. "The Joy of Life," is a rather lengthy, but well told Christmas story. The delicate, sympathetic treatment of the child character is especially noticeable. The writer has used very skilfully and effectively the conversational method, which is a very important feature in giving life and interest to a story.

The Wesleyan for January is prompt in its arrival, and is indeed a "love-ly" number. The articles range in variety from "Beneath the Mistletoe" (poem) to "Cupid and the Press." If a college magazine reflects the thoughts of its students, then there is no doubt as to whither the thoughts of Wesleyan girls are tending. "Cute" stories, "lovely" poetry, and an abundance of girlish jokes, such as the following new year resolve: "If flirting causeth my brother to offend, I will flirt no more while the world stands," constitute their stock in trade.

We acknowledge the receipt of the usual number of exchanges. There are a great many of them worthy of favorable comment while some need to be improved on. Our space is limited, so we have selected only a few for detailed notice.



Y.M.C.A. Department

Z. E. BARNHARDT, - - - - - MANAGER.

It is the custom of our Association to elect its officers each year just before the Christmas holidays begin. On December 13, the following men were elected for the ensuing year: President, F. S. Love; Vice-President, E. O. Cole; Treasurer, C. E. Phillips; Secretary, W. V. McRae. We congratulate the Association on its choice of these able, consecrated and enthusiastic young men to lead in its work. No better selection could have been made. Now, if the members of the cabinet, as well as the members of the Association as a whole, will only fall in line and do their part, there is no reason why a great and good work may not be done here this year.

Possibly no service of the year was more highly appreciated by the students than that conducted by Dr. Kilgo, on Wednesday evening, December 20, which was the last meeting of 1905. He took as his subject "Change" as a fundamental principle, and emphasized the duty of each man to effect changes wherever necessary, if possible, and to do at all times whatever he sees needs to be done. He dwelt at length upon the mighty works, the great changes and rapid developments which have characterized past history and have swept downward through the centuries, transforming the world and making its waste places to blossom as the rose. Then, turning to the future, he pictured, in a graphic way, the work which needs to be done in the South, and ended with an appeal

to each student to take some part in effecting it. He held his audience spell-bound for nearly an hour and sent them away feeling that it was good to have been there.

One of our oldest and most able professors said recently, when speaking of the morals of the community, that they were of the highest type he had ever known here. We think the Y. M. C. A. may justly take great credit to itself for bringing about this condition of things, for it has certainly had much to do toward making such a statement possible. The Association furnishes a plane upon which the men of all denominations may meet upon a level and is almost invaluable as a means of keeping intact the religious life of its members.

One of the greatest things, from a purely spiritual standpoint, that has ever been introduced into Trinity College is the President's "class meeting," conducted by Dr. Kilgo on the afternoon of the first Sunday in each month, in the Y. M. C. A. hall. It is run strictly on the old Methodist or Wesleyan plan, and several members of the faculty have been appointed to assist the leader. Some vital religious question is discussed at each meeting and an opportunity given each member for a heart to heart talk with the class leaders. A large majority of the students have enrolled and the attendance and interest is always good.

Aside from the regular meetings, the members are divided into smaller classes and each of these is placed under the immediate oversight of one of the leaders who keeps in touch with the individual members of his group and holds occasional meetings each month for informal talks, which are very beneficial. It is surprising as well as gratifying to see how eagerly the students flock to these meetings.



Wayside Wares

F. W. OBARR,

MANAGER.

IN THE HALLS

(Tohoo Needsit)

He has attracted our attention many times lately. It has never been our pleasure to meet him in other places than in the college hallways. But even there, whenever we meet with him, he appeals to us in some unusual way. Perhaps you, too, have noticed him. He is never hurrying or jostling when the halls are crowded, nor found interested in conversation with a friend to a point of immobility in any of the narrow passages. There is an individuality in the carriage of his head and shoulders that matches well the gentleness and friendliness of the attention that he gives whatever few books he may have in his hand. Once we noticed him in a corner group of friends, but he was not conspicuous as the most heard man or the loudest laughter. And once, too, we noticed his stopping to speak with a young woman. It did not seem at all unusual for him to keep his hat in his hand during the entire conversation. Neither was the young woman embarrassed by knowing that others—and there were many persons near them—were forced to overhear what was being spoken to her privately.

In fact we have noticed so many of these things, even to having been assured that this student knows the proper use of his feet, that with a sense of pride we have come to regard him as a man of that highly honorable—and should we say rare?—type of men we are pleased to call “gentlemen.”

FAITH

My life is mine alone,
A god's a thing unknown—
 Earth's friendships all deceive!
Her coming gives me grace,
All heaven's in her face,
 Once seen and I believe.

HOPE

The winds blow chill without,
Within is fear and doubt,
 Then is life worth the while?
Ah, winds blow doubly chill—
Thrice fear and doubt, and still
 Life's sweet if she but smile.

CHARITY

Were smiling all of life,
Were there no other strife,
 Well could my heaven stay;
But reckoning love and hate
I rush on to my fate—
 She sweetly says me "nay!"

IN THE LIBRARY

'Twas just a Freshman, new and green
Who never had a Venus seen,
 One day came strolling through the door.
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Blushed pure scarlet, bowed most gravely—
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Trinity College, Durham, N. C., March, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

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Business correspondence to W. M. SMITH, Business Manager.



J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

"IDLE COMMENTS"

BY J. A. MORGAN

The publication of "Idle Comments," a volume of selections from Isaac Erwin Avery's writings, which originally appeared in the Charlotte Observer, is in many respects one of the most significant of recent literary events in the South. The book is unique in character. It is not often that the city editor of a daily newspaper makes contributions thereto of such literary merit as to warrant their preservation in book form. And when, as in this instance, such work is produced, it is gladly welcomed by those interested in literary achievements.

In our limited space no condensed summary of the book will be attempted. At best such a summary would be inadequate. It is the writer's purpose to call attention to a few of the more significant features of the volume, using freely quotations which are expressive in a way of the character of the book.

The board of editors have grouped the selections in an orderly manner. Thus while much of the work is necessarily detached and fragmentary, it is not presented without system. And the variety of the selections is so unlimited that the reader finds no part of the book monotonous or tiresome. One is brought to see life in so many of its aspects, the pictures are so intensely human, so clearly and simply drawn, and with such fidelity to truth that the reader's interest increases rather than flags throughout. Indeed, it is difficult to understand how these productions could be of such a high order, written, as many of them must have been, amid the confusion and strain of a newspaper office at night. Yet Avery, feeding "on nerves after midnight," found a "charm in the late, quiet hours, in the view of a resting city, in the fine, loud silence of the night . . . a time for thought." Under such conditions he did his work with consummate skill. His style is excellent because it is simple. He believed that "the only proper way to tell a thing is the simplest way."

The genius that enabled Avery to be a master of English was a great gift and one worthy of admiration, but the really great writer has genius for seeing as well as expressing. "The great writers," Avery himself said, "are those who understand the things about them and can tell these things." The literature that will live is not confined to a realm of dreams and does not have to deal with those things of which the ordinary man knows nothing. The great difficulty with the most of us is that we have not the power to interpret rightly the common

things and experiences of life. We see and do not see. But here was a man who saw life penetratingly and sympathetically. What by most men is passed by unheeded and unnoticed is at once for Avery significant and worthy of being made to live. It is a great blessing to any people to have given them a man with the power to interpret for them the commonplace things in their lives.

Avery's insight, his power to realize the significance of what came under his observation, is well illustrated in several passages dealing with children. A baby out for his first ride is not regarded as an unimpressionable bit of a creature, unconscious of all that is going on about him. Avery's imagination, his power to realize things vividly, led him to picture the workings of this infant's mind and to emphasize the fact that this "formal introduction to the new kingdom where he must live and love and suffer, and suffer and love and live and die, should be triumphant and gladsome. For, after all, who can gauge the importance of the first world impression on the tiny soul—just out from Heaven and soon to creep out from the love-lighted eyes?"

The fact is, Avery had a very real, sympathetic love for children. He rejoiced in their innocence, was glad that they could look at life "with fearless eyes, unscarred, not embittered, unashamed." He pitied their helplessness, and his own soul was made to suffer often with these "playthings of Grief," even when the cause of their sorrow was merely the disillusionment as to Santa Claus.

How many men could see more to relate in a circus day or a party of excursionists than merely the fact that a large crowd of sightseers was on hand, and that there were many sights? Avery made an event of this kind live, for he knew how to put himself in the places of those about whom he wrote, and tell simply and clearly

what a circus was and what it meant to them. The story of an ordinary black cat and his estrangement from "the best cat society in town" because of a bell which he wore is so inimitably told that the reader feels as if men and cats have more in common than one might think.

It will be one of the chief delights of those readers of "Idle Comments" who were not acquainted with the author to picture to themselves just what sort of man he was. And, after all, it is to learn of life that we study any literature. The comments are autobiographical in a very real sense. Back of them there was a great soul. They could never have been the product of a small and narrow spirit. Whatever may have been Avery's power in handling language, however notable his "felicity of expression," yet if what he had to tell had not come out of the heart of him, if others did not find these things true in their own souls and in their own experiences, they would not take hold of us permanently. It is, indeed, refreshing to become acquainted with a man who had such an intense love of life as he found it every day in his fellows. And to Avery, "the only thing really worth while studying is a living human being who sins, or suffers, or exults, or loves, or is disgraced, or perishes—all in our sight, or within our knowledge." He declared that he "would like to write one book—not a sociological or historical novel, but a book that revealed the naked, inner truth in the life and living of a man or woman—almost any man or woman, and if he could do this honestly and accurately he would be content, knowing that he had done a deed that was new under the sun." And he regretted deeply that he could not do so because of "the lameness of a pen." Only great souls reveal such a love as this. Naturally we find such a lover keenly interested in all that makes for fineness, gentleness and nobility

in human life. In happy, easy style, he wrote about the larger as well as the seemingly small actions and feelings of men, interpreting them in such a manner as to reveal their significance for those who would live nobly. Matthew Arnold's characterization of Emerson as "the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit" is also applicable to Avery. It took but a few lines from his pen to reveal the essential elements of worth in the character of a man. These essentials he saw and understood because they were the things he looked for. And it was not a single type of character which he had the ability to understand and depict. The same appreciative spirit is shown whether he characterized ex-Governor Aycock, who "lacks not in dignity," and who "has a pleasing sameness that is the essence of reliableness;" or Kid Sloan, a victim of drink, who "was out of place here—a wierd little personality that understood everything about and was never understood; a pitiful little chap who laughed and made others laugh, harmed no one but himself, and died without ever having grieved or lost a friend." To portray character clearly, simply and with fidelity is for most writers a peculiarly difficult undertaking. Nor could Avery have performed such a task so well but for his deep sympathy with all conditions and classes of men; "for anyone who understands himself and other men must have sympathy and charity in his heart. . . . He knows that weakness in the world is much more prevalent than strength and that it is very hard indeed for anyone to be strong, and so he condones weakness as far as possible and admires strength wherever he finds it." In writing thus of "the exceptional man who learns to know his fellows through the process of sympathy . . . the only right way to know mankind," Avery was unconsciously writing of himself. This sympathetic study of human nature is revealed in every-

thing that he wrote. While others make a jest of the matter when "the world swears off and tries to do better" and then "drops back to old habits," to Avery it was tragedy. "There's so much pathos," he said, "in the weak little wishes. And good, too. The most brutal thing that was ever written was 'The road to hell is paved with good intentions.' By a token of mercy, a man who honestly has good intentions all the way round has no business being in hell."

To those of us who desire to serve the Southland in a simple way rather than to seek position in some great public center there is much of encouragement in considering the ideas of Avery on this matter. A man "stays down here and lives what the world terms a small life . . . but he learns to know a great many people, and to love and be loved by a few . . . and he sees people, not as they seem to be, but as they are. . . . Maybe he, too, has lived in a rut, but he has lived with his heart-side throbbing; he has been an integral part of the life that was builded around him; and the best of him is proclaimed while he lives and lives after he dies." But the man who goes from here to New York to live "is swallowed up, lost from view immediately. . . . He has no neighbors. In the quick rush there is scant time for sympathy, and his eyes, seeing no further than camera lens, can take no intimate account of the undercurrent—the pulsing human nature that is about." Yet Avery did not indulge in extravagant statements about the South. He believed in the South and her people. But at the same time he recognized our need of cosmopolitanism as opposed to "conceit, narrowness and the provincialism that is satisfied to sit eternally in a small area and judge surely and dogmatically the world and the things of the world."

In much of Avery's writings there is a subtle note of humor. He had an eye for the humorous side of a

situation, but his jesting was never bitter or sarcastic. He got in his thrusts at the small towns and even the unconventional country lass, but always in the kindest spirit.

As a critic of art and literature, Avery showed no mean ability. There is much in the comments intended to encourage and develop on the part of his readers an appreciation of the best plays, the best books, and the best music, through wise criticism and interpretation. And especially significant are those efforts now since the best he wrote on these subjects has been collected and systematized in the volume of comments. His plea for simplicity in writing will surely not be unheeded altogether in the South.

While the present writer likes best of all the passages in the comments those which express something of the author's appreciation of beauty and purity and fineness, he hesitates to remark on these most delicate expressions of the soul that brought them forth. They have about them something infinitely tender, an air of sacredness which might be desecrated should his remarks thereon not be very limited. They tell their own story. While it is impossible to quote all even of what Avery wrote about violets, any one of the best passages on these, his favorite flower, serves to show in what strain he wrote about them. "The average woman has an occasional right to wear any sort of a flower, but she ought to pray earnestly when she pins violets to her dress. For violets are quite human, you know. Somewhere or other there's a land of quiet, restful beauty, where the laugh of a child is the harshest note of joy and where violets, forever clean and wet with the dew-mist, rustle softly in the eternal breath of peace—purity." That last sentence alone, were there nothing else of all his writings preserved, would make the author live forever in the hearts and minds of those who love truth and beauty.

There is no better index to a man's character than the attitude of his mind, broadly speaking, toward woman. Avery rings so true here that what he has written about woman is full of inspiration. Perhaps the old Southern lady never had a higher tribute paid her than that expressed in a single paragraph from his pen. And nowhere else in literature has the writer seen such a deep sympathy for fallen women so beautifully and tenderly expressed as in the comments. Too, it is hard to understand how anyone can read those paragraphs on fallen women and not resolve to help the world be pure.

It is interesting to note how a lofty theme inspired the author. When he deals with the deepest and best feelings about which a man can write, his style is best, as in the following: "Dying must be pretty hard when one can't reach out his hand and touch a woman. Each life is apt to be a solitary, misunderstood thing; and all or the best of comfort can only come just through a woman. A man, in a man's fine strength, may live as a man pleases, but when the great darkness of the Unknown is suffocating his heart . . . there should be a woman who has the right—and a love of her right—to come close and closer and speak in a low voice and gently."

Every reader of "Idle Comments" will be impressed anew with the tragedy of the author's untimely death. More than once the South has lost the most promising of young writers at a time when she could ill afford such a loss. But the good these men do in even their short lives is not lost. All that they do is hastening the approach of the time when we shall enter what Matthew Arnold called "the promised land," when we shall have an age of great creative writing.

A TRUE SCENE FROM SOUTHERN LIFE

BY RAYMOND BROWNING

Hamilton Scruggs was a fiery-tempered old gentleman who lived near Elkton, Tennessee, some two score years ago. In spite of his hasty temper he was much loved by his neighbors, for he was a man of generous impulses and fine manners, and his plantation, though a small one, seemed to be never-failing in resources for hospitality. The Scruggs family, though possessed of only moderate means, nevertheless enjoyed the worthy distinction of being highly respected, well-liked, and thoroughly hospitable. Perhaps the most interesting member of the family some ten or twelve years after the war was Miss Ophelia Scruggs, an unusually pretty, sweet-tempered young woman, very popular in the community where she had grown up, and the very idol of old Hamilton's heart. She was engaged to be married to Gull Patterson, a handsome and tolerably popular young fellow, the son of a wealthy planter living in the same community. These two had been sweethearts since their first school-days together in the little country school at Elkton. The day for their marriage drew near and the Scruggs plantation was all astir and working like bees to make that event the greatest thing in the history of the little village which for nearly four-score years had reposed quietly there on the highland overlooking the fertile acres of bottom-land along the Elk river. The hands in the fields caught the infection and bantered the darkies from the neighboring plantations about their not being able to share in the glory of the coming event. The village folk smiled at pretty Ophelia as she came cantering through the village on her horse and inwardly congratulated Gull Patterson for his sound judgment and good fortune.

Two things, however, cast their shadows upon the

brightness of the coming scene. Gull Patterson's father was very wealthy and very ambitious for his sons. He did not dislike the Scrugges especially, but he did not consider that their station was equal to his. Therefore the marriage of his son to Ophelia was distasteful to him; Gull Patterson also, though he loved Ophelia, was of a calculating disposition and had all of his father's fondness for money. Finally, as was found out later, with the approach of the wedding the old man Patterson become so opposed to it that he offered Gull five thousand dollars in cash if he would not marry Ophelia, and poor, weak, money-loving Gull finally succumbed to the blandishments of the voiceless but eloquent gold eagles.

The day for the wedding came. A string band from Pulaski was there to furnish the music for the dance. The guests had all come in and the sweet blushing Ophelia had on her bridal dress, waiting for Gull's arrival. A negro boy from the Patterson place came galloping up on Gull's horse, handed a note to one of the servants at the gate and rode away. Ophelia received the note with a smile, tore it open, and read it with composure, but the smile faded from her face and she was pale. Without a word she went upstairs and took off her bridal veil. When she returned a few minutes later she said: "I am sorry to tell you that there will be no wedding here today. Mr. Patterson says that he cannot marry me and he has gone to Kentucky. There will be a dance and a supper, however, and I trust that all of you will have a good time and enjoy yourselves." Though pale she was merry and danced with the rest. For three weeks she endured the strain bravely. She wore her pretty new dresses to the village church and tried to appear unconcerned about her loss. Then she gave up, went to her room, and pined away, and died.

'Twas well for Gull Patterson that he went to Ken-

tucky, for old Hamilton Scruggs swore by all that was high and holy that he would never rest till he killed him. The daily sight of Ophelia dying away like a slowly-fading flower served but to augment his determination and he became silent and gloomy and rarely left his plantation.

It happened that one morning Gull's brother, Ben Patterson, had gone to the blacksmith shop of Niel Hollis at Elkton, taking a little boy, one of his sister's children, with him. Ben and Gull were very near the same age and very much alike in appearance, so much so in fact that the neighbors would sometimes mistake them. Ben Patterson, however, was a quiet, inoffensive man, much loved by those who knew him. He was laughing and joking with the blacksmith who was shoeing his horse when old Hamilton Scruggs rode by. Both spoke to Scruggs, but he barely nodded, then drove his heel into his horse's flank and galloped around the bend in the road towards his home.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when the men at the shop heard the clatter of hoofs on the gravelled road and saw old Hamilton Scruggs swing around the curve into sight and rein up his horse in fifty feet of where they were standing. His tanned face was pale, his eyes flashed white under his heavy eye-brows, and he rested a double-barrelled shotgun across the pommel of his saddle. The men looked up curiously, the blacksmith let down the foot of the horse he was shoeing, and then the little boy first took in the situation. He threw his hands and screamed, "Please, Mr. Scruggs, dont shoot! Please don't shoot!! This ain't Uncle Gull; it's Uncle Ben." Ben Patterson stood like a man in a trance staring at the weapon that was being coolly and steadily levelled at his heart. The blacksmith opened his mouth to explain, but his words were lost in the double report of the shotgun, and Patterson staggered forward and sank down

into the dust of the turnpike with the charges of buck-shot through his breast. Scruggs quieted his plunging horse and rode nearer. "Great God!" said he, "I've killed the wrong man."

Scruggs was placed in jail but he never came to trial. A strange canoe carrying a small load of bagging for cotton bales, was one day seen tied up on Richland creek, at Pulaski, where the jail was. Next morning it was gone and Scruggs' cell was found empty. No one ever understood more about it than that people merely regretted the mistake he had made. He was never seen again, but there are those who say that when Ophelia died some months later they who sat up with the corpse saw a tall, gaunt-looking old woman, dressed in black and wearing an old black sunbonnet and a heavy veil, enter the room and sit for a long time stroking the hand of the dead girl and uttering no sound. One who saw the occurrence afterwards said that he saw the hand that held Ophelia's and 'twas not the hand of a woman.

TO ESIOLE

BY S. W. H.

Before you came

*My life was bare. No beam
Of light had pierced the gloom
Wherein my spirit lay; no dream
Of high achievement e'er found room
To lodge with me.*

But since you came

*All this is changed; for you
Have called me from my past,
And love and faith have drawn me to
That realm where I shall come at last
To larger life.*

THE TOWN LOAFER

BY L. GEHRMANN WHITE

Phil Jarvis, a lazy, red-headed youth, attired in blue overalls, rolled half way up his bare legs and supported by two red strings crossed over his shoulder, was generally recognized as the town loafer of the small town of Winfall. He was the object of ridicule and discussion wherever he went, and was considered the "black sheep" of the community. His laziness disgusted the thrifty inhabitants of the little Southern village. "Why don't you get to wurk, yer useless vaggerbond?" the leading merchant would say to him as he lazily rested himself against an empty barrel in front of the town store. "Don't yer be hangin' roun' my shop drivin' ther customers erway."

Phil made the town store his headquarters during the day where he could hear and observe all that was said and done by a lazy group of idlers, which is found in all country villages. Now and then he would produce a dingy piece of paper and a pencil which he always carried with him, and proceed to sketch the peculiar features of the different members of the group, a favorite pastime of his, and he was always certain to be interrupted by some one. One day the group was discussing the Civil War, and an old Confederate veteran was relating his experience and adventures in it. When the old man reached the climax of one of his stories the group, which had become very much enthused, turned their eyes towards the door to see if a Yankee regiment was really coming, and saw Phil quietly at his usual avocation. "Now yer luck hyeah, yer red-headed lofer, doncher be makin' no pictur of me for these hyeah fellers ter laff at," said the leading talker of the group, recognized as the town authority. "Yer hain't furgot thur lickin' thur teacher give yer for makin' a pictur of him, I know,

and I'll give yer a wuss lickin' than thur teacher, if yer make a pictur of me. Do you hyeah?" "I ain't gwine ter show hit ter nobody," drawled Phil. "I jest want to have er little fun ter myself."

Thus the summer months passed away without any unusual incident happening in the little village. Phil was at the store every day listening to the local gossip and occasionally sketching a visitor that might show himself at the store. Once a stranger visited the store from the city, and Phil proceeded with his usual pastime of drawing. "Luck hyeah, yer Phil, and stop makin' a pictur of that gentleman. He's come hyeah to git help fur the fact'ry in thur city, an' yer better git yer a job with him," said the town authority on hearing the visitor's errand.

"Yes, sir," continued the newcomer, "I am here looking for some fellows to work in the factory at Norfolk. I will board you and pay you in addition five dollars a week." "Wal, that's purty good pay fur me, mister," replied Phil, "but I reck'n I'll stick it out hyeah er bit longer, suh, fur my ma wants me ter start schule next week." The truth was that Phil did not care to work as long as he could do without it. So he began attending the country "free" school, which was situated at the fork of a road about a mile from the village.

Everything went smoothly with Phil at first, but he soon fell into trouble with his favorite amusement. The teacher, a tall, lean, awkward fellow with a turned-up nose, chided him for his laziness at every opportunity, and Phil retaliated by drawing the comical figure of the teacher for the amusement of the other pupils.

"Phil Jarvis, bring that paper to me," said the teacher, when he saw that to be the source of much giggling among the scholars. The teacher saw to his amazement his own likeness, and sent Phil home for the rest of the session.

"Ma, I'm gittin' awful tired of thur way people do me hyeah. I cain't draw no pictur' excep' somebody got sumpthin' to say about hit, an' I'm gwine to thur city ter wuk fur that man in thur fact'ry where come hyeah after some fellers," said Phil when he reached home. "I reck'n I ken draw as much as I wanter there without nobody gittin' after me."

"Yer hain't heard the latest news I don't reck'n," said the town authority to the little group in front of the store the next day. "Wal, that loafer, Phil, lef' this mawning fur thur city to wuk in the fact'ry."

"I'm powful glad of it, fer my part, and hup he'll niver cum back to this town," replied another of the group.

"Now don't yer git yer head sot on it that he won't cum back," spoke the town authority again. "He ain't niver cumming to nuthin' as long's he keeps makin' picturs of people. He'll soon be back hyeah."

Phil worked well in the factory at first, but the town laziness soon came over him and the foreman was kept busy yelling at him to keep to his task. "Get to work there, you countryman. That box of hosiery has got to go off on this afternoon's boat. This ain't no place to kill time," said the foreman to him one day, as he spied Phil leaning lazily against a box and drawing the busy scene of the factory. Phil worked a few moments, waiting for the foreman to disappear behind the machinery, and then continued his drawing. "I thought I cud draw hyeah without nobody bothering me, an' it's wuss than down hum," he complained to himself.

Phil had been in the city two months, and had overcome the strangeness of city life which at first impresses a country boy, but he had not yet seen a fire engine, of which he had heard the group of idlers at the town store talk. He determined to see a fire at the first opportunity; "mebbe I ken git a chance to draw it," said he one night as he lay in his bed. Later in the night he

was awakened by a ringing of bells, and he jumped out of bed in time to see the fire engine dash by his window. He sprang into his clothes, and, putting his crayons in his pocket, ran down into the street to see the fire. It was in a dwelling on the corner and was well under way before the alarm was turned in. It made a beautiful sight as the blaze rose in the moonlit sky overlooking the snow-covered roofs of the adjoining structures. It had too much headway for the firemen to save the house, so they left the burning building to its doom and contented themselves by preventing the flames from spreading to the adjoining buildings.

All at once a child appeared at an upper window in the building, and a shriek was heard from a woman standing in the street. There was great excitement among the spectators as the woman rushed frantically to and fro shrieking for someone to save her child.

The gaze of the spectators soon changed from the woman to the window, for another person had appeared there with a rope. Phil, for the person was no other than he, quickly tied the rope to the window sill, and, grasping the child in his left arm, let himself to the ground.

"I don't know who the fellow was," said a big policeman, in answer to a question addressed to him. "He passed through the crowd in that direction," he continued, indicating the direction with his club. "I want you to help me find him then," said the inquirer, "for it was my child he saved."

The two searchers presently came across Phil, who was resting against a sign-post and sketching the beautiful scene. "That's the fellow, sir," said the policeman, as he caught sight of Phil's red hair.

"Wal, I reck'n I'll take thur money fer savin' thur child to send ter ma, but I don't reck'n I'll sell thur pic-

tur' I've drawn," said Phil, in answer to the artist, for such was the stranger.

"I'll pay you well for it," replied the artist, realizing its value, "for this is a beautiful scene you have drawn. I'll give you regular employment at fine wages, sir, if you can draw me any more such scenes."

"No, suh, I reck'n I'll keep my pictur'; an' I'm wurkin' fur thur fact'ry anyhow," replied Phil.

The artist, seeing the natural talent for drawing that Phil possessed, was persistent in his efforts to employ him, and gave him the address of his office. But Phil, satisfied with his present work, failed to look the artist up.

The foreman of the factory still had to remind Phil to stop his loafing and get to work. He had threatened to discharge him several times, but Phil had no disposition to tire himself with work. One day he stopped an important job to sketch a small kinky-haired negro, whom he saw playing in front of the factory, and the next day, he found himself in the big city without a job.

Tired of work he decided to return home, and so carry out the prediction of the town authority that he would come to nothing and soon be back. He walked down the street with a bundle of clothes under his arm, watching the great number of people passing him, for he thought he would never get another chance to live in the city. "I'd like ter git a job like that feller's got," he said, as he stared at a passing U. S. sailor. "I like them clo'es he's got on." Upon further thought he decided to overtake the sailor and make some inquiry as to how he could secure such a job. "Mister, yer reck'n I ken git a job like you got?" asked Phil, when he had overtaken him. "Well, kid, if you come along with me, I'll show you how you can get in the service," replied the sailor, who was on his way to the recruiting station.

So Phil, attracted by the sailor's uniform, as all coun-

try boys are, soon found himself in a similar outfit. Thus he was changed from a green country boy to a full-fledged sailor, and was sent aboard the Brooklyn in a squad of recruits.

The war with Spain broke out and was soon followed by Dewey's victory over the Spanish fleet at Manila. The other Spanish fleet, after having been reported seen in several places, was finally located in the harbor of Santiago, and a blockade of the harbor was immediately begun by the American squadron under Schley, and afterwards vigorously maintained by his superior, Sampson.

The squadron lay motionless in the hot broiling sun day after day, waiting patiently for the enemy to appear. The men began to get weary of their long inactivity, and murmurings were heard to escape from the less patient. "I wish them d—— Spaniards would cum out, if they are cumming, an' give us sumpthin' to do. We'll all be cooked and dried if ye stay hyeah much longer," muttered a tar from the South, voicing the general sentiment.

But the inactivity failed to tax Phil's patience in the least. He had found at last the place which suited him. He lounged around in the shade, in a slouchy, slip-shod fashion, devoting his seeming abundance of time partly to sleep and partly to his favorite task of sketching the line of warships lying in a crescent around the mouth of the harbor. He had been reminded several times of his easy-going and careless manner by the officer of the deck, and often received the jeers of his brother sailors for his unconcerned attitude. "Say, there, kid, why doncher wake up and wash yerself. This ain't no Harvard University yer come to," said a Yankee tar, as he saw Phil sketch another sailor who was snoring with his mouth open. "Here we're expectin' er fight with those d—— cut throats in thur harbor any moment, an' yer get roun'

like an old 'oman and like somebody unconsigned 'bout it."

Days seemed like weeks to the men getting no recreation and having no amusement to help the time pass pleasantly. They crowded together in whatever shade they could find to protect themselves from the intense heat, waiting for something to happen. Phil had managed to escape the officer of the deck's notice during the past few days. It was Sunday morning, July 3rd, and the men were drawn up in line for the regular Sunday morning duties of the chaplain. The inspecting officer's eyes glanced along the white line of seeming statutes, not men, until his eyes rested on Phil, who had failed to make his person appear as neatly as the others. He was ordered below for the rest of the day, and was warned that he would be confined for a week at the repetition of such negligence.

"If thur Spanish cum out, I ken cum up and make a pictur' of thur battle, cain't I, suh?" asked Phil, innocently addressing the officer. The officer made no reply but waved him below.

The ships looked like great white rocks rising from the bottom of the ocean and overlooking the dancing waves. The turrets, with the long black guns peering from them, appeared to be impenetrable fortresses. The morning was hazy hot, and no other sound than the gentle lashing of the waves against the sides of the ships broke the almost solemn stillness. But a hush generally comes before a storm, and a deathlike silence pervades the ranks of the soldiers before entering a great battle.

A small, curling ring of smoke was seen to rise above the bend of the harbor, and increase in volume. The sky above the harbor was soon filled with immense volumes of smoke pouring from the hot funnels of the Spanish ships in their mad dash for the open ocean. A shot from one of the blockading vessels broke the stillness

of the hot morning, and a signal was run up announcing the coming of the enemy's ships. The men who had a few moments before stood in line like a row of white statues now broke into several small squads, hurrying to reach their well-known posts of duty. The battle was a beautiful and inspiring sight, and one to be forever remembered by the participants. The air was filled with flying projectiles and bursting shells. The great ships quivered like leaves from the vibration of their mighty guns which were belching forth at regular intervals. Above the din of the battle were heard the cries and oaths of the wounded and dying Spaniards, mingled with the shouts and hurrahs of the victors.

Phil, on hearing the first gun, rushed up on deck and fixed himself comfortably beside a turret of the Brooklyn. No one in the excitement which followed the announcement of the coming of the enemy's ships took notice of him in his crouching position. The battle which seemed to the men to have lasted several hours, lasted in reality less than thirty minutes. All the Spanish ships, with the exception of the Christobal Colon, had either been sunk or beached. That ship proved to be fleetier than the other Spanish vessels and succeeded in getting beyond the firing line. The Brooklyn and the Oregon immediately gave chase and soon forced her to lower her colors.

It was while in pursuit of the Colon that an officer, accompanied by a war correspondent, approached Phil who was still in his crouching position against the turret. "I certainly wish I had been able to paint a description of this battle," said the war correspondent to the officer. "It was a magnificent sight. My paper would give me a life-time job and add several thousand to my salary if I could send them such a scene." "It was a great battle and one to be remembered," replied the officer, intently watching the fleeing Spanish ship.

The officer soon caught sight of Phil holding a paper in his hand and immediately addressed him. "Sir, this is no place nor time for you to be up here in that lazy position while the other fellows are hard at work. Get to work and be quick about it." Phil rose from his position in response to the officer's order, and proceeded to go below when he was stopped by the correspondent who had been eyeing the paper in Phil's hand.

"Sir, will you let me take a look at that paper?" asked the correspondent. On looking at it he gave a low ejaculation and strode up beside the officer. "Officer, I made a remark to you a few moments ago that I wished I had been able to paint a picture of this battle, and here it is before our very eyes. Yes, there is even the sinking of the torpedo boats, a description of the whole fight. My, it is great. Boy, this will bring you a fortune and place you in history," continued the correspondent. "Let me have it for my paper, and I will see that you are well paid for it." "Wal, no, suh, I reck'n I'll keep my pictur'," replied Phil, at first, but influenced by the officer's entreaty, he finally consented to let the correspondent have it.

Several weeks passed before any mail was received aboard the Brooklyn. The men gathered around the mail pouch eager to see an account of the battle as given in their home papers. Their eagerness was soon appeased, for one of the sailors received a New York paper giving a full account and a complete story of the long and weary blockade. But what attracted the most attention of the sailors on opening the paper was a long article in large type on "The Boy Artist of the U. S. S. Brooklyn," and a glowing description of the scene that was sketched from the artist's own observation. "A rare work of art that only a genius could have wrought," read a sailor to the large group around him.

"Well, hav' yer heard of thur luck that lazy, red-

headed kid fell in with?" asked the Yankee tar, talking to a crowd of sailors at the evening mess. "Well, he painted a pictur' of thur fight we had with thur Spanish devils, an' a corryspndent sent it ter his paper, an' all thur papers had long articles 'bout it, an' said it was er great pictur', an' give er long 'count of thur red-headed kid. He got nuff money for it ter take keer of his ma an' hissself for thur rest of their life here on 'arth. If that ain't luck for thur red-headed kid, I don't want ter know what luck is."

LIFE

BY F. W. OBARR

*Early morn, and mist along the shore,
The waves are still, and quiet the beach;
A craft from off the watery reach
Safely lands its load and turns to moor.*

*Solitary, thinking stands the man,
His whence there is no man can guess,
His whither vague and known still less,
Mist crowned verdant hills possess his scan.*

*Looking, silent, back across the waste
Of waters whence he came, he leaves
Their damps, nor stops too long: But grieves,
Afterwards, that he was then in haste.*

*Following thence up some gorge's stream—
One hill base turned, and lost the sound
Of morning's sea: To face around
Seems full easy, proves a dream.*

*Struggling, falling, climbing, rest and strife,
Still gaining headway up the steep;
And lying down at noon to sleep,
Waking beyond the sea—and this is life.*

ON THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE

BY SAUL

I woke one bright Saturday morning in December with the hunting fever in my blood. The thought of unprepared lessons for Monday morning was soon dissipated by a glimpse of the sunshine outside, so I hurried through my breakfast, cleaned my shotgun, and set out for my Uncle Tom Warren's shop to borrow his bicycle. I knew he would lend it to me if it were not in use, but usually it was the plaything of the small boys that hung about the public square of the little town in which we lived. Several times when I had seen them returning it with a broken spoke or a punctured tire I had said, "Uncle Tom, these boys will ruin your wheel if you don't stop them from playing with it." "Well, Oscar," he would say, "I had a mighty hard time when I was a boy and if these little fellows can have any pleasure out of my bicycle they're welcome. It don't cost much to mend it and I love to see them have their fun." That remark indicated the character of the man. Everybody seemed to love him and he was usually called "Cousin Tom" by his more intimate friends. Besides, my father and my brothers there was no man whom I ever loved as I did him and his attitude towards me was always that of a kindly indulgent father, because his children, seven in number, were all girls, and he seemed to think that he was entitled to adopt at least one of my father's four sons. Then, too, he was the kind of man that a young fellow could love. He was even-tempered, fond of a joke, and if he had a sad moment or a discouraging mishap during the day no one would ever guess it. He was full six feet, weighed about a hundred and eighty, and his fifty years had not traced a wrinkle on his clean-shaven face nor scarcely silvered his light brown hair.

The smoke of the smithy only enhanced the gleam of his white teeth and the twinkle of his merry blue eyes.

He looked up from the grimy ledger where he was posting his accounts, anticipated my business and loaned me the wheel before I had asked for it.

"I'll throw you down for that gun," he said jokingly. I was as tall as he, but I smiled to think how ridiculous my one hundred and forty pounds of boyish composition would look gripped in those big white arms that had swung a blacksmith's hammer for above thirty years.

"How are your collections this year," I asked. "Pretty fair," he said, looking down at his book musingly, and I wondered if he were not then thinking of the poor health of his frail little wife and of his house full of girls who were to be reared and educated.

He tapped the page before him with his pencil and said, "Son, here is a man whom I always dread to do business with. Nothing ever pleases him." I read the name, William Hastings. "We were born on the same day, our mothers were friends, and we went to the same school together, and yet he is always unpleasant when he comes into my shop."

"Boss, do you want er new glass in de winder ob dis heah ole buss?" interrupted Bill, the negro helper.

"Yes, Bill, put one in right away."

"But dey ain't none heah dat'l fit."

"Well, I'll get one directly."

The hard-packed road slid smoothly under the wheel that morning and in less than an hour I had coaxed old Uncle Pete Henderson away from his corn-sheller and we were banging away at a covey of quail that had been reared about the old orchard. One bird dropped by the rail fence that ran along by the roadside and as I picked it up I heard the sound of hoofs and looked up in time to see Bill Hastings ride past on a fine bay mare. He nodded to me and I leaned on the fence and watched him

till he was out of sight. He was a large, powerful man, sat a horse well, and by the pucker in his coat, near the right hip, I guessed that he still carried a pistol. There were many rumors to the effect that he secretly sided with the Yankees during the Civil War and that more than once he, though then but a boy in his teens, had been suspected of leading a band of bushwhackers. It was a fact that he had shot and killed his stepfather, Bob Murphy, and also that he provoked a quarrel with Jim Carter and shot him. Carter recovered, however, and the two men were then carrying pistols with a view to a final settlement.

After dinner I stood for a moment in the road irresolute and then decided not to return to Pelham by the same road I had come, but to ride three miles further on and go back through the village of Appleby, where our family had formerly lived.

As I neared Appleby I met Arch Carr, an old negro who knew me well, but it struck me as being strange that he did not smile as I approached. He motioned for me to stop. As I dismounted he threw up his hands and said hoarsely: "Fo' Gawd's sake, Mister Oscar, ain't you heerd de news? Bill Hastings done shot yo Uncle Tom."

"Oh! no, Arch, you're mistaken," I said. "Nobody would ever shoot a man like that. It must be somebody else."

"No, Mister Oscar, I wish to Gawd it wuz. I's jes' cum frum de store where dey wuz er telephoning about it."

A sickness came over me that I had never felt before. Something akin to the fever of a leopard that has lapped his first human blood. The cord that held my shotgun cut into my shoulder as I bent over my wheel, but I was glad because it was the gun. I thought of my shells and groaned because they were not loaded with buckshot. There is in my mind a dim recollection of pedestrians

scrambling out of my way and teamsters jerking their beasts aside and staring at me as I shoved that wheel madly along the seven miles that separated me from him whose hands were red with my own blood.

My father was standing on the public square, evidently waiting for my coming. He put his hand on my arm but did not speak for some time. At best he was a man of few words and I had learned to understand his silent moments. Finally he said, "Your mamma wants to see you, son." Mother was always the medium of communication between us in matters of more than usual importance. She was a brave woman and when I entered the room she dried her eyes, and there in the dusk of the evening with only the flickering firelight gleaming in the room we sat close together and she put her arm across my shoulders and told me of the bitter tragedy.

Hastings went to the shop in the morning and asked for Uncle Tom and they told him that he had gone to the drug store across the street for a pane of glass. He walked over to the store and met my uncle just as he stepped out on the sidewalk. Before he had time to speak Hastings shook a piece of paper in his face and began cursing him, saying that the account was unfair. Uncle Tom walked quietly up to him and laying his hand upon his shoulder, said: "Bill, this is too small a matter for us to quarrel about. Come over to my shop after a while and we'll talk it over." He then turned to walk away, and had gone about three or four steps when Hastings drew a pistol and shot him twice in the back. Thomas Warren was then aroused; he dropped the glass and as quick as lightning picked up a stone that was lying in the street and hurled it at his enemy's head. The stone grazed his cheek, merely cutting a small gash. Then seeing his failure he rushed upon Hastings and endeavored to wrench the pistol from him, but his wounds had made him weak and the fiend pushed him

back and emptied the three remaining bullets into his staggering form. As his friends caught him and eased him down he said, "Tell wife and the babies good-bye. This dirty dog shot me for nothing."

"He struck me first," said Hastings, as the crowd gathered around him.

"You're a liar," shouted John Benson, the constable, waving his pistol excitedly in Hastings' face. "You stole that man's life, you coward."

"Don't let 'em mob me," he pleaded weakly as they hurried him off to the jail.

I left home just at dark and walked down the street to where a light shone feebly through the undertaker's window. There in the rear room with all blood traces removed and neatly clothed in white close-fitting undergarments was the fine massive mold of him who only a few hours before had sent me away, as he always did, with a happy heart, little dreaming that that talk together was to be our last. Standing there in that room in the presence of him I had so tenderly loved, the timid, shrinking boyish spirit in me seemed to turn to flint and with a headlong determination I threw myself upon the thought that Bill Hastings must die for his crime.

Slowly back to Uncle Tom's home I went, wishing in some way to comfort Auntie and the children, but having no word fit to be uttered. The awfulness of my purpose dawned first upon me when they told me that when little curly-headed Gertie first heard of the murder she dropped on her knees there in the yard where she was playing and prayed, "Oh! God, please forgive the man that killed my papa."

This fear was not for long, however, for the idea once conceived grew apace and the warning toll of the church bell on the burial day and the last religious rites over the

dead were all forgotten whenever I saw the silent gloomy jail where he was kept.

Just what course to pursue was the burden of my thoughts. Perhaps I might gain admission to the jail and then —; no, not a defenseless man and he in jail. Again, why not let the law take its course? Alas, the law in that county had hanged but two out of a score of murderers in thirty-five years and, strange to say, they were hanged on circumstantial evidence. Also, Hastings had money, a thing which so often impedes the slow-going gait of justice. Everybody, that is everybody except Hastings' two lawyers, said that he ought to be executed, and yet no one believed that the law would ever hang him. Other men than myself grew impatient and several suggested to my father that if he so desired there might be found a more potent remedy than the leaden-edged legal procedure. To which father replied, "I have been a law-abiding man all my life and I expect to remain so. Let the law take its course." The idea which was heinous to my father was a lovely thing to me, and I argued myself into the conviction that the law was merely the servant of the people, created to do certain things, and that if the law failed to do what it was made for the people had a right to do work independent of it. During the next three weeks I remained at my uncle's, and in that time our family in some way contracted smallpox and were obliged to remain under quarantine. My father, who had the disease, was fumigated and allowed to remain away from home to attend to his business. Being thus removed from the immediate influence of home and seeing daily the grief of the bereaved family, my purpose grew rather than weakened and I spent my spare moments talking with certain friends and practising with a pistol.

Slowly but surely we counted our numbers until we found our enterprise would carry by a great majority.

On a certain night the hardware stores would furnish arms and ammunition to all who needed them. There was a race track just half a mile from town on a small unused road where the men on horseback might assemble without attracting any serious attention. The court house bell would ring at midnight and a long procession would ride in a quiet, orderly manner to the jail, thence to a tall telegraph pole on the south side of the public square. There was to be no drinking if it could be checked and no mutilation of the body. Just an orderly quiet execution.

The only thing necessary now was a leader. I was quite willing, nay eager, to take the position, but I knew that men in a serious undertaking want a leader whose mettle has been tried. The leader was found the day before the appointed time and his fitness was endorsed by the fact of his prominence in a certain fraternal order. The night came and after supper I told Auntie and my cousins good-bye as though I were just going down town for a while. Annie, however, who was near to my own age and my favorite, seemed to know what was in my thoughts, for she held me there in the hall for a long while with her little white hands clasped behind my head. She did not say anything, perhaps 'twas because she knew my headstrong temperament too well, but sometimes now when tempted to do evil I seem to feel again her warm tears falling on my hands and the sweet angel-kiss that she gave me before I left her.

The night was clear and cold and the moon shone cheerily down on the almost deserted streets; everywhere a stillness almost sacred seemed to reign. It was not long, however, before the faraway echoes of hoofs on the turnpikes made me thrill with excitement. Two hours only remained until the time for action, when a tall, broad-shouldered young planter called me aside for a consultation. "Oscar," said he, "I came here this morn-

ing with a crowd of fellows from my part of the county to do the same job you are going to do and we have been here all day watching the trial, but there's one thing in the way."

"Oh, I know what you mean, Smith," I said, impatiently. "You are talking about Jim Walker, but we can't wait on him. He's too sick to know what's going on and besides there won't be any noise to speak of."

"You see though, Oscar," he argued, "he's the sheriff's brother and lying right there in the jail building sick with fever and if he should die folks would always say we were responsible and you don't know how much noise that crowd might make."

"But if we don't get Hastings now, they'll move him."

"No, Sheriff Walker has heard today about this business and he promised me on his word of honor that if we would put it off till his brother is strong enough to be moved that he would not take Hastings away, and," he continued, "my fellows are willing to put the matter off for a while."

This was a bitter disappointment but his opinion prevailed, and the word went around that sent the quiet groups of men galloping back along over the frosty roads.

Hardly was my interview over with Smith when I walked up the street again only to meet my father in company with Dr. Andrews, the city health officer, who informed me that I had been exposed to smallpox and must be put under quarantine. I argued, I rebelled, but he was firm and gave me my choice between being quarantined at home and being sent to the pest house. My father spoke a few quiet words of reproof to me and I went home.

For the want of an agitator the lynching did not occur and when after some weeks I came out from my confinement purple-spotted and pitted with the marks of the

disease, the people had recovered somewhat from their first shock and the opportunity for an illegal execution of Hastings had passed forever.

He did not hang, but is now in the penitentiary serving a term that his allotted years will never be able to fill and for my part, I am today as far from wishing to have a hand in his execution as any man who lives. Would you know why? It is because there fell across my life the light that one time blinded the eyes of a certain Saul as he journeyed to Damascus. 'Twas a warm spring Sunday afternoon when in the company of some of my friends who loved me and who knew the shadow in my life I went to a religious service in the jail. There upon that old stone floor we knelt to pray, the murderer on one side and I on the other, and when I left there that afternoon hatred and revenge had departed from me.

Who knows but that a kindly guardian angel once stretched out a gentle hand and drew me back from the edge of a fearful precipice?

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

BY C.

*To love: we know that that is sweet,
And to be loved is a sweeter sweet;
But it takes both sweet and sweeter sweet
To make the sweetest love complete.*

JAMES ARNOLD'S BLUNDER

BY C. M. CAMPBELL, JR.

Outside all the earth was covered with winter's mantle of white. For three days the snow had been falling at intervals, and it was useless to try to keep the streets and sidewalks clear of the fine powdery flakes. Charlotte was snowbound, her streets were almost deserted save for the "busses" and street hacks. Only a few pedestrians, of the masculine sex entirely, had ventured out. Of course the small boy was there, he always is, and his shrill cries relieved the city of some of its depressing silence.

James Arnold sat in his room at the Buford gazing on the almost deserted street below. He had just arrived in the city on a belated train from the North and found that it was impossible for him to leave Charlotte that day. He regarded the scenes below him with interest. He had been to Charlotte many times before, but that was in the years that had passed. He remembered when he used to pass through on his way to Chapel Hill, where he graduated with the highest honors. Immediately after graduating he had accepted a position as assistant chemist for the Pennsylvania Iron and Coal Co. Five years had passed since he had been to his native State. These five years had brought success to him; he was now chemist for his company.

He had intended to spend Christmas at his old home in L—, but the rush of business had kept him at his post. Now the middle of January saw him in Charlotte on his way home. Home? What memories were stirred by that word! He had been born and reared in the little town of L—. His father and mother had died, leaving him an orphan at the tender age of five. Nevertheless, he had found a friend and kind of second mother in Mrs. Elsworth, a widow and life-long friend of his

mother. He loved Mrs. Elsworth with a son's love and grieved for her as a mother when she died during his senior year at college. He recalled all his young life spent in L—— as he sat before the window now dreaming; seeing, yet not seeing, the scenes before him.

In his heart there was a sad sweet memory of Mabel Long. He had always loved Mabel, it seemed to him. They went to school together as children, they were sweethearts when they were in their teens, and when they went off to school, he to Chapel Hill and she to G. F. C., their letters had brightened many a dark hour for them. But after the death of his foster mother James had suddenly ceased to hear from Mabel. At first he could not understand it, but after he went North word came to him through a classmate that Mabel Long had married a Mr. Spencer, from Ithaca, N. Y. So James thought his sweetheart's conduct was now explained, though he had never doubted her love for him.

He found relief from his sorrow in work, and, as he worked night and day, success was sure to be his. He had applied himself too closely and as a result he was threatened with a complete breakdown of health. Thus it was that he longed for the scenes and land of his youth, so he had decided to spend several months in the South, intending first to visit L——.

At that moment the Buford 'bus drove up with the passengers from No. 29 from New York. James arose to get a better view of the travelers, two ladies and six gentlemen. He decided to go to the lobby until supper time, so he strolled down to the office to learn the names of the late arrivals. The first name caused him to start, turn pale and then red, "Mrs. M. L. Spencer, Ithaca, N. Y." Of course that was Mabel, who else could it be? She was probably on her way to L—— on a visit. What was he to do?

After thinking the matter over he decided to give his

former sweetheart a surprise. He sat down, wrote a few words and sent it to No. 48, Mrs. Spencer's room. "Will you see a life-long friend?" The boy came back and said the lady would "see the gentleman in the parlor at 8 o'clock." An hour to wait! He tried to read and failed. He attempted to write a letter to his company with the same result. How slowly do the moments pass when we are to see old friends!

Finally 7:50 came, so he went to the parlor. At last he heard the unmistakable rustle of a woman's dress. He arose as—but this was not Mabel! Mabel was not so tall as this supremely handsome woman. Besides, Mabel was a blonde, fair, dainty, and with eyes like two half-hidden blue violets. This woman was a brunette, raven hair and large, luminous, black eyes.

"Are you the gentleman who asked to see Mrs. Spencer?"

"I beg your pardon, but I was mistaken in the name," James finally managed to stammer. "I could explain but it would be of no use. I trust you do not think me rude or ungentlemanly. Here is my card, I am Mr. James Arnold, of the Pennsylvania Iron and Coal Co."

"O, yes, Mr. Arnold, I am glad to meet you. I have heard my husband speak of you. He is one of the directors of this company and he speaks very highly of your ability as a chemist. It is fortunate for me to meet you in this strange land of the South. I have been here before, though not for five or six years. Mr. Spencer and I were married in the South."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Spencer, but were you a Miss Mabel Long?"

"Yes, Mabel Long of Philadelphia. I am a daughter of Senator Long, of that State."

So he had made a mistake, a terrible mistake, and it had well nigh ruined his life. But where was Mabel, his Mabel? The old love broke forth with renewed

power and the strong man was almost swept from his feet with the mightiness of it. Sleep was impossible for him that night; so the silent hours of the morning saw James Arnold pacing his room with slow steps and flushed face. Where was his Mabel, the love of his youth, the idol of his young manhood? Only time could answer that question, so wait he must.

James was at the station early the next morning. The rush of the crowd and the incoming trains seemed to make the time pass more rapidly. He saw Mrs. Spencer on the train for Jacksonville, so there was nothing for him to do except to wait for his train to leave. At last his train was under way and the small towns looked familiar to him even in their covering of snow. Finally L—— came into view and it seemed his heart would almost burst with its tumultuous beatings. Here was the little station, the same as he had left it six years before. He went to the hotel, the only one in the little town, but the proprietors were strangers to him. What if all had changed?

After dinner he decided to see the home of Mabel, or what used to be her home. Did she still live there? That was the question of all questions to him. He approached the familiar place and thoughts of his youth came crowding thick and fast to his mind. It was a large two-story house built in the good old days before the war. The town had come and crowded it, but the yard was still spacious and shaded with sturdy oaks. As he approached the house he met Uncle Abe, Col. Long's former slave and still faithful servant.

"Howdy do, Uncle Abe."

"Evenin', sah."

"I see you don't recognize me, Uncle Abe. You doubtless remember James Arnold, do you not?"

"Dat I do, dat I do! An' powerful glad I is to see you,

Marse James. De colonel and Miss Mabel is to hum and will be s'prised to see you. Walk right in."

So Mabel was at home. He knocked at the door, trembling almost from head to foot. The door opened and Mabel herself stood there, a perfect picture of Southern womanhood. Yes, she was the same Mabel, older, 'tis true, but with her girlish beauty heightened by the full rounded beauty of womanhood.

"Mabel, don't you know me?" he finally managed to say. But Mabel simply extended her hand to him without speaking. He took it in both of his and then realized the height, breadth and depth of true love. They went into the old sitting room where they had spent so many happy hours.

"James, it is good to see you again."

"Mabel, let us have an understanding right now. Why did you not answer my last letter? I heard that you were married and that mistake was cleared up only last night. I'll tell you all about it later. Now, tell me all and let me be happy once more."

"You remember the last letter you wrote me, the one just after Mrs. Elsworth's death? Well, I was sick at the time and I soon developed typhoid fever. Once my life was almost despaired of, but a kind Providence pulled me through. I wrote you at Chapel Hill, not having heard of your going North, but the letter was sent back to me. I did not cease to hope that we should finally see each other again. It has been six years; six long years, James, but we have each other, and isn't that enough?"

"Enough, Mabel, what more could I desire? You are mine and I'll forget all the suffering and unhappiness I have undergone, happy that you are mine now and forever. Our marriage must be soon, Mabel; you needn't raise any objections. We will make ours the happiest home in the land, dear, and—

A LAST TOKEN

BY SAUL

*Dreaming of love,—love that may never be,
Waiting and hoping and yearning for thee,
Dark seems the future and yet I would see
Even the worst that is waiting for me.*

*Years have passed by since I first saw thy face
Lovely and pure in its sweet girlish grace.
High over all in my heart is its place—
Beautiful picture no time can erase.*

*Could you have loved me the days that were long
Gently had passed like a sweet vesper song,
Always my love for thee steadfast and strong
Softly had spoken when life had gone wrong.*

*Loving thee ever has caused me but pain,
Oft I'd forget thee but could not refrain,
One thought of thee stirred the fire in each vein,
One hope of thee made me helpless again.*

*Scorn me, I blame not, the fault is not thine,
Neither of loving thee is the fault mine;
Fair eyes and tender too—all I resign
Merely to send thee one last Valentine.*

A COUNTRY TRAGEDY

F. W. OBARR

The sun was down. And had you been swinging in the hammock on the north porch of the old farm-house, you could have seen two figures coming side by side, slowly up the lane, out of the meadow pasture from beyond the apple orchard. By their walk you know they are not brother and sister—then—lovers. They walk slower; by the third apple tree they stop. Breaking a twig of early apple blossoms from overhead, the young man, not unexpected, holds the hand that reaches to take them from him. Are apple blossoms heavy? that two hands are required to hold a few of them.

He said it from his country heart:

“Blanche, dearest, I love you . . . will you be mine? . . . always?”

“Ward, you know I love you, . . . but—”

“But what? Blanche?”

With face pale, but resolutely firm and upturned to her lover's in the twilight, Blanche Summers said:

“Ward Brandon, we were children together, but we are more than children now. I love you—have always loved you as you have me. But, you know my name is Blanche, it means white,—yes, and I am of the White Plague world—. Forgive me,—God's will is that dying I shall be Blanche Summers—”

And night's curtain fell on the first scene of “A Country Tragedy.”



S. B. UNDERWOOD, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 C. J. HARRELL, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE COLLEGE MAN AND THE COMMONWEALTH

Has the State a right to expect any extra service from the college man? The action of too many men of education would seem to indicate a negative answer to this question. They go out from college walls with trained minds, prepared to grasp readily the intricate problems of public affairs and then—sit down and fold their hands, leaving political matters to more practical men. This should not be. The college man has been endowed with peculiar privileges and qualifications. The State has a right to expect much of him. Whether in private life or public, there is a work for him to do.

It is not necessary to run for office or take some active part in the campaign in order to serve the commonwealth. It is necessary for him to be a Voice in his community, raised high and strong against civic unrighteousness in whatever form it may take. It is necessary for him to throw himself into the fight for good government and make his power and influence felt wherever he may be. Participation in politics, to a certain extent, is the duty of every man who loves his country; this is eminently true of college men. They have a work before them. As President Roosevelt said to Trinity students in his speech in Durham, "We must depend upon you men who have been given special facilities in

education to guide our people aright, so that they shall neither fall into the pit of folly nor into the pit of knavery.”

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

The ARCHIVE heartily endorses The Chronicle's editorial on the matter of advertising which occurred some time ago. Stripping the matter clear of all unnecessary verbiage and getting down to the naked truth of things, the merchants of Durham have been imposed on by some of the advertising schemes which have been inaugurated. From the various calendars, schedule cards, blotters, etc., they have received not a whit of benefit. The only worth of these publications lies in the money which they turn into the pockets of those who issue them. We would not deprive any student of any legitimate means of making money, but do not the majority of these advertising schemes come dangerously near getting something for nothing?

PLAY BALL!

Before another issue of the ARCHIVE reaches its readers the ball season will have begun. Already the fever is beginning to be felt and all who can swing a bat are on the field each afternoon, helping to make a team which will again carry the blue to victory. We believe that Trinity will have a strong aggregation of players which will well represent her. We have faith in them; let us show it by our hearty encouragement. It is *our* team which is being developed on the athletic field; let us make them see that we are behind them in all their efforts. Trinity has never had cause to be ashamed of her ball team; nor will she.

ARE YOU?

Are you a knocker? Is your voice raised against every enterprise in which men are putting forth earnest efforts for the good of the community? Do you criticise instead of trying to help? Can your influence be counted on to tear down rather than to build up? Do men look upon you as a quarter from which honest sympathy and encouragement never come?

Then, what good are you, anyway? Did you ever try boosting? Did you ever put your shoulder to the wheel and give a good, honest shove? Try this for a while and see which gives you the better feeling.

THE LIBRARY

Do you frequent the Library? If not, you are losing a rare opportunity for self-improvement. The man who stays at Trinity College a year and does not become familiar with some of the books and periodicals to be found there is not getting the highest good out of his college course. We have a library to be proud of. Appropriate it; make it your own. Your gain will be infinite.

"Copy all in."

To me that expresses everything—the end of the game. You know what it means, of course. At the end of so many weary, weary nights I have scrawled the words as the finale of toil and as the good-bye to my men. 'Copy all in'—and sleep! That is all—the last of life and then—the rest.—Erwin Avery.

*Literary Notes*

MARY REAMEY THOMAS, - - - - - MANAGER.

The most noteworthy of recent historical works is "The Federalist System," by Dr. John Spencer Bassett; this being the eleventh volume of "The American Nation," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph. D. In "The Federalist System" the author has to deal with the period between 1789 and 1801, the first years of our national life under the Constitution, filled as they were with many problems arising from our relation with other nations. Washington, Hamilton and Jefferson are the leading figures. Dr. Bassett has shown extraordinary ability in his analysis of the period and has succeeded in bringing it before the reader in such a manner that he can grasp it as a whole. Accordingly, it may be said, "Dr. Bassett's narrative has a distinct atmosphere—a quality as essential to sober history as to historical fiction, though not sought in the same way, and without which the record of past events would lose half its value."

We have in "The Life of James Anthony Froude," by Mr. Herbert Paul, a biography of importance and interest. A large amount of new material in regard to Froude and his career has been brought together and Mr. Paul's gifts as a writer have enabled him to present it in a delightfully entertaining form.

Mr. Stopford Brooke's study on "Ten Plays of Shakspeare" is not merely an annotation nor a commentary in

the usual sense of the term, but a very excellent interpretation. The author approaches his subject full of animation and enthusiasm and in each play is an analyst of Shakspeare's mood toward life, of his evolving character, and its ultimate revelation in the play. Mr. Brooke has made a charming treatment of the poetry of the dramas and much of the value of his criticism lies in the emphasis he places upon the art of Shakspeare. The individuality and insight with which Mr. Brooke treats his subject along with the charm and finish of his style renders this volume "eminently readable even to a jaded student of Shakspeare."

"Men and Things" is the title of the first volume of a series, constituting a sort of encyclopedia of humor which the Harpers will publish soon—with Mark Twain as titular compiler. Much of Mr. Clemens' own work will be included in the book.

Miss Ellen Glasgow has achieved a certain amount of distinction and success in her novels of recent years and this is especially true of "The Wheel of Life." This is the deepest and maturest work Miss Glasgow has yet done and has in it characters that live and romance vibrant with passion. The author has shown a firm grasp of the social tragedies and comedies, suggested by the titles of the four parts of the book: Impulse, Illusion, Disenchantment and Conciliation.

The Macmillan Company will issue immediately Tenyson's "In Memoriam," with the poet's own explanatory notes.

A recent copy of *The Independent* gives a fair estimate of "The Life of Charles Lamb," by E. V. Lucas. Never has more elaborate care been manifested in biography than under Mr. Lucas's most patient superintendence and competent companionship; he has welded together

autobiographical passages from Lamb's essays and letters in such a way as to show in every light the most fascinating and lovable figure in English literature. This is a book to receive in silent gratefulness with full appreciation of the author's labor and devotion too deep for words, to read and reread, to give and keep, a true companion and friend of all humors.

"Life of Reason" is the third volume of Professor Santayana and "contemplates the wide field of consciousness and applies thereto the principles laid down in the first volume." It is a remarkable achievement and its author has proven himself a poet, a man of letters, as well as a brilliant philosopher.

Announcement is made of a new novel by Tolstoy, soon to appear, dealing with the upheaval in Russia and called "The Building of the Tower."

April will bring from the Macmillan Company Owen Wister's latest novel, "Lady Baltimore." This new story is entirely different from "The Virginian." In it are seen mostly beautiful women, and the scenes are civilized, the action taking place in a historic city.



Editors Table

A. S. HOBGOOD, - - - - - MANAGER.

There are quite a number of short stories in the exchanges of last month and all, more or less, illustrate the fact that it is a very difficult matter to write a short story interestingly. In our opinion a short story should contain at least one climax and the interest should be sustained until this is reached. In most of the stories we have read the plot is evident from the beginning and the interest in what follows therefore lost.

Another very lamentable tendency among college fiction writers is by some strange coincidence of mental arrangement, to fall upon the same character of plot—the same distressing circumstances, the same unpardonable blunders, the same love affairs appear in each. Now human life is so full of passion and unfolds itself in so many peculiar and strange situations as to have no excuse for this. It is hardly necessary to call attention to the fact that love between boy and maiden is the trajedic point of interest in these narratives. And it would take the mechanical advantage of many pulleys to rob these amorous narratives of their favorite sentiment. We do not mean to lament this, but we do suggest if you intend to base your story on the baffling problem of love, that you treat it in a healthy and wholesome way.

Two stories,—“The Banker’s Blunder” in the Central Collegian, and “A Western Editor’s Experience” in the Southwestern University Magazine, — illustrate the above remarks. They fell in love, she had rivals, she

married the saint and escaped the villain,—this tells the story. Same plot (in the main), same character, same pleasing conclusion. The stories are well written and do credit to the writers, but cannot we hitch on to some other thread and lead the mind where it is unaccustomed to go?

The Southwestern, however, partly redeems itself by contributing to college journalism a most singular bit of narrative,—“Mr. Warner’s First Love,”—in which the characters fell in love and were actually engaged, but by mutual consent, owing to inadaptability, never married. How the writer ever got them so near and yet kept them apart is a paradox. This magazine also contains two thoughtful articles on “A Contrast of Poe and Lanier” and “The Guarantee of Individual Liberty in Written Documents,” which deserve our reading.

The table of contents of The Erskinian for January calls our attention to an array of subjects which are valuable additions to college journalism. Every department bears the impress of careful preparation. Most of the articles, however, are short, considering the fruitfulness of the themes treated. “They Hanged Their Harps Upon the Willows” is a fairly good oration for a prize aspirant. The soaring sound of the harp is heard through mighty ages and in the voices of heroic and kingly men. “The Value of a College Education,” “The Problem of the New South, or a Plea for the Country Boy,” and “The Condition of Achievement in Thorough Service,” are sound and worthy of our close attention.

We acknowledge the usual number of exchanges.



Wayside Wares

F. W. OBARR, - - - - - MANAGER.

A NATURE STORY

One boy,
 One peach
 In a tree
 Out of reach,—
 See him suffer!

One stick,
 One throw,
 Down it comes,—
 See him go,
 Little duffer!

One boy, one peach, one stick, one throw;
 . . . What's that! . . . A man! . . .
 . . . he spoils the plan,
 —Are natural elements of woe!

A SKETCH

BY R.

It was not a quarrel—no! Couldn't be, you see. She was a lady—all girls are ladies. He was a gentleman—a rarity. They were friends, and more . . . perhaps—. No, it wasn't a quarrel. Calmly, simply, sweetly, she said, "Go!" And without reflecting—how he prided his

knightliness!—he went. Yes, she said to go, that was enough; with the mein of a king of men he went, proudly, grandly, silently, surely and swiftly; nor did he stop till his fill was drunk from the mire under the mudsills of hell.

And she, long afterwards, mentally strolling one summer's eve along "the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire," was stopped by the echo of a strangely familiar voice. It was his voice. She heard it, faint from much echoing among clouds, but still clear, ringing: "God bless her!"

ECHOES FROM HOME

Charley: "Say, mamma, is Satan and the Devil the same?"

Mamma: "Yes, son, why?"

Charley: "Well, mamma, then I know where Satan lives."

Mamma: "Charley, you shouldn't talk so. Where do you think Satan lives?"

Charley: "Up where brother went to college; cause I heard papa say when brother went up there he went to the devil."

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., April, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to S. B. UNDERWOOD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to W. M. SMITH, Business Manager.



J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF NATHANIEL MACON

The following letters from Macon to Andrew Jackson are preserved in Macon's handwriting in the Jackson Manuscripts, which were donated to the Library of Congress by the children of the late Montgomery Blair, of Montgomery county, Maryland. They are now published, through the courtesy of the library authorities, because they help to complete the picture of the life of this influential North Carolinian.

J. S. BASSETT.

JACKSON MSS.

PHILA. 17th Jany., 1796.

Sir

I enclose you a copy of the report of the Committee Claims on your petition, and sincerely wished that it accorded more with my ideas of right. I attended the Committee while they had the petition under consideration, explained the nature of the claim and shewed the laws & resolutions under which it originated, together with a letter from the Treasurer of North Carolina on the subject, But to no purpose

Congress have not yet passed a single act this session, none of the Committees to whom important subjects were committed have reported, Every thing contained in the speech of the President is before some Committee, as well as a bankrupt system and plan for establishing offices for the sale of land in the territories of the United States, A motion has been made on the subject of a navigation act, and not yet acted on

You will see by the papers that a Robert Randall and Charles Whitney had an easy plan for obtaining land, however they were disappointed,

The last accounts from Europe are very vague and contradictory, It is I believe certain that General Jourdan has retreated, but every thing else is too uncertain to trouble with

I am sir

Yr most obt. Servt.

NATHL. MACON.

PHILADELPHIA 13 Feb 1800

Sir

I was last evening pleased with the reception of your very agreeable favor of the 9 ultimo, and will certainly give my aid towards establishing the post road you men-

tion, As you *recollect* well, you know that it is a general rule with me to vote for every post road that may be deemed useful, and I have no doubt, but that from Jonesborough will be very much so.

Believing that Mr. Claiborne gives you all the Congressional proceedings, you will excuse me from saying a word about them, especially when I tell you that scarcely anything has been done worth communicating; there is however one subject of the first importance, to which every true Republican ought early & seriously to turn his attention, I mean the election of President & Vice President, I am induced to mention this, because I have some reason to believe that your acquaintance Parker of Virginia has written to the govr of Tennessee on this subject, & not in the most favorable terms, of the man that is certainly best qualified to fill the office of President, in fact, he is not in favor of Mr. Jefferson, of whose character & talents it would be useless to praise, because they are known to all, I have mentioned this circumstance, to inform you of the industry of the men, who do not wish Mr. J. to be President. (I have not heard of the sentiments of your governor. You will consider this letter as confidential, because I am not at liberty to tell you how I got the information of Parkers having written, but of the fact I have no doubt.

I enclosed you some time past a pamphlet, have you received it. Believe me to be

Sir yrs sincerely and truly,

NATHL MACON.

WASHINGTON 12 Jan, 1801

Sir

I only write to let you know that I have not forgotten you, Claiborne who continues to deserve well of his country I know gives you all the information which this new city affords—I answered my former letters or at least

one of them; But on this point my friendship gets the better of your forgetfulness, you see I will not say neglect because I know you are incable [*sic*] of that.

Congress have passed an act this session which is to authorize the Delegate from the North Western Territory to receive pay & to frank letters, The house of Representatives have passed a bill to erect a Mausoleum, which is now in the Senate

A bill to alter the Judiciary system of the U. S. is now before the H— of R— It is nearly like the last that was before the H— at their last session. It is apprehended that the bill will pass—The treaty drags heavily on, & will not I expect be ratified without annexing some conditions, The Sen [*mutilated*] it is said have voted against the 2 & 3 articles but what they will do, when they come to the final vote is considered doubtful

Jefferson & Burr have an equal number of votes, & I incline to think that J. will be easily elected by the H. of R.

Remember me respectfully to all my old acquaintances, especially to those who lately removed from the District which I represent—I am

Sir yrs. truly & sincerely

NATHL MACON.

BUCK SPRINGS 26 August 1833

Sir

I have this minute received your letter of the 17,* instant, and answer it with all the friendly feelings with

*August 17 Jackson wrote to Macon from The Rip Raps, where he was then staying, discussing a letter from Macon to Carson, which letter was just before this published in a Norfolk, Virginia, paper. He wrote at length in defense of the proclamation against the Nullifiers, basing his communication on the friendship which had long subsisted between him and his venerable friend. The letter is preserved in draft in Jackson's own hand in the Jackson Manuscripts in the Library of Congress. The Carson to whom Macon wrote was doubtless Samuel P. Carson, of Pleasant Garden, N. C., who served in the National House of Representatives from December, 1825, till December, 1833. Later he moved to Arkansas, where he died in 1840.

which I believe it was written. Before I do this, permit me, to say, that I have no documents, having given all mine away, not even the proceedings of South Carolina relative to Nullification nor the proclamation

The governments of the United States and of the States are governments of opinion and not of force, this opinion was held when the Hartford convention was in session and has not changed and that a conquered State, was not in the Union nor could not be without an act of Congress to admit her; sovereign power cannot commit treason or rebellion or be subject to the laws relating to either; hence a State being sovereign to a certain extent, as well as the United States, cannot commit either; The people alone in our country possess unlimited sovereign power, and they delegate it to their governments as they please

Force applied to a State government, as well as I recollect is not hinted at in the Constitution of the United States, because she cannot commit treason or rebellion, It goes on the ground that every State will perform her duty. The case of South Carolina, was not like the insurrection in Pennsylvania, the people of South Carolina acted under State authority, and the people of Pennsylvania under no legal authority.

If South Carolina would not permit the laws of the United States to be enforced within her limits, she was out of the Union and ought to have been treated as a foreign power; The Union is a matter of choice and interest; without this it cannot be lasting, but if the federal government be justly and wisely managed, it will be as lasting as the Atlantic, the Allegany or Mississippi

No confederation or league can last long after the States which form it begin to fight, people are never satisfied by being beaten, and freemen whenever conquered, loose their energy and boldness

The history of Religion, proves that force cannot

change opinion, and in this country political opinion would be as difficult to change, as that of Religion: You will perceive that I do not approve the enforcing act, though I have not seen it, the contents have been stated to me, I take no newspaper, of course know but little of anything from home

Permit me to say, I have no recollection of the law you mention nor of my vote, though no doubt, is entertained, but that they are correctly and truly stated and it may be that both Mr. Jefferson and myself, may have done wrong, in the very hot times, in which we acted; I however never approved of construing the Constitution by precedent, and have constantly tho't, that every department of the government, had always the same right to construe it, as those had, who were before them and that each ought to correct the errors of the former, if any were made

Last wednesday for the first time, I heard, that my letter was published; I believe it was an answer, to one received, but I am become so forgetful, that I cannot say positively, since I quit public life, my rule has been only to acknowledge letters, except to one person

The ratifications of the Constitution by the States are all I believe different from each other; I do not recollect enough of them, to say much about them; but none of them, I imagine gave up the right to secede, and this right is the only one that can prevent bargaining legislation, whenever that shall become common liberty must be nearly gone If law could have controlled opinion Mr. Jefferson would never have been president.

That the Constitution of the United States must depend on opinion, the following facts will demonstrate, a few of the large States perhaps a half dozen, can put an end to it, by not passing laws to elect representatives or not passing them to elect electors of the President and

Vice President, and thirteen of the smallest, can do the same, by not electing Senators

Whenever a State becomes uneasy under federal legislation, the act which causes the uneasiness, ought to be reviewed with the greatest care, and if it contains the least injustice it ought to be altered. As far as I have heard, Virginia acted with great propriety and great dignity toward South Carolina, her doings no doubt had some good effect

I never wrote a letter, expecting it to be published, in one case, I was not so attentive as I might or ought to have been; to one received, in which a modest request was made for an answer to be published; the request escaped my observation. Perhaps it might not be amiss to say, that I never tho't General Washington had authority to issue his proclamation declaring the neutral situation of the country, that seemed to me, belonged to Congress

If it should ever happen, which God forbid, that the United States and a State be at war, the Constitution of the Union may [be] considered as gone, as dead, since 1824 I have tho't that by construction it had become almost unlimited; no one disapproves of the tariff more than I do; and my hope has been, that Congress knowing its unjust operation would relieve those who suffered; In truth since 1824 I have considered it dead and a new one made by construction. It has been my lot to differ in some things with every administration; but I hope never for the mere sake [of] opposition

The fame of the administration, which has paid the public debt and adjusted the claims of the people on foreign governments for wrongs done them, will be as lasting as the fame acquired by the battles of New Orleans, though it may have committed some errors in the opinion of a part of those who have generally and sincerely sup-

ported it, to err is common to man, and who knows, when men differ in opinion, which is right

Accept my best wishes for your health and happiness, and believe me to be very truly and sincerely your friend

NATH MACON.

N. B. On reading over this letter, I believe, I have made a mistake, in saying, that the legislatures of a few great States, could put an end to the federal government, by not passing laws to elect representatives, I now think that Congress may pass a law for that purpose but if the people of such States should refuse to elect, then the case would happen. N. M.

BUCK SPRINGS 25 September 1833

Sir

Your letter of the 2d instant* was received on the 20, and would have been answered sooner, but company prevented. I have read it and the documents enclosed over and over again, they have not changed my opinion as to the right of a State to secede, if this opinion be erroneous, it is of long standing and will probably go with me to the grave, that South Carolina ought to have pursued a different course, is never doubted, but her doings, cannot take away the right of other States, or destroy her own, The first convention of North Carolina rejected the Constitution, the legislature called a second, which ratified, she had the same right to have called a third and that might if it tho't proper have rejected it again; South Carolina could not have been in the Union under the operation of her acts, she would have been, what North Carolina was before she adopted the Constitution, a foreign power; The same feeling which caused North Carolina to adopt, would have operated on South

*For Jackson to Macon, Sept. 2. 1833, see Jackson Mss.; also Am. Hist. Rev. VII, 111.

Carolina not to leave the union: The word Union is a force more powerful than fleets and armies

Nine States, as well as I recollect, might have carried the federal constitution into operation, leaving four under the confederation, if they tho't proper, to continue under it, yet the confederation was not to be altered without the consent of every State, The union will not be weakened by the rights to secede, it is one that will not be abused because it cannot be the interest of one to abuse it, but if unjust legislation should force a State to secede, that would not be an abuse, but if a State should secede with or without cause, she can not get into it again by her own act

If a territory would not be a State, she could not be forced to be one, she could not be forced to be a member of the union as a State, without her consent, so that force cannot be used to bring a territory into the union or keep a State in it.

When the federal and the State governments differ, the people must decide, which they will obey, without being guilty of treason, without this they must commit it against one or the other, a horrid choice, whether to be hung by the sheriff or the marshall. A conquered country is at the mercy of the conquerer, no rights but what he pleases to give, The conquest of South Carolina would put her out of the union, and she would not be a Territory, with the right to come into it.

Permit me, to observe, that I have constantly tho't and often said, that the proclamation and nullification, ought to be laid by, as unfit for use in United States: to nullify and be in the union and to be conquered and be in the Union, seem to be impossible.

I never kept a copy, but of one letter I ever wrote, that was a private one, not connected with public affairs, of course I have no copy of the answer to Mr. Carson's letter, nor have I seen it in print, though I have

been told that it was in his circular to his constituents, it contained my opinion when wrote. In speaking of the proclamation, I mean that part which relates to States rights

The opinion, that a State cannot secede, seems to me, like the old British doctrine, once a subject always a subject, and that a conquered State would not be unlike Ireland; one of the most excellent and happy parts of our form of government is that either State or individual may leave it, when they please, our double governments cannot be kept together by force, if they can the condition of unhappy Ireland must be the fate of a conquered State

I live 12 miles from Warrenton, I mention this, to account for the delay in the receipt of your letters, and scarcely ever go or send there, You will perceive that I have endeavored not to repeat the contents of my former letter. I do not yet recollect enough of the Massachusetts case, to say a word about it

That your life may be as happy and contented as it has been prosperous and brilliant is the sincere wish of sir

Your friend and Hble Servt

NATH MACON*

*Indorsed in Jackson's handwriting: "It is evidence of weakness—his votes and speeches in 1808 and '9 in support of the laws to enforce the embargo, he voted for the *bloody bill* then—it is treason to resist the laws by force—it is treason to secede—preserve this for history.—A. J."

AT TRINITY*

*The roses nowhere bloom so white
As at Trinity;
The sunshine nowhere shines so bright
As at Trinity.
The birds nowhere sing quite so sweet,
And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,
For heaven and earth both seem to meet
Down at Trinity.*

*The days are never quite so long
As at Trinity,
Nor quite so filled with happy song
As at Trinity.
And when my time has come to die,
Just take me back and let me lie
Close where the boys go yelling by
Down at Trinity.*

*There nowhere is a spot so fair
As at Trinity,
So full of songs, so free of care
As at Trinity.
And I believe that Happy land
The Lord's prepared for mortal man
Is built something like the plan
Of good old Trinity.*

*This poem by Dr. B. R. Payne, of the University of Virginia, was read at the second annual dinner of the Trinity College Alumni Association of New York on the evening of March 3.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOX

BY W. S. LOCKHART

On the outskirts of the village of Linton, in one of the Southern States, there was a fine old mansion called Fairview. It had been built long "before the war," and had been the home of a man who owned all the present site of the village. After the war the old plantation had been cut up and sold. The village of Linton was built on part of the estate, and the great house had finally been sold to a man from a city near by, a Mr. Henry Downing, who was not very well known to the villagers. Some said he was a lawyer; others that he was a gambler. Two things, however, were certainly known; he had money and he avoided all intercourse with the people of the village. This last fact alone was enough to arouse suspicion in a community where every man knew all his neighbor did, but in addition, Mr. Downing came and went without warning, generally bringing his wife, a handsome society woman, with him. He usually came on a night train and left in the same way. Sometimes he stayed a week; sometimes two weeks; at other times he only stayed a day or two. He had never been known to come in the winter, and during this time the house remained closed, and seemed all the more mysterious to the inhabitants of Linton.

There was another circumstance, too, that furnished food for active imaginations. Aunt Patsy Brown, a strange, half-crazy old negress, who lived in a tumbled down cabin on a rocky hill not far from the mansion, never failed to visit the Downings when they came to Linton. Horrible stories were told of Aunt Patsy. Two young orphan children who were heirs to a large estate, mysteriously disappeared and it was said that she had made way with them. She always carried a willow basket, and it was said that she took the babes home

in this basket and burned them up in the large old fashioned fireplace in her cabin.

Some of the inhabitants of Linton said that Aunt Patsy was a harmless, half-witted old negress who attended to her own affairs, and let those of other people alone, and that the Downings were well-mannered, respectable people who came to the country sometimes to rest, and were not concerned about the people of the village. This, however, was not the general view, and as time went on neither the old negress nor the Downings gained in the estimation of the Linton public.

One cold night in January, William Stone, the constable of Linton, commonly called Buck Stone, bustled into Adam Horner's grocery store and shook the snow noisily from his rubber coat. It was late and all the usual customers had gone except Jeremiah Perkins, the justice of the peace of Linton, who had waited to discuss in private with the village merchant an unusual item of news—the Downings had arrived the night before, and it was now the dead of winter. Such a thing had never happened before; they had always come in the summer; surely they must be bent on some evil.

"Hello, Buck," said the two worthies, as the constable entered, "what's the news now?"

"News a plenty," said Buck, "and a nation of a cold night, too."

"Where you been, Buck?" said the justice.

"O, I've been about and about," said Buck. "But say," and his voice dropped to a low cautious tone, "what d'you reckon? That there young doctor Thornton's been over there (pointing toward the mansion) off and on all day, and so has Aunt Patsy."

"Well, what d'you make o' that?" said the grocer.

"D'you ever know so many people o' that kind to get together for any good?" said Buck. "That there doc-

tor'll do anything for money, and I know what I believe."

There was an air of mystery about the constable that made his hearers keep silent, their eyes wide open with expectation. After chewing his tobacco for a few seconds, he continued:

"I've been knockin' about, and as I come along just now, I seed that there old Patsy goin' on towards her cabin with her old basket on her arm and there was a little longish box in it and she was tryin' to cover it with her shawl. Now what d'you reckon was in that box?"

"By gravy, Buck," said the justice, "d'you reckon it could a been——?"

Here there was a pause in which the constable looked on in triumph as the grocer and the justice exchanged significant glances.

"Shore it could," said the constable, "what they comin' out here with that woman in the winter time for and what's that rascal of a doctor doin' there and what's old Patsy goin' away from there with that there curious box for? Tell me that, please!"

"I seed Dr. Thornton this evenin'," said the grocer, "and he said old man Downin' had indigestion."

"Yes," said the constable with a sneer, "that's mighty likely; I reckon you believe it, do you?"

"What's old Pat going to do with it, you reckon?" inquired the justice, after a pause, going back to the contents of the box.

"Why, burn it up shore," said the constable, "just like she's always done. Don't you 'spose she's burnt 'em before in that same old chimbley?"

"Do you reckon there was a baby in that box," said the grocer, dropping his voice almost to a whisper.

"Well, now, nobody can't exactly tell, but I'd be willin' to bet my last dollar there was," said the constable; "and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go with one of you,

and we'll watch old Pat through the chinks of her cabin. 'Taint been more than half an hour since I seed her goin' home. I met somebody out there in the path and I flashed my lantern in her face and it was old Patsy with her basket on her arm, and that there box I spoke of stickin' out of it. When she seed me she pulled her shawl over the box and tried to hide it. If we go now we can see what she does with it."

The grocer had to sleep in his store and it was decided that the justice and the constable should go. They put on their rubber coats, tied on their leggings and went out into the thickly falling snow. When they got to the path that turned from the main highway towards Aunt Patsy's cabin, they put out the lantern and went on in the darkness. As they approached the cabin, they could see the light shining through the chinks where the clay had fallen from between the logs. They saw at once that there would be ample opportunity to see what the old negress was doing.

"Look here, Buck," said the justice, "I don't much like this way of spyin' out what a person's doin' in his own house."

"I don't neither, Jerry," said the constable, "but you see the law's bein' broke, and me and you's officers, and it's our duty to see that the law's enforced, you know, and it ain't wuth while to back out now. The snow will fill up our tracks in five minutes, and it can't do nobody no harm."

"All right, then," said the justice.

So they crept up to a large chink and peered through. There sat Aunt Patsy before a big, roaring log fire. A large gray cat looked at the blazing logs and wiped its face with its fore paws in an attempt to shield itself from the heat. The room was lighted only by the fire, and most objects in it were dim and showed themselves to the two men in shadowy outlines. As they watched, Aunt

Patsy seized the poker and gave the logs a turn. They blazed up high, and the room became quite light. Eagerly the men looked. Yes, sure enough, there was the old willow basket on the bed in the corner with the small oblong box protruding from it. Would they see what was in it?

When she was done poking the fire, the old negress settled herself again in her chair. The cat jumped into her lap and curled himself up for a nap. Then the men heard a low, wailing sound in the room. The old woman was crooning in a weird, mournful voice which might in the long ago have been the death song of an enemy. She swayed her body backward and forward, keeping time with the song. One by one the logs burned in two and left a great bed of glowing coals in the fireplace. Gradually the wailing died away and all was silent in the hut.

"Buck," whispered the justice, "let's go. I'm freezin'."

"Be quiet," said the constable, "she's going to put it in that bed of coals directly. You just wait; there, she's fixin' it now!"

Sure enough, Aunt Patsy had arisen and was raking in the coals with a great shovel. The sparks flew up the chimney in showers and the heat was so great that the old woman had to protect her face with her bonnet. When she had made a large hole in the coals, she set the shovel down, walked towards the bed, and took the box from the basket. Carefully she uncovered it and went back to the fire.

"Now, Jerry, look, look, there it is!" whispered the constable, trembling with excitement.

Aunt Patsy took hold of the bottom of the box with one hand, and with the other holding the mantel, she leaned over the fire and emptied into the glowing coals some large potatoes to roast for her supper.

MARSE JACK*

*Who wakes me in the early morn,
 When heavy eyes and spirit worn
 Cry out in pain, "Alack! Alack!"
 'Tis one whose voice deep and loud
 Might rend the death done sleeper's shroud,
 The college bell, Marse Jack, Marse Jack.*

*For, when slumber holds the eyes,
 And duty's tasks and rules defies,
 And fills me with rebellion black,
 Its never failing strokes ring out,
 In calm disdain of slumber's flout,
 I yawn, but rise, Marse Jack, Marse Jack.*

*Like splendid chords that upward roll,
 From soul of man to God's own soul,
 And from God's soul are echoed back—
 Strong and honest, true and clear,
 Loyal, tender, brave, and dear—
 Are thy full tones, good Marse Jack.*

*O'er park and streets, o'er busy mart,
 O'er crowded hive where soul and art
 Are lost in endless click and clack,
 Thy constant notes float strong and true,
 No compromise, no fancy new,
 Can change their tones, Marse Jack, Marse Jack.*

*Some time ago two gentlemen connected with Trinity College were speaking about the bell on the tower of the Washington Duke Building. They agreed that as other bells had names which grew out of popular affection—as "Big Ben" in London—so the Trinity bell ought to have a name; and one of them suggested "Marse Jack" as appropriate. Later, one of the gentlemen wrote the above lines.

*When stands the full moon overhead,
And silence through the town is spread,
From college tower to black-lipped stack,
Twelve warning notes cry, "Off! To sleep!"
I wait, I plead, till strong and deep,
One stroke breaks out; then up I leap,
For trusty vigil doth he keep,
My nightly comrade, Jack, Marse Jack.*

*When down I lay my worn-out head,
To sleep the sweet sleep of the dead,
Ring thou my requiem, dear Marse Jack;
And through the years, as oft of yore,
When night has spread its silence o'er
The earth, my soul will wait once more
Thy faithful voice, Marse Jack, Marse Jack.*

THE SALVATION OF EDWARD THURMAN

BY STEPHEN J. STEPHENS

Edward Thurman was one of the best newspaper men that ever struck the keys of a typewriter. Starting as a printer's devil in a small shop, he had gone through the whole long, inky process of development and had become a thoroughly equipped practical printer. But he had latent talents for outside work, reporting and editorial writing, which were developed on the small papers on which he found employment. Here one man had frequently to combine the qualifications of news-gatherer, editor and printer; so he came at last to be a master of every detail of the business. He had worked on the staff of some of the greatest papers of America. In 1896, he went with one of the presidential candidates on his journey across the country, reporting the tour for the Philadelphia *Press*.

But he had those faults which are the bane of so many journalists, a propensity for roving and a love of strong drink. He was never content to keep one position long, going from place to place, and thus never rising to the point which would have been his if he had stuck to one paper and worked up. Then too, occasionally he would let his thirst get the upper hand, and go off on a long spree. Several good positions had been lost on this account. That is how I finally came to know him.

Ordinarily, he was a strong-minded, manly fellow and strove hard against the demon within him. For the sake of his wife, who loved him with a passion that was both wifely and maternal in its nature, he tried long and hard to let drink alone, but one failure after another brought him to the point which was the very verge of despair, both for himself and for the woman who was so dear to him. It seemed impossible to quit, he became more and more a slave; long periods of abstinence and hard work

were followed by recourse to the thing which had him in its deadly grasp, until at last he was in danger of losing his standing in his profession; in fact, it was already very much lowered.

Urged on by his wife, who was determined to save him from himself, he decided to go to some quiet Southern city, where his nerves would not be wrought on by the rush of metropolitan life, and try to build for himself a new being.

About this time the *Roanoke Beacon*, on which I was cub reporter and general office man, was in need of some one to take the position of news editor, made vacant by the death of Johnson, who had held the place for years. By advertising, Mr. Mayo (we called him the Old Man), the editor and manager, got in touch with Thurman, and as a result he was installed in the office, at a comparatively small salary, it is true, but with a chance to lead the life he had been seeking.

The *Beacon* was not a large paper. A town of 25,000 inhabitants does not afford that, but still it was the leader in that section of the state. Every morning for ten years it had carried the news to eight thousand readers or more, and was regarded as a strong journal. Its force consisted of the Old Man, his son, who was advertising and circulation manager, Thurman, who was virtually responsible for the get up of the paper, Williams, who was to assist him, and myself, the lowest in the scale.

Thurman did well from the start. He threw himself into his work with a vim, soon got the hang of things, and won for himself a place in the Old Man's esteem, and in the regard of the whole force. He was very handsome, clever, a thoroughly likable fellow; he put his metropolitan ideas into practice, and made the most readable paper the town had ever seen. He had the "scent" for news which had come to him through long years of expe-

rience. It soon became a tradition in the office that Thurman always knew what was going to happen, from a marriage to a cyclone, and was sure to be on hand to report it. All the time he let liquor alone, and seemed on the way to success at last. The battle seemed to be won and he and the little woman who watched over him with such solicitous love were on the road to perfect happiness. They had a small house on the edge of town, where they lived their quiet life and faced the future with smiling faces. His wife was the idol of all the young fellows in the town; I, especially, liked to go to their house to spend a quiet Sabbath afternoon in pleasant talk and song. They seemed to take a fancy to me, and little by little began to confide in me until I finally knew all the story of their life. And I found myself involuntarily praying that the brave woman might succeed in the task she had set before herself.

But the victory was not yet won. After a long sleep, the demon began to reassert itself. There came a time when Thurman's restless, roving, flashing eye, flushed cheeks and hot, dry hands showed that the devil was rising up in him. He went about his work as one in a dream. Often as he sat at his desk, I would see him clinch his hands until the nails almost cut into the flesh. His eyes would roll, his lips would move convulsively and I knew that a terrible struggle was going on in his soul. No one noticed it but his wife and me. Her anxiety was pitiful in the extreme. She began to walk with him in the afternoon when he came down to go to his work—I knew it was to bring him safely past the club house, where the flowing bowl and a set of so-called jolly good fellows were waiting to entice him. I can never forget the pleading, agonized look in her eyes, large with unshed tears, as she left him with her pure kiss at the office door, not knowing what might befall him before his return from work at two or three in the morning. I was

watching the conflict which was going on and hoping with all my soul that she might give him strength to resist.

Finally there came a night when Thurman was on the very brink of the precipice. He had been out at about ten to gather some few items of news. When he returned, there was a wild sparkle in his eye, and as he stopped at my desk there was the suspicion of a stagger in his gait. He leaned over me to inspect a proof, and I could have sworn that the poison was in his breath. When I ventured to remonstrate with him, he cursed me for the first time in all our experience, and told me thickly to mind my own business. He finished the night in some kind of fashion and went home to reopen the old wound in his trustful wife's heart.

The Old Man noticed his condition this time, but set his teeth hard and said nothing. A total abstainer himself, he abominated a drunkard.

Then there came a night when Thurman seemed destined to bring ruin upon himself and the paper as well. Mr. Mayo had gone north on a business trip, leaving him in charge. Williams was taken sick, and the burden all fell upon Thurman and me. There was an unusual rush of live news matter, and we had been working at high pressure for two days in order to get the paper out promptly each time. Finally, one Saturday night as I was pounding away at my machine, busily writing an account of an enthusiastic meeting of the county cotton growers' association that afternoon, and mentally almost cursing Thurman for being out so late on such a night, the door opened and he staggered in, his hat set rakishly upon the back of his head, and a half-smoked cigar hanging loosely in the corner of his mouth. With a drunken ejaculation, he set himself in his revolving chair, threw his feet upon the desk and began to sing a snatch from a comic opera, while I alternately groaned and cursed at

the luck. Downstairs the presses were throbbing and clanking away, printing the first side; above the roar I could hear the steady click of the linotypes and just then the red-headed "devil" appeared, yelling for "copy." I gave him all I had and then went over and shook Thurman; he gazed at me stupidly and burst out into insane laughter. I saw at once that there was absolutely no hope of getting any work out of him. I was alone in the office; the night was rapidly passing and the paper yet only half provided for. It seemed inevitable that for the first time in years the *Beacon* would fail to be on the streets at sunrise. I would do well to get it out by noon, to say nothing of the next issue.

Mrs. Thurman had been anxious about her husband all day, and in a few minutes she called me up over the telephone and asked if he was all right. I could not deceive her; I told her the truth, bitter as it was. I could catch the tremor of a suppressed sob in her voice as she said that she would come to the office at once. I sent her a cab and she was soon on the scene.

Here she came to my aid and revealed another side of her qualities which made me a stauncher friend than ever. She led her husband to the inner office, where he soon sank upon the lounge in a drunken stupor. Then she came back, saying that she would help me get out the paper. Before marrying Thurman, she had been a reporter on the *Philadelphia Record* (a fact which she had never mentioned before) and was well able to take his place. She displayed a ready skill which amazed me. Seating herself at Thurman's typewriter, she took his notes and began work, writing several important articles of a news nature, and one or two ringing editorials on local topics. As the night wore on, she showed herself a most valuable assistant; we worked hard and rapidly and when she started for home in a cab with her husband, at four o'clock in the morning, the last forms were

on the press. And there had not been a better issue in many a day than appeared that morning.

The mechanical force of the *Beacon* still speak of the time when "the editor's wife got out the paper."

Thurman came down to the office the following afternoon with a look of shame and dejection on his face. As he entered the door with bowed head and eyes downcast, the anger and impatience which I had felt against him gave place to sorrow, and I longed to help him get on his feet again. His wife was not with him, but he knew and I knew that she was at home praying with all her woman's heart that he might stand. There was no danger that he would drink that day. He went about his work silently; neither of us alluded to the incidents of the night before.

This escapade came near costing Thurman his place on the paper, but the Old Man, influenced mainly by his admiration of the courageous little woman who stood so bravely by her husband, allowed him to remain, with a warning that he would be immediately discharged on a repetition of the offense.

I do not know what kept Thurman sober for the next two years. Certain I am, that not a drop passed his lips during all that time. The wonderful love and trust of the woman who had given her all to him must have steadied him as he walked daily along the edge of the precipice.

He fought many a battle during those two years. There were times when I could see that the beast was fighting stubbornly and was near getting the upper hand. Heaven only knows the terrific struggle that went on in that man's soul. He kept on his desk a photograph of his wife, on which was written these words, "Having done all, to *stand*;" often I have seen him trembling from head to foot, shaken by the titanic forces at war within him, look at that picture and those words and be-

come as calm as any man, and go about his work with a new strength which seemed to come from the gentle eyes looking at him from the desk. All the time he did his work so conscientiously that he rapidly gained favor with the Old Man, and soon became his chief dependence. But the end was not yet.

The first week in April, '99, was a busy one in the *Beacon* office. Williams had been called to Florida by the death of his mother, leaving us a man short. There had not been such a rush of news in years. The operatives of the big hosiery mills of the city were out on strike and deeds of violence were almost hourly occurrences; an exciting political campaign was on and it filled columns daily; added to this, there were three large fires during the week. All this kept us at a high tension; we had to be constantly "on the jump" with almost no time for rest and sleep. The strain was terrible. In all my newspaper experience I have never had a harder week.

The climax came on Friday. About three o'clock in the afternoon the Old Man and I were alone in the office. He was just getting ready to attend an important meeting of political leaders at which his presence was imperative. It was expected to last late into the night. Thurman had not yet come down; having worked for forty-eight hours with almost no sleep, he was not to report for duty till four o'clock. Just then we received a telegram from the chief of police of Belton, a town thirty miles distant, which read as follows:

"Most sensational suicide in years here today. Wife of prominent physician. Send member of staff.

"WALTERS."

Here was a matter which must be "covered." Thurman would have to go, since my presence in the office was necessary, and the Old Man could not leave town. Calling Thurman's number on the phone, Mr. Mayo told his

wife, who answered the call, to explain the situation to him and ask him to leave at once, then hurried to his own appointment. The last train left in ten minutes. It would be impossible for Thurman to get up and dress in time to get to the depot, but the train stopped for water within a block of his house and he could board it there. There would be no time to lose, however.

I was left in charge of the office, and busied myself with the work of three men. It required every minute of my time to furnish copy for the machines downstairs.

At eight o'clock the Old Man had not yet returned. Just then the telephone rang and I received a message which nearly took my breath. The steward of the men's club said to me: "Your man Thurman is up here dead drunk, been here ever since two o'clock. He's been sound asleep for several hours. What shall we do with him?" I phoned his wife at three and she said keep him until she phoned us again. Since then, I've heard nothing from her and can't get her number now.

Here was a situation which I did not know how to meet. An important "scoop" thirty miles away, and the man sent to cover it dead drunk at the club. What was to be done? Just as I hung up the receiver, the Old Man walked in. I sat in silence for a minute, and then decided that the only thing to do was to explain the whole situation to him, as much as I hated to do it. Just as I reached this decision, another surprise came. The messenger boy entered with a telegram. I opened it and read this:

"BELTON, 7:30.

"Hold two columns for my story. Big scoop.

"THURMAN."

"Good!" said the Old Man, who was reading over my shoulder. "With what we have, that will just fill our first page."

I could not unravel the puzzle; it was a mystery to me how one man could be in two places at the same time, but I determined to say nothing until I could get a chance to slip up to the club and investigate matters. Could it be that there was another man there so like Thurman that the steward had made a mistake? But the old man had gone again, and the "devil" was yelling for "copy." For some time I had no chance to think of anything, but kept steadily at work, trying to keep the machines supplied. The Old Man soon came in again with a column or two for me to write up while he wrote editorials. When that was finished, Thurman's story began to come over the wires. I had to abandon everything and receive and edit that. It was an important piece of news. The affair turned out to be no suicide at all, but a most brutal murder. The doctor had killed his wife by strychnine poison and attempted to cover his crime by the suicide story. The authorities had believed him until our correspondent had arrived on the scene and, by a clever ruse, forced the doctor to confess his fiendish act. It was one of the most sensational things in the history of that section—but you can get the whole account from the files of the *Beacon*.

I did not have a minute's breathing time until the paper was off the press and the Old Man had gone home to bed. The steward's strange story had been crowded out of mind until now by the swift succession of events. I had just put on my hat and coat and was starting for the club when the boy came in with a telegram addressed to me personally. It said:

"Meet me at depot. Morning train. THURMAN."

The message had been delayed; glancing at my watch, I saw that it lacked but five minutes until train time. I got to the depot just as the train rolled in. A solitary-passenger descended the steps. In the early dawn I re-

cognized the form of Mrs. Thurman. The minute I laid eyes on her, the whole mystery of the night began to be explained, and as we walked up the street she told me the story. She had just received the steward's message when ours came. She saw at once that her husband could not go and this meant the losing of his position, and disgrace. A daring project flashed into her mind; she determined to go herself and fill her husband's place. There was no time to debate the question, it was even then time for the train; she might save her husband's honor and his position. There was not even time to phone the steward at the club again, time for nothing but to catch that train. She did not stop to consider the danger and all the unpleasant circumstances involved, she thought of nothing but the task her quick mind had conceived. She locked the house and went bravely to the train. None but a one time newspaper woman could have thought of such a plan. But she had been through many thrilling experiences in her earlier years, which prepared her for this great emergency. And she loved her husband.

For an account of her strange adventures in which she found out things that had been totally unknown to the town authorities and would have remained so but for her advent, I again refer you to the files of the *Beacon*. However, they appear there as the doings of a man.

Arriving at the club, we found poor Thurman just returning to consciousness and took him home. I went along to try to be of some service to them and to try to comfort the brave heart which was bleeding so. The cool air soon revived him, and by the time we had reached the house, he was keenly alive to the enormity of his fall. As a sense of it all rushed upon him he broke down and cried like a child while his wife stroked his hair and crooned over him as a mother over her child.

I draw the veil over that sacred scene. I left them alone and went to my home and the sleep that I so much needed.

When I saw Thurman again, he walked into the office with a firm step that was new to him. We were alone; he took my hand and said with a flash of the eye that had not been there before, and with a ring in his voice that I had never heard: "As God hears me, I have taken my last drop of liquor." And I believed him, although I had heard him make pledges before.

To this day they still speak in the *Beacon* office of Thurman's great scoop. I saw to it that the true state of affairs should not be revealed. I was determined that such a sacrifice should not come to naught.

THE GIRLS

BY F. W. OBARR

*Hear the learning of the girls—
 College girls!
 What a weight of erudition each flying tongue unfurls!
 How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
 In the wisest ways of woman!
 While the boys that ever flatter
 All around them seem to scatter
 Wit that at its best is common;
 Keeping pace, pace, pace,
 With a sort of rustic grace,
 To the huzzlefuzzlebuzzle that so very sweetly swirls
 From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
 Girls, girls, girls—
 From the clattering and the chattering of the girls.*

*Hear the fairy summer girls,
 Loving girls!
 What a worth of heaven held as human pearls!
 When one meets them in the eve
 How one almost hates to leave!
 For the flowing of the words—
 And all in love,
 When there's no one else disturbs—
 Seems to lift the heart into the region of the birds
 Far above!
 Oh, within those pleasant places,
 What a view of love is seen on upturned faces!
 Oh, the girls!
 Oh, the churls
 Deep in love! All their worlds
 Gleaming in the eyes of the girls
 In the leaning, with its meaning,
 Of the girls, girls, girls,
 Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
 Girls, girls, girls—
 In the wiling and the smiling of the girls.*

*Hear the faithful factory girls,
 Working girls!
 What a tale of toiling where the flying spindle whirls!
 In the falling dusk or dark
 How they file out past their mark!
 Too much wearied now to speak
 Seem to be too weak—weak,
 Breaking down—
 To be playfully enjoying all the joys that should be joined
 In these forms of God's fair creatures from which woman-
 hood is coined;
 Struggling on, and on, and on,
 As a night toward its dawn,
 Always slow, slower dragging,
 Out—out thus always lagging
 Toward the houses they call home.
 Oh, the girls, girls, girls,
 What a truth each face outhurls
 Of poor care!
 How they suffer, need, and want!
 What a sight those faces gaunt
 Give of wasted human home flowers fair!
 Yet the heart quite fully knows
 With this soiling
 In this toiling
 Some great danger breeds and grows;
 Yet the heart blood backward curls
 Into steeping
 From its leaping
 From the coming danger from its whirls,
 From the coming and the whirling of this danger of these
 girls,
 Of these girls,
 Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
 Girls, girls, girls—
 From the using and the bruising of these girls!*

THE GOAL OF SOCIETY

BY HOY TAYLOR

The primitive savage that roams through the forest with his bow and arrows or paddles along the river in his bark canoe has little regard for the ultimate welfare of his race. He usually seems to be more or less attached to the members of his own tribe, but a rival tribesman is regarded as an enemy and is liable to be scalped at the first opportunity. But even in his tribal relations, the motive for his conduct is self-protection. The necessity for aid in the chase or in battle makes it practically impossible for a single individual to subsist alone, so each person becomes a member of a community simply for the individual benefit to be derived from such a relation.

But as civilization advances, the organization of society is more extended, local clans and tribes are replaced by states and nations. Written laws take the place of mere custom. But the same old idea of individual safety still holds the chief place. A mutual fear between man and man stands back of all law; all men are afraid of all other men, so together they make agreements as to rules of conduct, and the same motive that secures their adoption is still necessary to insure their enforcement. The knowledge that harm will probably come in the form of punishment for a breach of the common contract holds each individual in his place. Having once understood this, we do not any longer wonder at the imperfection of existing laws and at the evasive and half-submissive way in which they are carried out. We have long since learned that what is done through fear of punishment is never done well.

But laws, no matter how complete or how thoroughly enforced, can never solve all the problems of society. The principles that allow themselves to be tied up in legal terms will not apply under all conditions. There

is a nobler instinct or intuition, which, if left free, would work out a higher order of things, but which loses its essence if reduced to such forms as we are capable of using. Since the characteristic of our age is the attempt to remedy all evils by enacting laws, we necessarily find many serious defects in our present state of society. We are forced to admit that we of the present have moved up some from the more primitive states, but we often prefer to think that we have now about reached the summit of human attainment and that there is not much beyond us worth striving after, and indulging in these reflections, we are often willing to stand idly by while things take their own course. But when we begin to study the actual conditions before us, it soon becomes evident that the above view is very erroneous. To be sure, when we compare the present with the crudest past that we know about, we seem to have made enormous strides in the way of progress, but when we again compare the present with the ideals of a perfect state of society, we seem hardly to have passed the starting point, and when we further consider that our present ideals are probably far inferior to the ideals existing in a more highly developed society, we are almost overwhelmed by the enormous extent of the task that confronts us.

The chief defect of the present state of society as it appears to us is the great inequality of natural conditions between different individuals. And, strange to say, we are often inclined to pass this by unnoticed; but in our more serious moments it looms up darkly before us. It is an enormous scale of which we may get some conception by considering these types of men. First, there is the man who always has success in his undertakings. Circumstances have always favored him. Nature gave him a strong mind and an evenly balanced temperament. His early surroundings were such as to wake up his higher faculties and enable him to appre-

ciate the finer things of life. Indeed, it seems that all the forces around him pushed him on, forcing him to develop until at last he began to get larger visions of truth and now he stands towering above the mass of people that make up the world. We know that we cannot see and feel as he does, so we stand apart and admire him.

But now let us turn our attention to a second type of men. These we find in every walk of life. We recognize them by a certain restlessness that always characterizes them. They are always looking forward to better things and trying to take a place higher in life. They recognize that they are only half way living and they know that only a slight advance would put them in touch with a broader life. They strive desperately, but they are not able to make progress. One is a little eccentric in his manners; another did not receive proper training during the plastic stage of his mind; and still another has some physical defect. One would think that the forces of the world have conspired to throw hinderances in their way. Try as they may, they never get any nearer the goal of their desires. We have only sympathy and a desire to extend a helping hand.

A third and last type that we wish to call attention to is the great throng of illiterates and unfortunates that make up the lower grades of life. We find them in the factory, on the farm, and too often among cultured society people. We recognize them by a lack of expression of the face, or by a silly word or action. They see no significance in life. They get no vision of the realm of mental speculation to entice them on. They have no higher emotion stirring them to greater activity. They are never conscious of having accomplished something worth while. In childhood they are crushed beneath the burden of ignorance and incessant toil. There is no variety to feed the inborn germs of progress. The ambi-

tion is strangled in infancy and the supply of energy is wasted in the daily drudgery. They are human beings, but they have not the capacity of appreciating the better part of life. But we cannot think of them except as having originally possessed possibilities of higher things, which might have been developed if only circumstances had favored them. This blindness is the supreme tragedy of the world, and calls forth the pity of all knowing minds.

But these pictures only convince us that society is still at a relatively low stage. Our ideas of harmony and justice will not allow us to think for a moment that this great disparity of the grades of life, extending from the jabbering idiot, the ragged beggar, and the despised convict on one hand to the intellectual giant, the luxury loving millionaire, and the power absorbing monarch on the other, represents any sort of climax of human development. "Equality, equality, they cry, when there is no equality." There is chiefly a struggle for individual supremacy. Our moral obligations to our fellows are usually forgotten in the attempt to make a step forward.

But we are persuaded that present conditions are not to be considered as the ultimate result of the process of life. We stand a step higher than the generations that have gone before us, but cycle after cycle must yet go by before the highest stage is reached. We represent only a single stage in the grand process of development, and nature has so arranged it that we cannot stay the march of progress. We must up and onward or else give place to a fitter species. Old customs must be discarded and new standards must be erected. And we believe that the signs of the times at the present indicate the beginning of an important transition. Heretofore the struggle has been between individuals, but the future development of society must be worked out on the basis of the common good. The bond of fraternal feeling, and a

vital interest in the welfare of every individual must replace the old narrow selfish idea that has so long been uppermost. The process is slow and the way is long and tedious, yet we confidently look forward to a time when all laws will be forgotten and when no man will fear injustice at the hands of other men. In that good time, there will be no beggar, and no prodigal, no convict and no king, no authority except the unobstructed order of the individual mind; but each individual order will spontaneously conform to the universal order, so that the struggle of one will be the struggle of all, and the triumph of one will be the triumph of all. This is no mere idle dream, but a picture of a vivid reality. It is the goal toward which we are striving. But the fact that we, as individuals, never attain the highest ends that we strive after does not discourage us, for the particular goal of each individual is to become a part of this grand process.

NO LETTING DOWN

BY KATHERINE HERRING

*"Let there be no letting down,"
Are the words we often hear,
"Keep directly to the point,"
Spur us on throughout the year.
Voices, dear, of college days
Help us to the goal,
Lest we falter by the way
When we've left thy fold.*

*May there be no letting down
When our work we take,
May we keep up to the point
And ever wide awake.
For life is dark, the future gray,
And good is found through ill;
May we then the echo hear
Though the voice be still.*

*Let there be no letting down
When duty calls us forth,
To serve, to wait and ever love—
What more in life's of worth?
Voices, dear, may strength be thine
To reawake the deadened soul,
In life to know the greater truths,
In God to know the whole.*

GUSTAV FRENSSSEN'S JOERN UHL

BY ELIZA RICHARDS BROWN

Comparatively few of us are acquainted with Gustav Frenssen, the Lutheran pastor of Dithmarschen, whose book entitled "Joern Uhl" has within the last few years awakened such intense interest among, and appealed so profoundly to, the German people.

A German novel, the sale of which reaches two hundred thousand copies, is something unheard of. Yet "Joern Uhl" has attained such popularity.

The scene of the story is the picturesque northern part of Germany, with its valleys and hills and stretches of sandy wastes. The story is of a farm in this region, the owner of which, Klaus Uhl, with his mocking laugh and reckless manner, is a typical village bon-vivant who cannot tear himself away from his jolly companions at the tavern, even while his wife is dying. The older sons follow in the footsteps of their father, while the younger son, Joern, becomes the protector of his baby sister. He gives up his eager desire for knowledge, leaves school and remains on the farm as a laborer. Here, during his youth, he bears the responsibility of one far beyond his years, and toils incessantly, receiving only taunts and jeers from his father and brothers. When the war between the French and the Germans breaks out, he joins the army, and during the long struggle serves his country faithfully. Soon after his return home, his father meets with an accident which cuts short his ill-spent life. As the farm is very heavily mortgaged, Joern undertakes to save it. And so for years he saves and economizes, losing all thought of everything but his determination to pay the debt. But misfortune follows misfortune, and just as he finds that he must give up the struggle and let "the Uhl" go, the whole place is destroyed by fire. After this Joern lives with his uncle, and is happy

in his freedom from care. He eventually marries his boyhood sweetheart, and the book closes with a touching scene of peaceful joy.

About Joern Uhl centers most of the action. He is a delicate soul, born out of place among the crude, boisterous, brawling peasant folk. Unlike the people around him, he is not content with their easy-going, careless life; his soul craves higher and better things, things which he has no way of procuring. In him Frenssen has given us the story of a "deep and strong man," who, through peace and war, sorrow and travail, after years of weariness and hardship, works out for himself a triumphant salvation, the joy of a peaceful life, and in the end, reaches the belief "*Zutrauen haben: das ist alles*"—that to have faith is everything, faith in ultimate good and righteousness and mercy.

Of the many minor characters, one of the most striking is Fiete Krey, a companion of Joern. He is of a very inquiring and enterprising mind, even when a child we see him digging up the spring to see if money is buried there. When he becomes a man he goes to America and settles on a farm out West. His quaint stories and remarkable adventures add greatly to the interest of the book.

Thiess Thiessen, Joern's uncle, is one in whom childish simplicity is joined with the experience of a man. He has always longed to travel and, being denied this, amuses himself by decorating the walls of his rooms with maps of his imaginary journeys. And yet, how pitiable he is when he goes to Hamburg to look for Elsbe Uhl, who has run away with her sweetheart! The little old man wanders up and down the streets of the big city, gazes at the houses around him, and wonders what is within. His utter helplessness, his inability to conform to the ways of the city, his homesickness, his futile search for the missing girl, are all well told.

Wieten Penn, Joern's nurse, is a true type of peasant simplicity. Her firm belief in and recital of the old folk stories lend an added charm to the book.

To call "Joern Uhl" great from a literary standpoint would be an exaggeration. The book possesses very little unity, it is a series of pictures of the various events of a man's struggle through life. Frenssen has told the tale leisurely, with a wealth of details, introducing numerous characters which have little, if anything, to do with the ultimate development of the plot. And yet, we feel that what he has written has been a part of his life, he has given us no imagined stage with creatures of the imagination for actors; he has put his own experience into the story. We are sure that he has seen the places he so vividly describes, that he has known the people whose lives he depicts.

The style of the book is severely simple, and is especially suitable for the theme. Herein lies the essential excellence and strength of the work. It is a simple story, told in a simple, sane way. There are no modern tricks and turns, every word and form is "pregnant with the association with the Germanic past."

TO EMMA

BY H. E. SPENCE

[Translated from the German of Schiller]

*Far off in the fog-gray distance
Lies my happiness long gone,
T'ward one bright star in existence,
Looks of love still linger on,
Like the star's resplendent light,
But a glimmer of the night.*

*Although slumber did suppress you,
Though death chilled your eyes with mist,
Yet my grief would still possess you,
For my heart you'd still exist;
Yet you live for light above
And you live not for my love.*

*Can Love's longings, passion-darted,
Emma, can they transient be?
What is gone and long departed,
Emma, can that true love be?
Can its flame's glow die away
Like the joy of earthly day?*



S. B. UNDERWOOD, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
 C. J. HARRELL, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

NO MORE THESES

Since early in the fall there has been considerable talk around the College in regard to abolishing graduating theses and orations. What is the use in overshadowing one's last days in college by such a piece of drudgery? And does the product in most cases come up to what should be expected of a college graduate?

While we are of the opinion that after a student has been in college for four years he should have gathered zeal enough to wish to take some subject that means most to him and work it out in the form of a well-balanced thesis or oration, experience has shown that the sufficient zeal in many cases is lacking. When the sleepy spring weather sets in and baseball agitation is at its highest, most of us are prone to put off this task until a more convenient day. As a result time slips by a little more rapidly than expected, and most students, in the nick of time, patch together a few dry facts or perhaps a few sentences of "hot air," and hand them in to the faculty as their graduating theses or orations, drawing a long breath and feeling that a world has been lifted off their shoulders. So, in reality, many "theses," so-called, rank very much in the same category with high school "compositions," and are of no value to the student whatever—save as an excuse for unprepared recitations for weeks before commencement.

In view of these facts at a recent meeting the faculty, in response to a request from the Senior class, decided to abolish this requirement for graduation. In our opinion their action is a wise one. We see no reason why we should hold on to a time-honored custom when the soul of it has been lost and only the body remaineth. The inauguration of this movement will be remembered long as one of the most notable acts of the class of 1906.

This action, however, does not affect those who wish to contest for a place among the class representatives at commencement. It is encouraging to note that a good number have handed in their subjects and are at work on their orations. And no doubt they will do better work when their action is voluntary, and they do not feel that they have to.

H.

A VICTIM OF THE PRESS

Again we realize that newspaper reports are not to be relied upon. When we read an account of the address delivered by Dr. MacArthur at a church in New York, we could not believe that a man so cultured and thoughtful could be the exponent of such views. It is very unfortunate that a report so false should have been circulated. How many fall victim before the unscrupulous press! Trinity extends to Dr. MacArthur a warm welcome, and looks forward to his coming with great expectancy.

H.

THE FEDERALIST SYSTEM

The ARCHIVE notes with pleasure the pleasing reception which is being accorded Dr. Bassett's new book, *The Federalist System*. The editor's selection of Dr. Bassett for the writing of this volume was a distinct compliment to a man who is rapidly coming to be regarded

as one of the ablest and most accurate historians of the country. His work is an important contribution to historical literature.

OUR SUCCESSORS

At a recent meeting of the Junior class, Messrs. H. E. Spence and F. R. Wrenn were elected editor and business manager of the ARCHIVE for the next year. This means that a high standard will be maintained for the magazine. Both of these gentlemen have given abundant proof of their fitness for the work assigned them and the class is to be congratulated for the wisdom of its selection. We wish them joy in their task and, to repeat a time-honored remark, we devoutly hope that the thorns in the editor's cushion may not be too long and sharp for endurance.



Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS, MANAGER.

An edition of George Eliot's *Romola* in Italian is soon to appear. The work of the translation and the editing is being done by Dr. Guido Biagi, an eminent scholar, who says he has run across some valuable material which throws much light upon Eliot's sources of information. Dr. Biagi will also furnish illustrations and give a large amount of documentary evidence of the historical material utilized by the great novelist for her book.

"Lincoln, Master of Men," by Alonzo Rotschild. This is a brilliant study of Lincoln's character. In it the author has striven, and successfully, too, to draw the reader's attention to the one element in Lincoln's personality which continually grows in significance as time goes on: this being his mastery over different types of men. The several chapters deal especially with McClellan, Seward, Fremont, and Chase. The style in which Mr. Rothschild writes is delightfully free and easy and his volume will undoubtedly be a valuable help to students, containing, as it does, complete notes and biography. A new collected edition of the literary works of Lincoln has recently been edited by Mr. Edward Cary.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Henry Holt has at last acknowledged the authorship of the two novels which for years have caused so much discussion—*Calmire: Man and Nature* and *Sturmee: Man and Man*.

Doctor C. W. Saleeby is the author of the "Cycle of Life," and is well known as a writer who treats of scientific and philosophic themes with fascinating charms. His latest and most important work is "Evolution, The Master Key." Dr. Saleeby's purpose has been to show "the validity of evolution in the light of the most recent knowledge," and in developing this idea, he uses as illustrations facts from science that are startling to the average mind. The author's style is so clear and attractive that he has made a difficult subject easy to understand. He believes that the results of modern investigation point more and more to evolution as "the master key to the solution of all phenomena."

Doctor Edward Channing's "The Jeffersonian System" is just from the Harpers' press. It is the twelfth volume of "The American Nation" and follows in close connection Dr. Bassett's "The Federalist System." In the period 1801-1811, with which the author has to deal, occurred a great number of significant events, among which were the Louisiana Purchase, the Lewis and Clarke Expedition, and Burr's Conspiracy. All these matters which particularly admit of discussion are given great thoroughness and impartiality of treatment at the hands of Dr. Channing.

A new and beautifully executed edition of Paul et Virginie, in the French text of the first separate edition of 1789 has been published by the Macmilans. This is one of the most pathetic and charming tales of romantic literature; and the rich beauty of its setting and the perfection of its literary art is being recognized more clearly every year.

"The Truth About Tolna," by the author of "Navarre," Bertha Runkle, is one of the few pieces of fiction of the past month that has attracted anything like favorable

and widespread notice. Miss Runkle has proven that there is as much romance in new Manhattan as in old Paris and has shown herself to be a clever writer. Although complications arising in the book are often amusing, it contains a serious underlying purpose. The story as a whole is a delightful bit of work.

The next issue of McClures' will contain the opening chapters of Rudyard Kipling's new novel "Robin Goodfellow, His Friends." This is the first long story the author has done since the appearance of his "Kim," five years ago.

We have in "The Life of Oliver Ellsworth," by William Garrott Brown, a biography of importance and interest. Ellsworth was one of the principal founders of our judiciary system and a distinguished representative of Connecticut at the time of the Revolutionary War, and in this volume, Mr. Brown has given a very readable and clear account of this patriot and jurist.



Editors Table

A. S. HOBGOOD, - - - - - MANAGER.

In college journalism the magazine which more nearly approximates a model is undoubtedly the Harvard Monthly. The aim of the magazine is "to preserve as far as possible the best literary work that is produced in college by undergraduates." This laudable aim is well adhered to and we find much literary work of rare quality and worthy of preservation. The editor uses fine discrimination in the selection of material and in its arrangement in the magazine.

Among the fiction we note the "Fable for Fussers," which gives us a glimpse into the lighter vein of Harvard society life. The treatment of this story requires a knowledge of human nature and diplomacy and the writer displays a knowledge of both. "The Divine Ancestry of Japan" is a timely theme and gives profitable information to the student. The character of a people is often reflected in the mythology and traditions of its ancestry and it is interesting to know what this remarkable people, who have come into prominence so recently, believed in concerning its origin.

The poetry of the Monthly is especially good. "Cambridge," a poem read at the 275th anniversary of the founding of Harvard, is a thoughtful presentation of the founders, inheritance, and covenant of this famous institution. "The Cavalier," "Traits," and "Lebewohl" are lyrics of genuine quality.

The February number of the University of Virginia Magazine ranks next in point of excellence in our opinion to the Harvard Monthly. The exchange department of this magazine, particularly, reflects credit upon the writer. His criticisms are characterized by soundness of judgment, felicity of expression and a real appreciation for literary merit. His knowledge of literature is extensive and he makes good use of it in his apt quotations in his write-ups. One of the best stories it has been our pleasure to read is "The Strange Narrative of Dr. Talbot." It is a weird story and turns upon a remarkable discovery of a German metaphysician, which enabled the possessor to bring lesser wills into subjection to his own. The plot is worked out with skill and the interest in the story never lags. "Where Military Discipline Failed" is a pleasant reminiscence of the days when Stonewall Jackson was a professor in Virginia Military Institute, and tells how that noted general was "out-flanked" and baffled by the shrewdness of a cadet. The poetry in this number keeps pace with the fiction. "Madonna Mia Francesca" is the most polished and musical lyric that we have seen in a college magazine during the year. "To My Pipe" expresses the calm, peaceful satisfaction that one derives from its use.

The Buff and Blue is not a very large magazine, but contains some select reading. "The Autobiography of a Microbe" is a novel bit of narrative. One's imagination is somewhat taxed in trying to conceive of the experience of this most infinitesimal of insects, but the writer seems to be at ease in handling his subject. "The Fatal Thirty-Two," in its diction and plot, is a praiseworthy article. Only one poem adorns the Buff and Blue which is "Encouragement," and is suggestive of Canto 86 of *In Memoriam* in its description of the joyous peace of nature. It is a good sign of the interest which Gallaudet

takes in its graduates that its alumni department is filled with well written notes concerning the occupation and whereabouts of its alumni. This, of course, is of local interest, but we call attention to it to emphasize the importance of the college's keeping in touch with its graduates and *vice versa*.

Our friends at the A. & M. College of North Carolina deserve congratulations upon the excellence of their magazine. In mechanical appearance and literary make-up it is well worthy of commendation. Some original verse, however, would have made the February number more attractive. We can sympathize with the editor in his reply to the "knockers."



Wayside Wares

F. W. OBARR,

MANAGER.

WILLIE'S ESSAY ON MONEY

[With partial corrections].

Money is two kinds, paper money and round money. Round money is the best cause it rattles. I'd rather have paper money though for then the other kids dont know you've got any and dont say "treats." Here's some of the curious things I've seen about money. It's awful heavy. If a feller has five cents he is so tired carryin' it he gives it to a street car to carry him 2 blocks to see if he cant get a chew off a old friend down there.

If a man's been somewhere and has a dollar when he gits back to the station at home he only has a quarter when he hits his house. A nigger boy has a quarter for totin' his suit case of dirty clothes in, and a nother nigger has a half dollar for hawlin' the weary traveler home. I dont know about more than a dollar. Pa never has more than that when Ma wants some money. But at times I used to hear Pa tell of how money did everything. One time Ma was sick and the doctor said to Pa: "If you had money your wife would not git well except you went to Florida." Uncle Tom says money makes the laws and all the big things happen. Money must make folks good cause the preacher to our church always talks nicest to the folks they tell me has got lots of money.

I dont know no more about money, but when I git big I'm goin' to git me some money and buy me a wife, a automobill and a senator.

WILLIE.

FROM THE FOOL'S DICTIONARY

Work, the means unto all ends.

Rest, a physical sensation produced by a change of occupation.

Hell, the home of the idle.

Girls, question marks after all purposes, good and bad.

Sickness, the physical effects of willful idleness.

Money, an expressed responsibility.

Time, an expression of the value of opportunity.

College, a four years' state of oblivion, beginning with a laugh and ending with a visit from papa to his creditors.

N. WEBBSTEER.

CAN I?

I lost my heart while I was rowing
 In the moon light on the bay;
 And still the tide seems going, going,
 Through a light of misty grey.
 She put her lips to mine, her lips—
 Yes, to mine, and let them stay—
 Can I forget the nectar sips
 That she gave to me that day?

R.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., May, 1906.

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MANAGER'S NOTICE.

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J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

THE REVENUE AND EXPENDITURES OF THE CITY OF DURHAM

BY C. B. MARKHAM

The city of Durham was born in the dark days of the Civil War. Today it is a city of some 22,000 inhabitants, widely known for its industries, the principal one of which is its tobacco manufacturing. We shall not ponder over the years of its growth between its birth and the present time, nor shall we dig into the future with a prophetic eye as to what it shall be. But our purpose today is to investigate the matter of expenditures and to find out whence cometh the money for its support.

We shall first consider the expenditures of the city, for the statement holds true here as elsewhere, that the expenditures of a municipality govern its revenues. Under the head of expenditures we find that the majority of these are considered as expenditures for the common benefit, while there are very few, if any, for the special benefit of individuals. We find that the maintenance of the administrative officers of the municipal government by the city is an item that comes under this head. The mayor of the city receives a salary of one thousand dollars per annum for his services at the head of the police court. The city treasurer receives a salary of three hundred dollars per annum. The city clerk, whose duty it is to serve as a secretary to the board of aldermen, to keep a record of the proceedings of the board, and to certify and to keep record of all accounts against the city, receives a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum. The city attorney is appointed by the board of aldermen to look after the interests of the city in all actions brought against it and by it. He receives a salary of two hundred dollars per annum. The city tax collector receives as his compensation two per cent. of all the collections that he makes.

The maintenance of peace and order within the city limits is a duty of the city to its citizens. It must guarantee to its citizens protection from violence and must punish the breakers of its laws partly at the common expense. This duty, when acted upon, gives employment to a chief of police, two sergeants of police and their twelve assistants, whose salaries in all amount to nine thousand and eighty dollars per annum. Besides these officers there is a turnkey at the police station, who receives a salary of five hundred and twenty dollars per annum.

Another item of expenditure for the common benefit is the maintenance of a city health officer, whose duty

it is to look after the general health of the community and to protect the city from such contagious diseases as smallpox as far as possible. There are also two other health officers who look after the health of the community. These are two sanitary policemen, whose duty it is to examine the premises of the citizens and to see that they are kept in good cleanly condition. The city health officer receives a salary of \$300 per annum while the two sanitary policemen receive together salaries amounting to \$900 per annum.

The city maintains the best graded school system in the State, and gives to every person between the ages of six and twenty-one, both white and colored, a chance to get an education. To offer such advantages the city has seven large school buildings, five for white children (one of which is in process of erection) and two for colored children, and employs an efficient corps of teachers, numbering in all 52. In addition to a common school education courses are given in drawing, mechanical drawing, work shop and in domestic science. The city schools cost the city approximately \$34,000.00 per annum, which amount is spent at the direction of the school board.

The principal streets in the city are lighted at the expense of the city. There are some gas lights and some electric lights, the number of each being respectively 98 and 22, costing respectively \$735.00 and \$55.00 per month.

For the protection of its individuals in case of fire the city is very well provided. It maintains three companies, two white and one colored. There is a chief of the fire department, who is appointed by the board of aldermen and who receives a salary of \$300.00 per annum. An engineer for the fire department receives a salary of \$75.00 per year. The companies are volunteer companies and receive no stipulated salary, but the

board of aldermen makes an annual donation to these companies, which amounted to the following in the year 1905: Assistant chief of fire department, \$35.00; Hose Co. No. 1, \$435.17; Hose Co. No. 2, \$472.66; Excelsior H. & L. Co., \$311.80. Besides these expenditures for fire protection the city rents 145 hydrants from the Durham Water Co., at a cost of \$6,700.00 per annum, payable semi-annually.

The city owns the cemetery, and keeps the same up at its own expense. A sexton is appointed to look after the cemetery. He attends to the digging of the graves and the keeping up of the grounds. His salary is \$45.00 per month, or \$520.00 per annum. The cemetery cost the city \$2,519.73 in the year 1904-5.

The keeping up of the streets and sidewalks is another item of expense to the city. The city employs a street commissioner to take charge of this work. He receives a salary of \$1,000.00 per annum. The streets are supposed to be kept clean and a regular force of hands is employed for this work. Some of the streets are swept several times a week, while in the dusty seasons they are sprinkled several times a day. A city engineer, a part of whose duty is to look after the streets, is appointed by the board of aldermen. He receives a salary of \$2,500.00 per annum. Another duty that falls upon him is the inspection of all buildings and the plumbing apparatus that is put in buildings of the city. The city spends a large amount each year for rock, which are crushed and put on the several streets. Brick sidewalks are placed on some of the streets, partly at the public expense.

The city keeps up its sewerage system and by a recent law all the property owners have to connect with the sewers, provided the line passes the property. An inspector is appointed to look after the disposal plant of the system at a salary of \$240.00 per annum.

The city makes certain specified donations to some in-

stitutions in the city. The Public Library receives an annual donation of \$900.00, payable monthly. There are also the two hospitals of the city which receive donations—the Watts Hospital receives \$2,400.00 annually, while the Lincoln Hospital receives an annual donation of \$900.00—both of the donations are payable monthly. There is a public ward at the Watts Hospital open to the poor people of the city.

From what has been said so far, we may get some idea of the expenditures of the city of Durham. But before going to the other side of our subject, that of the revenue, it becomes necessary to speak of the bonded indebtedness of the city. This indebtedness includes all those bonds which have been issued by the city for several different purposes, which, while benefiting the community at large at the time of issue, will be a benefit to generations to come. This is an instance which carries out the rule of public finance that when an expenditure is made by the city which is to benefit the generations to come, the burden may be successfully laid upon the future tax payers. As is usually the case with bonds, we find the bonds of the city issued for such purposes as schools, streets and sidewalks, sewerage, market and other general purposes. Since the year 1888, bonds to the amount of \$511,000.00 have been issued for the several purposes shown in the following table:

1888—Bonds issued to D. & N. R. R., 40 years, 6 per cent.	
due 1928.....	\$ 87,000 00
Bonds to O. & C. R. R., 40 years, 6 per cent. due 1921.	50,000 00
1891—Bonds for schools, 30 years, 6 per cent. due 1921.....	24,000 00
1901—Bonds for streets and sidewalks, 40 years, 4½ per cent.	
due 1941.....	100,000 00
1901—Bonds for sewerage, 40 years, 4½ per cent. due 1941..	100,000 00
1901—Bonds for market, 25 years, 4½ per cent. due 1926..	50,000 00
1901—Bonds for schools, 25 years, 4½ per cent. due 1926..	50,000 00
1905—Bonds for schools, 30 years, 4½ per cent. due 1935..	50,000 00
Total	\$511,000 00

Besides the bonded indebtedness of the city, there is a floating indebtedness of \$33,682.92.

We now come to the other side of the question, the resources of the city. We have seen the amount of its expenditures and now we wish to see where it gets its money to spend. Hence we come to what might be called its system of taxes, which furnishes the greater part of its revenue, while there are some minor sources. Its system consists of a property tax and a poll tax, supplemented by special taxes.

The property tax is a direct proportional tax levied upon the property owners of the city. The taxable property in the city is valued at \$12,129,676.00, \$4,590,735.00 of which is real estate, while \$7,538,941.00 is the value of personal property. Upon this as a base, the amount of the tax placed upon each property owner in proportion to the value of his property is \$1.14 on \$100.00 worth. This \$1.14 is divided between several items in the following manner:

Real and personal property tax for city.....	.61
Real and personal property tax for public schools.....	.20
Real and personal property tax for school bonds, issue 1892....	.02 $\frac{2}{8}$
Real and personal property tax for interest D. & N. R. R. bonds	.05
Real and personal property tax for interest O. & C. R. R. bonds.	.03
Real and personal property tax for sinking fund O. & C. R. R. bonds.....	.02 $\frac{1}{8}$
Real and personal property tax for bonds for streets and sidewalks.....	.06
Real and personal property tax for sewerage bonds.....	.06
Real and personal property tax for market bonds.....	.04
Real and personal property tax for school bonds.....	.04
Total.....	\$1.14

The poll tax is a direct tax levied upon every man between the ages of 21 and 45 in the city and at the present time it amounts to \$3.23 per capita. This tax is divided among the following items:

General purposes.....	\$2.00
Schools90
Streets and sidewalks.....	.15
Sewerage15
Market03
<hr/>	
Total.....	\$3.23

There were 2,157 polls registered for the year 1904-5.

There are several special taxes from which the city receives revenues, some of which are: A license tax on druggists for the sale of spirituous and alcoholic liquors to be used for medicinal purposes, which is \$50.00 per annum; a license tax on drays and street hacks, which is \$10.00 for one horse, \$20.00 for two horses; the tax on pool rooms, which is \$50.00 for each table; a tax on plumbing establishments of \$25.00 per annum; a tax on bill-posters of \$10.00 per annum; a tax on dogs of \$1.00 per capita per annum. The revenues from such special taxes amounted to \$4,239.09 in the year 1904-5.

Another source of revenue to the city is the municipal building, a part of which is used as the city market, while the auditorium on the second floor is leased to private parties as the Academy of Music. The stalls in the market are rented to private individuals and yield as a source of revenue \$2,350.00 per annum, payable monthly. The auditorium is leased for \$1,550.00 per annum.

The city owns a good many vacant lots in the cemetery and the sale of these brings some revenue to the city. These lots are sold to individuals and a deed is given them by the city. The revenue from the cemetery amounted to \$1,404.60 in the year 1904-5.

The city scales, though a minor source of revenue, yields such fees as the following: Fees for weighing fodder, hay, oats in the sheaf and shucks, which are 10 cents for each 1,000 pounds or less, and 1 cent per hundred weight for each additional hundred pounds;

fee for weighing coal, which is 15 cents per ton. These fees yielded \$198.54 in the year 1904-5.

The mayor's court produces a very nice little sum each year to help the city pay its bills. The person tried and convicted before the mayor of some crime or misdemeanor is fined and beside the fine has to pay a certain amount as the cost of the trial. If a man cannot pay the fine, the city furnishes employment at the rock crusher or on the streets. The revenue from this source in the year 1904-5 was \$2,370.60.

When the city paves its streets and puts down brick sidewalks in front of property owned by its citizens, the property receives an increase in value on that account. For this reason it is nothing but just that the property owner should bear a part of the expense. So the city charges the property owner one-half the cost of putting down the sidewalk. The collections from this source amounted to \$1,177.23 in the year 1904-5.

As a summary of what has been said of the revenues and expenditures of the city of Durham, the following report of the city clerk for the year ending May 1, 1905, may be used to advantage:

RECEIPTS FOR CITY OF DURHAM FROM MAY 1, 1904, TO MAY 1, 1905.

General taxes.....	\$62,523 31
Streets and sidewalks.....	5,392 51
Specific taxes.....	4,239 09
Cemetery	1,404 60
Market stall rents.....	2,350 00
Fines and costs.....	2,370 60
City scales.....	198 54
Sidewalk collections.....	1,177 23
Sundries	1,138 33
From County of Durham (for paving Main street in front of Court house) share one-half cost.....	4,000 00
Total.....	\$84,794 21

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DISBURSEMENTS OF CITY OF DURHAM FROM MAY 1, 1904, TO MAY 1, 1905.

Salaries	\$14,634 99
Streets	2,454 94
Fire department.....	6,974 97
Cemetery	2,519 73
City light.....	7,927 49
Market	6,901 21
Water rent.....	6,456 02
Litigations.....	628 90
Streets and sidewalks.....	28,782 00
Sewerage	438 70
Watts Hospital.....	2,200 00
Durham Public Library.....	550 00
Sundries	5,731 72

Total.....	\$86,750 67

AN UNWRITTEN STORY

BY SIRULE MASON

It was a cold, blustery morning, and as the fierce March blast came rushing with the velocity of a gale down between the tall office structures that lined each side of Spring street, it chilled through and through the figure of Ned Hart, although the heavy overcoat which he wore was drawn closely about him. As he turned the corner at Spring and Wabash, a whirlpool gust lifted his hat high off his head and sent it flying across the street. In quick pursuit went Ned; and as he picked up his dusty derby, which had been very unceremoniously blown into an empty, overturned garbage can, and brushed it with his handkerchief, he swore in mild terms to himself.

"Jerusalem, but this is a fierce northwester; and, cap and pie, if it isn't my day to take the Redside district," he murmured to himself as he recrossed Wabash street and turned down towards the office of The Times.

Arriving at the latter place, he found only the assistant city editor in. Greeting him in his usual friendly manner, Ned walked over to the desk where the assignment letters were and took up his, which read on this morning as follows:

"MR. HART:—Take Redside today and see if you can't make the fellow mentioned in the enclosed clipping from yesterday afternoon's Record-News tell you something. I believe he has a good story he could give you. And a good story today may mean much for you and for The Times."

The note was signed by the city editor, and the clipping referred to read:

"In a filthy little boarding house at 1001 Dawson avenue, in the Redside district, friendless and homeless and eager to die, he says, there lies in a very critical condition, from all appearances, a man by the name of Joe Marsh. He has the face of a person of intelligence and was no doubt once well-to-do. But nothing more than his name—and this was given as though it were assumed—would he tell. All he would say was, 'Let me die, let me die.'"

The last sentence in the city editor's note was somewhat puzzling to Ned, for nothing approaching it nearer than the customary "We want a good story today," had ever been written to any of the daily notes of assignment which Ned had been receiving for the past four years. These had been hard, hard years for him, and he had had to fight with his utmost powers. From the start he had been handicapped in his work, for he had stepped right out of college into the journalistic harness, without the least experience, to find himself grappling with young men who had grown up in the profession—men who had, through many years of practical elbow-to-elbow contact with life, obtained that thorough experience which is one of the necessities to the newspaper profession. Though laboring under a continual disadvantage at the beginning, he knew that eventually his four years of college training would count; and so day by day he had labored with eyes open and ears alert, in the hard but thorough school of experience. Now at last he had an inkling that something was going to "turn up."

After a few words with the assistant city editor about the condition of the weather and after he had exchanged his derby for his working cap, Ned was out in the street, braving the cutting wind again. But its frosty stings were very little heeded now, for every power of his mind was brought into use in the contrivance of schemes whereby he might entice from the dying man whom he was going to interview something on which he might build a story that would mean much for himself. He saw, however, that the chances against him were threefold. In the first place, the man might already have died, or else if he were yet alive he might not be able or would not talk, and even if he did he might not be able to tell anything unusual—that which puts the capital quality into the news story. All possible haste must be made, and so Ned boarded the next car in the direction

of Redside and he soon stepped off within a block of his destination. The boarding house was easily found, and, in response to his ring, a dirty, shabbily attired servant opened the door. Ned inquired of her concerning Joe Marsh and was shown without delay to a room on the second floor. It was a vile place—a very den of filth and stench and dark save where a few rays of light stole in through a small, dingy window. The only furniture to be seen was a rickety chair and a bedstead of single size. A small coal grate was in the room, but not a spark of fire gleamed in it. There was no one present and Ned walked lightly over to the bed where lay the man whom the Record-News had said was dying. Seating himself in the shaky chair, Ned addressed the figure that lay on the bed with his face turned to the wall.

“Friend,” he said, in gentle, sympathetic tones, “how are you feeling? Can’t I do something for you?”

There was no reply, but a pale, sunken-eyed face was turned towards the newspaper reporter. The man tried to raise his head and sit up, but was too weak until assisted by the hand of Ned. His lips moved, but all the sound that escaped was a series of groans of anguish and suffering. From his pocket Ned drew the small silver flask which he always carried in such weather, and put it to the man’s lips. He drank several swallows of the brandy and laid his head back on the dirty pillow. He then turned his piercing black eyes on Ned and gazed eagerly at him for a few moments. There was something that Ned discerned about the poor wretch as he gazed steadfastly on him that made him start, though he knew not what it was. “I have seen that man somewhere,” he said to himself, but no amount of effort could make him recall where and when. Unconsciously, as he made an effort to call back something with which he might now connect this face, he unbuttoned his overcoat and threw back the left side with his hand. As he did this the

sufferer's eyes brightened suddenly, it seemed, and a glow came over his face unnoticed, however, by Ned, who was employed with his own thoughts just at that moment.

In almost inaudible whispers the stranger-man addressed Ned.

"Friend, you said." And he stopped to swallow before he could continue. "You are not my friend, are you? I have no friend in this world."

"Yes you have," Ned hastened to assure him. "I am your friend."

"My friend! Well, if you are, tell me your name and where you come from."

"Ned Hart is my name, and I am a reporter for The Times of this city." Ned no longer thought of his news story, for his heart had gone out in the utmost sympathy for this friendless stranger who appeared to have only a short time to spend on this side the veil of life.

"Another drink, please, friend," and Ned gave him more of the brandy. This stimulated him and in a clear and distinct though weak tone he continued:

"Did you ever go to college, Mr. Hart? I know you did, and won't you tell me where it was?"

Ned told him where he had graduated four years ago, being now exceedingly interested in the questions which were being asked him.

"Well, did you ever belong to any order that was secret?" was his next question, to which Ned replied, "Yes," and named the order of which he had been a member, at the same time pointing to the pin which he wore on his left lapel.

Then with a look of supreme happiness, such as comes over the countenance of the sailor who has for days been anxiously waiting through the winds and waves, when he sees the first mountain or tree top on the land, this man, sitting boldly upright in bed, exclaimed:

“Oh, in God’s name, let one who was once a worthy member of that same order shake your hand and feel the grasp of a fellow-member and a friend. Oh God, do not let Dick Lynch die, for he has found something to live for—somebody does care for him.” He sank back to the pillow, gasping for breath, his hand still clasped in that of Ned Hart. Ned saw his condition, and lifting him with his arm, gave him the last drop of the brandy. Something must be done! A physician must be summoned! So, drawing closely the covers about the now unconscious man, Ned rushed down stairs and, with no particle of ceremony, found the matron of the house and peremptorily ordered her to have a fire built at once in the room from which he had just come or else be arrested by the police. She stared wildly at him for a moment, but in an instant realized that he meant just what he had said and herself went to build it. Then out the door Ned ran and on to the store, on the nearest corner, where he knew there was a telephone. He rang for Dr. Anderson who, he found, had just come in and was waiting for another call. “Come as quick as you can to 1001 Dawson avenue, Redside, for Ned Hart,” he said to the doctor and hung up the receiver.

* * * * *

“Ned, my boy, I see no chance for your friend to pull through. He may possibly last till the morning, but he cannot longer than that, and it is more than likely that he will not live that long,” was what the kind old doctor told Ned after he had made a very careful examination of the patient. “No mortal man can save him now, for he is gone too far. But these tablets will make the end peaceful and painless. I can do no more for him and so leave him in your hands.” And with that he opened the door and was gone.

It was several hours later when consciousness returned

to the sufferer. Ned immediately gave him the tablets according to direction and sat down by his bedside. But when he awoke out of the sleep his mind was clear and his suffering was abated. The tablets were performing their work well.

"Friend and brother," he began, "you remember the vows you once swore to observe. (He referred to those of the order of which he himself and Ned had been members at college). Therefore, in God's name I beseech you to listen to me. Promise that you will never tell or allow to be printed what I am about to say to you."

These words, as they flashed upon Ned's mind, called back the fact that he had been sent to this man purposely for a great news story—and this story might be the means whereby he would rise to a position perhaps far above that of a reporter. And yet the man was begging him not to print what he was about to tell! He hesitated as to which course to pursue, but only for a moment, for over ambition friendship and brotherhood were victors, and to the dying man he replied: "I swear before God that I will not, for I am your true friend and brother."

Then Dick Lynch began his story. With no apparent physical pain, in tones which were at first just above a whisper, he told it from the beginning in all detail. That part of it which related to his rise to eminence in a state far distant from where he now lay on the brink of death was given without an interruption, but when he came to that about his downfall he could go but slowly, for he would break down and weep like a heartbroken child. With every utterance he grew weaker and weaker. At last, with his eyes fixed steadfastly on Ned and a smile covering his pale face, his lips ceased their motion and he passed peacefully to that bourn whence no traveler returns.

By his side Ned sat for some minutes staring far into

space. A knock at the door aroused him, and he opened it for the matron of the house. To her he told what had happened, and leaving her there, he went to the phone and called up the city editor of his paper. "Mr. Staples, it is necessary for me to be off duty a few days. Will you not grant me a leave? I will explain when I see you." And without question the leave was given.

Ned buried the stranger-man with all fitting honors and returned to his work three days later. He satisfactorily explained for his absence, but mentioned nothing concerning what the dead man had told him other than by telling the city editor that the story he had put him on the track of "was no go." What he had learned was the material for a story of unparalleled interest—a story that would have made Ned Hart, the reporter, into Ned Hart, the greatest of journalists, *but it was never written.*

A SKETCH OF FRANCIS ASBURY

BY Z. E. BARNHARDT

Others have written from time to time of the business man, the orator, the poet and the statesman, and we are all more or less familiar with these men, from the earliest times. But there is one side of our life and history which we feel has been neglected, while the men who labored so faithfully in this field have been almost entirely forgotten. We refer to the planting and early development of the Methodist Church in America, and especially to that period, from 1771 to 1816, when the immortal Asbury stood at the head of this great movement.

Francis Asbury was born at Staffordshire, in England, on the 20th of August, 1745. He came of pious, Christian parents, and his early training was such as to fit him in a way, for the great work which he was to do in after life. He was converted at the early age of seven, just after the death of his only sister, to whom he was very much devoted. His father was a man of some means, and he determined to give his only son every possible advantage in the way of an education, but because of an unhappy selection of his teachers, his studies in school were never carried very far. He returned to his home at the age of fourteen and took up a trade. Although his training in school was curtailed, Asbury was, nevertheless, a student. From the time he learned to read he was a diligent student of the Bible, and while he was quite a boy he accompanied his mother to prayer meetings to read and expound the scriptures. He entered the ministry at the age of seventeen and showed such marked ability as a preacher and student of the Bible as to merit the love and admiration of all who heard him preach. For nine years he labored faithfully in his native land, under the direction of Wesley, and was at the end of that

time more highly esteemed by him, perhaps, than any other man within the bounds of the church.

But Asbury was not satisfied. He had heard the voice of the multitudes crying in the wilderness of America and believed it his duty to come to their rescue. Consequently, when the call for volunteers was given at the conference held at Bristol in 1771, Asbury was one of the first to say he would go. He began at once to make his preparations, and after bidding his mother and friends farewell, he embarked on September 4, and was soon well out to sea. After a voyage of eight weeks, during which time he suffered all the privations and hardships incident to a voyage at that early day, he landed in Philadelphia and was gladly received by a small band of Christians who had assembled on the shore. He found the colonists in a deplorable condition. The struggle between England and America had already begun. The results of this struggle, which was fought out during the years immediately following his arrival, are too familiar to need reiteration. It was truly a time which tried men's souls. America was yet a young nation and was called upon to maintain herself in a mighty struggle against a powerful foreign enemy on the one hand and against poverty and the savage on the other. During this period, most of the missionaries who had come over from England returned thither, but Asbury, like the brave man that he was, determined to face death rather than desert his flock in time of so great a need.

When Asbury landed in 1771, there were barely five hundred Methodists in America. The churches of all denominations were suffering. Men who had fled England in search of religious freedom had been scattered through the forest and many had so far forgotten themselves as to become tyrannical in their religious views. It was a time when just such a man as Asbury was needed. He had fought his last battle with doubt and had been

eminently successful. He entered at once upon his work, preaching first in the cities of Philadelphia, New York and Baltimore, and from these centers going in every direction through the surrounding country. The following year, 1772, he was made general superintendent of the church in America, and took up the work of forming new societies and appointing local preachers to take them in charge. The first conference in America was held by him in Philadelphia in 1773, at which time ten preachers were stationed. There were now eleven hundred and sixty members reported in the whole country.

The untiring energy of this indefatigable leader is perhaps one of the most remarkable things connected with him. He could not confine himself to so small a territory. He felt that the "new world" was to be his parish and he began to plunge out into the forest in search of those who were farthest away from the centers of civilization, pushing his journey further each time until, in the course of a few years, he had visited every State in the Union and his circuit extended from the Atlantic to the Mississippi and from the Gulf of Mexico to the St. Lawrence. To the average preacher of today, the idea of touring a circuit like this on horseback each year, would be something appalling; yet Asbury did it for about twenty-five years, riding from thirty to fifty miles a day and often preaching two or three times each day.

But he did not neglect his other duties in order to do this. He was never reported late at a single conference and he always had his work well planned. In the course of time the church had grown till it numbered its thousands and it was necessary for him to hold a number of conferences each year and to station and look after hundreds of preachers, outlining their circuits and administering discipline wherever needed. Yet with all these interests weighing so heavily upon his mind, he found time to plan and put into execution nearly all

the charitable institutions and machinery of the church as we have them today. His sympathy was always with the poor and he diligently provided for them in various ways. The matter of education was by no means neglected, for he gathered subscriptions and, together with Bishop Coke, but the first Methodist college in the world at Abington, Md., in 1784. It was called Cokesbury, in honor of its founders. Aside from this institution, which was burned and rebuilt, he built a school in one of the Western States and one in South Carolina, which ranked as first-class preparatory schools in their day. He also devised and carried into execution the first Sabbath school on the continent in 1786, five years before any other man moved in that direction. In 1792 we find that he was zealously engaged in organizing what he called the district school, but this move amounted to but little, as it lacked sympathy among the people. Likewise, we find his interest extending in many other directions, but this is sufficient to give the reader some idea of the man, deep, broad-minded and thoroughly consecrated as he was.

His journal abounds with incidents of his long and useful life, telling of his various experiences on his journeys and of the hardships which he endured. During his ministry he crossed the mountains some sixty times, ordained three thousand preachers and preached seventeen thousand sermons. For such service as he rendered, who will not be surprised to know that he never received more than sixty-five dollars a year, over and above his traveling expenses, and that most of this was sent to his mother during her life? This was the amount allotted to each preacher in his day.

What a man, and how he towers as we stand in his presence and study him! He was one of the few men whom nature forms in no ordinary mold. He was fitted to be great without science and venerable without titles.

He remained active till the very last, dying in 1816, after having served as a Bishop for twenty-two years. He was a power as a man, but a greater power as a preacher. There was a novelty about his preaching, but it did not consist in letting down the language of the pulpit to the slang of the stump and merging the preacher into the politician. He may truly be called the Father of Methodism in America. To one who studies him he is even more, the immortal Asbury. He is the type of man we need to hold up to the world and honor. It is not the little politician who has made a great speech and gained his office, nor yet the poet, who has spent his life in debauchery, perhaps, and waked at the last moment to sing an immortal strain, nor yet the business man who has spent his life amassing a fortune for his own selfish purposes, who is to bless this world most, but the man who has given his life unreservedly, to the good of his fellows. All honor to the man who braved the toils and hardships incident to the planting of Methodism in this country. It may be said of him, as it has been said of a great warrior, "He sleeps the last sleep, he has fought his last battle, and the sound which shall awaken him shall be the voice of Him who called him into the field of conflict."

THE CHARGE OF THE BARGAIN BRIGADE

BY RICHARD M. NORMENT, JR.

*Half a block, half a block,
 Half a block onward,
 Packed into trolley-cars
 Rode the six hundred.
 Maidens and mothers hale,
 Old maids, slender and pale,
 On, to the Bargain Sale
 Rode the six hundred.*

*Autos to right of them,
 Autos to left of them,
 Flying trains over them
 Rattled and thundered.
 Forward amid the roar,
 On, through the crowd they bore,
 To Cheap John's racket store
 Rode the six hundred.*

*When they came to the store to trade,
 Not a one of them afraid,
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the clerks wondered.
 Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs not to reason why,
 Theirs but to satisfy
 All the six hundred.*

*Not thinking of patience spent,
 But on bargains still intent,
 Homeward the mad crowd went
 With friendships sundered.
 What though their gowns have rents,
 What though their hats show dents,
 They have saved thirteen cents,
 Noble six hundred.*

QUAKER BONNET

BY MAY WRENN

Scarcely anything gives me so much pleasure as to have old people tell me something of their lives and the times before the war. A most pleasant evening was spent last summer when "Aunt Lucy," as everyone calls her, told me the story of her life, which, as well as I recall, was this:

"My home when I was a girl, was in the central part of North Carolina. It was a small log building, with one large room and a garret. The large oak trees, hedge of box bushes and ivy almost hid it from view. Mother died when I was only sixteen and I was the oldest of seven children. On her death bed she had said: 'Lucy, I expect you to take my place; take care of the other children.' This, I knew, meant a great deal. I didn't see how I could successfully assume such a responsibility, but I resolved then to do all in my power by the help of God to carry out her desire. Father was a very plain, kind-hearted Quaker. Nothing gave him more pleasure after a hard day's work than to gather us children around him and read and talk about the Bible. Notwithstanding the fact that we were poor in the possessions of this world, we were very rich in our hopes for eternal life.

"But these pleasant evenings were not long to continue. The Civil War had been in progress for two years. Everyone in the neighborhood except my father and a few professional men had joined the army. Father believed that it was wrong to fight, and he therefore refused to do so. At last two officers came to him and said he *must* go. This was a sore trial for me. With him in the army, there would be no one to protect me. My oldest brother, James, was then only ten years old. I tried to be just as cheerful as possible when Father

went away. 'Don't worry about us,' I said to him, 'God will take care of us.'

"After Father was gone, however, it was not easy to be cheerful. He left in the early spring. James had never plowed and the corn was to be planted. So I walked along and led the horse while he held the plow handles. In this way we prepared enough ground for small crops of corn and cotton. The other children helped us to tend these. Besides this I had to spin, weave and make clothes for all of us. Often I worked until eleven o'clock at night and then got up at five in the morning. The nearest mill was five miles away. I was afraid to trust James with the horse. So I went to mill myself. One afternoon as I was returning home a heavy rain began falling. Just before reaching home I had to cross a stream which was easily swelled by rain. I knew that it was very deep and swift, but I felt that I must go home. Never at any other time have I had such a narrow escape as I had then. When I got about midway of the stream the horse became frightened, but with gentle stroking I urged him to swim safely across.

"At this time Father had been gone nearly two years and I had never heard one word from him. It seems that I would have given him up for dead, but somehow I had faith enough in God to believe that he would come back some time. The night after I had such a narrow escape from being drowned a messenger came to tell us that Sherman's army was passing through the country, seizing everything as it went. I determined to plead with all my might for our home to be spared. We possessed but little else. The following day about noon two men rode up to the house. The older one said that unless I prepared dinner for fifty men immediately he would take our horse, our cattle and all else that we had. I told him just how things were—that my father was away and that I was the only one to provide

for my brothers and sisters—and begged him not to take anything from us. The young man who was with him had said nothing. I observed that he was gazing intently at me, but I little thought that I was attractive enough, with my plain gray homespun dress and white kerchief at my neck, to be noticed by such a handsome young Northern soldier. When he did speak, instead of ordering me to do as I had been commanded by the colonel—for his companion was a colonel—he begged the latter to leave our home unmolested and to give me some money in order to make living easier for us. These words were like an answer to a prayer. Of course I fully appreciated his kindness. As the two soldiers rode away, I heard the younger say, ‘Colonel, when this war is over I am coming back down South and marry that girl. She is beautiful.’ I can never forget just how I felt. The blood rushed to my face. I knew not why, unless it was because I wished so much that he would remember his vow.

“About two months later Father came home. Only those who have had similar experiences can know what a happy meeting ours was. We all gathered around him and listened to the story of his hardships since he had left us. After his enlistment it was two months before he was in a battle. He had always said he would not fight and he was then still determined not to do so. When the superior officers heard of his conduct he was called before the general. Having absolutely refused to fight he was ordered to be bound to the ground and trampled upon by the cavalry. Just before the cavalry made its charge he began to pray. His prayer was something like this: ‘Heavenly Father, Thou knowest that I have always been obedient unto Thee in so far as I could be. I am about to be killed for doing what I believe is contrary to Thy will. Take care of my dear children who are at home. And if it is Thy will spare me and

let me return to them, but if not take me to Thyself in Heaven.' When he finished his prayer there was a deep silence, but the general was unwilling to change his sentence. The cavalry was ordered to advance. Then to the astonishment of all present, the horses refused to touch him. Seeing this the general ordered him to be unbound and sent 'across the line' to Indiana. Hither he went and had remained a year and a half. The letters which he had written home had all failed to reach us. It seemed almost too good to be true that we were all together again.

"The surrender of Johnston to Sherman at the Bennett House, in Durham county, created a sensation throughout our whole neighborhood. The days of Reconstruction soon began. It is useless for me to speak of their horrors. Everyone has read so much about them. Some of the new books may be a little exaggerating, but I know of instances which were almost as bad as these recorded ones.

"The fact that the war had closed did not mean that all my hard times were over. When I was only twenty-five Father died and again I was left to care for the other members of our family. By hard work and economy I was able to send them all to school and give them at least a good common school education. James was very successful. After leaving school he was made cashier of a small bank, but he soon worked himself up to a position which paid a handsome salary. He sent the youngest two girls to college. For a long time I preferred to live in our simple little home, but after all the younger ones had married I gave up housekeeping and at their request lived alternately with them.

"Alice, my youngest sister, was living in Norfolk. I was getting rather old, but nevertheless I often went to visit her. While making her a visit on one occasion, as I was crossing the ferry from Portsmouth to Nor-

folk, I dropped my pocketbook. The boat was crowded and I did not expect to get the pocket again. Just as I was about to enter a carriage after leaving the boat, a handsome old gentleman came up to me and handed me the pocketbook. As I thanked him, when our eyes met, we recognized each other. It was my 'Yankee soldier,' as I had been accustomed to calling him. He asked my permission to call that evening. It was granted.

"Although I was now fifty years old I had never forgotten the day when the boy in blue treated me so kindly. I had often wished that he would come back and wondered why he did not. That night the mystery was unfolded. After leaving my home he had inquired at the next house what my name was, expecting some day to come back to see me. Soon after the war, when he was about to come, he read in a Southern paper an account of the death of Lucy Lindley. This was my name. But it was also the name of another girl in the neighborhood, and it was of her death that he had learned. This blighted his hopes. He thought me dead. Being an artist he painted a picture of me as he remembered me standing in the doorway, with my gray dress and white kerchief, and holding a Quaker bonnet in my hand. He told me about this, and that he had never seen another whom he could love as he loved me. I had loved him always since the day he came to my home and had longed many times to see him again. Two months later we were married at Alice's home. By his request I wore a simple, plain, white muslin which he said made me look more natural, more like the girl that I was when he first saw me.

"The house in which I now live he had built soon after our marriage. I have never had to work since that day. He lived with me twelve years. Those were the most pleasant years of my life. Now I have not much desire

to live. Since his death I get greatest pleasure in opening my beautiful home—for I think it beautiful because he planned it—to young people and having them, too, enjoy it. I am just waiting my time now and I shall be glad when I can meet father, mother and my faithful lover.”

TWO RAIDS IN NORTHAMPTON COUNTY

BY W. A. BRYAN

The history of one's own county is naturally interesting to one, for this is apt to be the first history learned in childhood and therefore makes a more vivid impression upon one's mind. Early in life I heard with much interest my father and mother and the old people of the community tell of the Yankee raids in my native county. I then had the conception that a Yankee was some almost fabulous being, and I was naturally much surprised when later one came to my home community. From such sources as these I have picked up a few facts concerning the part of the Civil War which was enacted in Northampton county. I have been able to get very little definite information about these events, but as well as I can ascertain there were two raids made in Northampton by the Yankees.

The first raid was made late in the fall of 1864. Some 2,000 Yankee troops landed at Murfreesboro, on the Meherrin river, and leaving here their gunboats, attempted to march to Weldon and destroy the railroad at that place which connected Petersburg with the South. They marched by Conway, a small place six miles west from Murfreesboro, thence across Potecasi Creek at a place called Deloatch's Mill, to Jackson, the county seat of Northampton. When they came in sight of Jackson, Gen. Matt. W. Ransom was in the town. He quickly mounted his horse and hastened to join his troops, who were lying at a place on the road to Weldon, called Boone's Mill. The road across this mill leads along the mill-dam, and down this the enemy must come. Ransom concentrated his few cannon at a point commanding this road, and when the enemy approached he fired on them as they marched down this dam.

Ransom had only a handful of men, probably not over

500, but he had fortified his position and in this respect had the advantage of the enemy. He also worked a ruse on them which proved successful. He was a man of wonderful vocal powers and as the enemy came up he began calling company after company to the attack. While many of the companies which he called for were on some far away battlefields, the enemy did not know it and were thus frightened and soon retreated in haste. They returned by the same route by which they had come and burned Deloatch's Mill behind them. They soon came to Murfreesboro, where they were safe under the protection of their gunboats.

The second raid was made in the early spring of 1865, only a few days before the close of the war. In this raid there were about 1,000 Yankee troops. They landed at Winton, on the Chowan river, and set out with the same purpose as the first body—namely, to destroy the railroad at Weldon. At a point near the railroad they met a body of the seventeen-year-old Confederate troops and were defeated and driven back by them. They marched back across Northampton county by the way of Rich Square, where they encamped one night. Of them here my father says: "Those passing through Rich Square behaved themselves right well. They took a few horses, but most of them were taken from those who claimed to be Union men." Thus ended the raids in Northampton and the railroad was saved.

NAIDA

BY STEPHEN J. STEPHENS

The minute that Naida walked into the door of the Salvation Army headquarters the sympathy of Captain Fox and his good wife was assured. She was young, not over twenty-two, and beautiful. Her figure was of medium height and was well developed. An artist would have delighted to paint her as she hesitated at the threshold—her skin was soft and delicate; her arms were well-rounded, her face was beautiful with its unusual flush and the stray locks of hair escaping over it. The hair itself was of a golden tint and had a beauty which at once struck the eye. By the hand she led a child of four or five years of age who looked around with large wonder in her wide eyes.

She came to the office and into the kindly ear of the captain's wife poured a world-old tale. She asked no alms—she only wanted a chance to work to earn a living for herself and child. It was the same old story of woman's trust and man's perfidy:

"I was so young, I loved him so, I had
No mother, God forgot me, and I fell."

This, in brief, was her story and deep sorrow had been her portion since its culmination. For a time she had remained in her father's house, but life there on account of her parents' quiet severity had become unbearable, and at last she had broken away from it all and come to this strange city to try to forget that which had given that look of agonizing sorrow to her large blue eyes.

She had had training as a stenographer and began work in Captain Fox's office, writing letters, keeping the accounts and making herself generally useful. She had not worked there long before a great change began to come over her. She had always been religious, deeply so

in her own quiet way, but under the influence of the daily life of the army and constant intercourse with the captain and his wife, she became more so. In her heart there was a longing to help fallen humanity; then, too, there was a hope that perhaps by giving her life over to this definite work she might quiet the dull pain that was constantly gnawing at her heart.

So she joined the army and became "Sister Naida." From the first her power was wonderful. Something about her, perhaps it was the look of infinite pain and sadness in her eyes, gave her a tremendous hold upon the people who flocked to the meetings which were held in the hall every night. She had not been taking part in the services long before the room was packed at every meeting with people come to hear her sing. After Scripture reading and prayer and a few remarks by some member of the post, Sister Naida would take the stand, and, with hands clasp behind her and head uplifted, pour forth floods of simple melody which would go straight to the hearts of her hearers. Before she finished tears would be streaming down the faces of men and women and impulses would be born there which the preacher had tried in vain to generate.

But all the time Naida's own heart was well-nigh bursting. Day by day, as she gave herself over to her work, the pain grew instead of diminished. She could not bury it—it overcame her every exertion. Every glance at her child, whom she almost worshipped, made the wound deeper and deeper. When she sang the sweetest and brought tears to hard eyes the most freely, there was a choking in her own throat and she sang out of a heart that was torn and bleeding; every note was wrung out of blood. Yet she kept on; abandoning the idea of ever finding peace herself, she gave her life to bringing it into the lives of others. She did not know what a transformation she was soon to work in one life.

One night there came a stranger to the hall, a man from a distant city who had to spend the night in this place en route to another point and who had dropped in to hear the service out of mere curiosity and through a desire to find something to help pass the time. This man had left home this morning on a strange quest. For five years he had lived three hundred miles to the south and was the most successful and universally popular physician in his city. He had built up a tremendous practice and numbered his friends by the hundreds. Yet those who were nearest him knew that he was not happy, that something preyed upon him and gave him ceaseless unrest. What it was no one knew; his closest friends had never been confided in and no one had asked him. But the unrest was there and the pain could not be driven away. A few years before he had lost himself for a season; a woman, almost a girl, had loved him, and—the rest is silence. But that rest had brought him this pain and biting remorse which nothing could drive away. No one guessed at the dark secret which was in his heart; his world would have been horrified to have learned it—but it was there and it allowed him no ease. He knew, and off somewhere in the world another knew and was suffering.

His popularity grew; his friends multiplied all the time. Through a professional friend he became acquainted with a cultured woman visiting in his city and they were together constantly for several months. He put himself often in her company because she was beautiful and fascinating and helped him to forget. She encouraged his attentions because he was a man of attractive personality, and little by little her heart was going out to him. Every day it meant more to her; he began to read it in her eyes and made up his mind every day to put an end to what might terminate in trouble,

but he could not resist the craving for the temporary easement which her presence gave.

When she returned home they exchanged letters occasionally; little by little they grew warmer and warmer in their tone. He knew that this was not sincere on his part and that it ought not to be, but again he could not resist giving himself over to what helped him in some measure to forget.

Finally there came a day when he sat down alone and coolly reckoned the matter out. He did not love this woman; he could never love any woman now, but he could see that she cared a great deal for him. Why not marry her? He could not go on this way forever; it would drive him mad. She would make him a good wife; he could be kind to her and perhaps make her happy. But should he marry when his heart could never love and with that other dark shadow in the background? Was it fair to himself and to the woman? And what about the other woman, waiting out there somewhere? With a bitter smile he pulled a coin from his pocket and, saying, "Heads I go and propose to her; tails I do not," threw it almost to the ceiling. It fell spinning to the floor and lay with the head up. He wired her, "Expect me on next train," and set out.

As he strolled into the Salvation Army hall while waiting here, Naida was just beginning,

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary."

When she saw him she caught her breath and almost fell to the floor, for this was the companion of her lost youth; but at once she continued the hymn, her full rich voice going to every part of the hall and striking straight to the heart of the man who sat with bowed head on the seat next to the door. He had recognized her in an instant. As she sang on and on, her voice growing all the time in pathos and sweetness, a wonderful change was

wrought in him and he saw clearly the duty which he had known for years and had refused to reckon with. But now, by some subtle influence, as he looked at that sadly beautiful woman and saw the deep purity and love-lines of her soul through her eyes, he saw it no longer as a duty, but as a blessed joy, a thing which would bring light and happiness into his life.

He was not surprised to find her in one corner of the hall waiting for him at the close of the service. She had seen that in his eye which told her that there would be something to say. She sat on the little straight-backed bench, her hands folded in her lap, her head downcast. The child was idly turning the leaves at the organ, the light flashing through her hair, golden like her mother's. Naida did not even rise as he came up. He shook the hand which she offered him and then sat down beside her.

"Naida," he said, "I have come."

"Yes, you have come."

"Is that all you have to say? I love you tonight. It came to me as I sat there and heard you sing—it has overpowered me. We must be married at once and go to my home. I have cruelly wronged you; I have no right to ask for forgiveness, but I shall devote my life to trying to make you happy. Will you come with me?"

She looked at him with eyes from which the tears had long since been driven by the poignant duration of the sorrow.

"Why have you waited so long? No human being can ever know what I have suffered while you have been away from me. You wronged me, left me alone and I suffered! I thought you would come back to me; I loved you and I burnt my heart out waiting in agony that you can never know for you to return. As long as I could I believed that you would come, I still held to my shattered idol—I worked and waited. If you had

come then I would have given you my all without a question and gone with you anywhere. Happiness would have been our portion. But you have waited too long. The delay has killed my love—and the losing of it has been my greatest sorrow. God help me, I cannot love you; my heart is incapable of it. All the love which I once bore for you is going out to these people—here my lot is cast. This is the only measure of peace I have found since you left me. I cannot go with you; I am *afraid* to go with you. Oh, it is a terrible thing not to love when you have once loved with a passion that could not be restrained; it is terrible not to be able to trust one to whom you have once given all. But you came too late.”

Without a word the man clasped her hand and arose. He paused for a moment by the child and his hand rested for an instant on her head. Then he silently passed out into the night.

He did not complete his journey, but returned home by the next train. He has never taken that journey.

Naida is still a Salvation Army lassie, singing peace into the hearts of others while her own knows it not.



S. B. UNDERWOOD,

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

C. J. HARRELL,

ASSISTANT EDITOR.

AN ADVANCE STEP—SHALL WE TAKE IT?

After thinking over the matter for a long time, the writer of this article is of the opinion that there are in America today few organizations which are doing so much for the building of strong, virile, Christian character among men as the Young Men's Christian Association. This is a work by men for men that has taken a wonderful hold on this and other countries and which is achieving results which are simply marvelous. In the city, in the mills, on the railroad, in the army and navy, and in the schools and colleges of the land, they are building manhood. By religious meetings, Bible classes, reading rooms, gymnasiums, baths and other similar methods and, above all, by a strong sense of Christian fellowship, they are calling out the best that is in young men and leading them to the fullest life of which they are capable. They work for the harmonious development of all sides of a man—spirit, mind, body, bringing them all into the forming of a well-rounded manhood.

This is eminently true of what is being done among students. The work here is spreading rapidly until now there is hardly a school or college of any size in America in which the Young Men's Christian Association is not organized. Here it makes its appeal to the strongest type of men and undertakes to bring them to a robust,

healthy religious life. There is nothing weak about the movement—it breathes life and vigor and bounding strength. From the time a man enters college it seeks to help him, and, if he is susceptible to the right sort of influences, it will be a constant source of strength to him. Take the Young Men's Christian Association out of American colleges and we would have a moral chaos.

In the larger colleges, the religious meetings are only a part of the work which is done. By various other activities they interest men and bring them to the point where they can be reached by the meetings and public addresses. The Associations have buildings which are the centers of the strongest life of the communities. The Y. M. C. A. building is the nearest approach to a home that we have in one of these colleges. Here we find large, commodious rooms filled with wholesome books and magazines; we find a room where innocent and diverting games may be played, where many an hour may be spent in pleasant and helpful recreation; there is a sitting room where friends may gather to lounge and talk; there is a smoking room for those who are so inclined; there are offices for the various college organizations and rooms in which committees may meet; then there are rooms for Bible classes and other small bodies, and one large hall for the regular meetings of the Association. Then there may be dormitories for those who may wish to live in the building. The whole is in charge of a trained man who gives his entire time to the promotion of the Christian interests in the college.

From such a center go out influences for good which can never be estimated. The Y. M. C. A. building with the work which is carried on there is always one of the strongest forces for the conserving of the best life of a college community. A moral atmosphere is literally radiated from such a place; it is a silent but potent factor for pure living and right thinking.

In Trinity College the Young Men's Christian Association has a past and present full of notable achievements. But its scope has necessarily been limited by the conditions under which it has worked. We believe that the time has come for a widening and extension of its influence. For this to be brought about, it must possess a suitable building for its own use. Sooner or later we must come to that; why not now? The Universities of Virginia and North Carolina are leading the way. The former has a magnificent building already occupied exclusively by the Y. M. C. A. The latter has one in course of erection. These are in charge of men especially fitted for the work. Clemson College has a trained resident secretary who gives his whole time to Association work; a like arrangement will be effected at the North Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical College next year. Has not the time come when the Trinity Y. M. C. A. must exert a more powerful influence over student life? Have not these institutions, especially Carolina and Virginia, shown us the way we should go?

The time has come for the erection on Trinity's campus of a building which shall be the home of this organization which can mean so much in the life of every man here. There is not another structure which is more needed; there is not another investment which can yield such rich returns. Shall we not have it?

It will cost money. Certainly it will, but will it not be worth every cent which it will cost, and cannot the money be raised? Other institutions have done it, why not we? Follow their example—get an appropriation from the college, let every man in the student body and on the faculty contribute, put a man into the field to canvass the alumni and friends of the college; push the matter constantly and persistently and our building is assured. It *can* be done. Will anyone say that it should not?



Literary Notes

MARY REAMEY THOMAS, - - - - - MANAGER.

A very readable and really absorbing biography of John Wesley is the result of Professor C. T. Winchester's studies of the great Methodist reformer. The book is not primarily a Methodist's tribute to the founder of his church, but is the wise criticism and well balanced judgment of a man of literature and an historian of unusual insight concerning a conspicuous figure in the religious and ecclesiastical world. Hitherto, none of his biographers has succeeded so well as Mr. Winchester in bringing before our minds Wesley's personality and his wonderful mastery over men. The author writes in a style characterized by simplicity and clearness.

A "History of the Inquisition in Spain," by Dr. Henry Charles Lea, has been published recently. The volume covers the subject from the origin and establishment of this institution to the beginning of the seventeenth century, and is the first English book to give an adequate and thorough treatment of the subject, which is full of interest because of the broad and significant influence it exercised on the fate of Spain and indirectly on the whole civilized world. Every page of the work impresses the reader with Dr. Lea's sound scholarship and his ability to set forth vital points. The history, it may be said, is the outcome of much independent and first-hand investigation of the material stored in the enormous Spanish archives.

We have in Mr. John Spargo's "The Bitter Cry of the Children" a very careful and searching examination of the effects of poverty upon children. The author is a social investigator of wide experience and the facts gathered by him are mainly those that have come within the range of his own observation. In this volume, Mr. Spargo writes of remedial measures and he makes an attempt to outline a constructive policy. The book will recall Mr. Robert Hunter's "Poverty."

The past month has brought from the publishers many books which will be of especial interest to students of Italian literature; the most notable one of them is "Dante, the Wayfarer," by Mr. Christopher Hare. The author has collected from the whole range of Dante's works, chiefly *The Divina Comedia*, enough of the vivid and marvelous landscapes to enable one to follow the sad wanderings of the poet during his exile. To each extract is appended a close translation in very beautiful and rhythmic English prose. An earnest student of Dante will find this book of incalculable use.

Those of us who have read Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Life of Browning" are looking forward with keen pleasure to the appearance of this author's latest work, a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, which the Harpers announce for May. Mr. Chesterton writes in a delightful style, filled with many original figures and expressions. His "Life of Browning" is a brilliant piece of work and we surely will not be disappointed in the forthcoming story of Stevenson's life, for it has to deal with a man full of interest and one whose essays are being widely read.



Editors Table

A. S. HOBGOOD, MANAGER.

The Emory and Henry Era for March contains several fairly good stories. They are without exception quite short. Short stories are appreciated at times, but too often the writer hasn't space enough to do himself credit. The poem "Failure" is wonderfully suggestive in its description of the feelings that move within the breast of the suicide.

One of the most interesting selections we have read is an appreciation of the character and labors of the late William Rainey Harper, published in McMaster University Monthly, of Toronto, Canada. The strong personality of President Harper is made to stand out clearly before the mind, and the sympathetic manner in which the article is written, is, to a disinterested reader, calculated to clear the fame of Mr. Harper from any unworthy mercenary motives. We feel after we have finished the sketch that he was a Christian man, who loved, and labored for, the truth. "The Poet and the Preacher" is the title of another very discriminating and profitable study. The writer views the poet as the teacher and inspirer of the preacher, both in regard to his style and subject matter. Even in far-away Canada the student body finds it necessary to indulge in a lot of foolishness that would have been better left out.

The March number of the State Normal Magazine is an unusually creditable number. The table of contents

shows that the students are interested in history, poetry, fiction, critical studies, etc., and all more or less well written. "Aunt Harriet" is a study of an old-time darkey. "Aunt Edith's Story" is not a love story, but an incident of school life. We call special attention to the editorial on "Recent Fiction: A Record and a Suggestion," which appears to be an admirable presentation of the subject. There is hope for the youth of North Carolina so long as the teachers in preparation can get out a magazine like the March number of this exchange.

We would be glad to say something complimentary of The St. Mary's Muse, but as it seems to be a record of the various entertainments, concerts, receptions, marriages, etc. (which we did not attend), we feel a hesitancy in passing upon it. However, they seemed to have found time to write three storiottes and a short sketch of Gen. Robt. E. Lee during the intervals of their social functions, which constitute the literary feature of the magazine.

It is a pleasure to review an exchange like the Randolph-Macon Monthly. With the high aim of being of service to its readers its columns are filled with the discussion of problems of vital interest to the student and general reader. The article on "Race Antipathy" and the editorial on "Mr. Dixon's Mistake," present in an interesting way facts which we, with our sectional pride, too often overlook. Many short selections and poems also grace the columns of the Monthly.

Trinity always takes a peculiar interest in the Durham High School and Trinity Park School. They are the two great feeders of the college and they send good material, too. These two institutions appear to be rivals for the honors of Trinity. At present it is a question, which only the forthcoming examination will decide,

whether the valedictorian of the present Senior Class will be a Durham High School woman or a Trinity Park School man. It is therefore with gratification that we call attention to the Park School Gazette and the Graded School Messenger, both of which rank at the top in their sphere.

The Messenger prints in its columns short articles from the different grades showing the progress of the students. In the March number two editorials under the titles of "Saint Patrick" and "The Unconstitutionality and Illegality of the Louisiana Purchase," are thoughtful articles and are written in an interesting style. We think, however, the latter subject, which involves constitutional principles, is most too pretentious for a juvenile writer. An especially meritorious feature of the Messenger is the department headed "Poems Everyone Should Know," under which is printed poems of well known authors. The present issue contains poems from Southern writers and the last issue had poems from Northern authors. The Messenger has early learned the lesson that everybody can't write poetry and therefore it is willing to leave this sphere of activity to those poets who are born and not made.

The various departments of the Gazette are well supported. The delineation of "The Character of Macbeth" is a carefully prepared article, and "Forgotten?" a story, is exceedingly interesting from the beginning to its unhappy climax.



Wayside Wares

F. W. OBARR,

MANAGER.

TO A LEAD PENCIL

You're just a little stick of wood
 Around a piece of lead,
 But it is quite well understood
 That you're by no means dead.

Who fights 'gainst you fights 'gainst a force
 That's never known a fall:
 Who fights with you for good or worse,
 Comes victor over all.

Your varied work is mostly bad—
 I own you do some good;
 But count the hearts that you've made sad,
 You little stick of wood!

You have no honor, home or name,
 A point does you instead:
 You scratch and scratch, always the same,
 Until your foes are dead.

You do not think, you have no eyes,
 And still you're in all schools:
 Quite necessary to the wise,
 Though used the most by fools.

Your nature's such that it will bring
 An endless string of doubt,
 When with one end you write a thing,
 The other rubs it out.

So get you hence from me, behind!
 I'll have it understood
 That I've no liking for your kind,
 You little stick of wood!

Little bits of silver,
 Little lumps of gold,
 Makes the girl attractive
 Who happens to be old.

PROVERBS FOR FRESHMEN

A little vigilance is the price of an unblackened countenance.

The strength of one availeth nothing against the determination of many.

One place to abide and a constancy in abiding there deferreth a multitude of difficulties.

It is better to respect the faculty than to be a Freshman for two seasons.

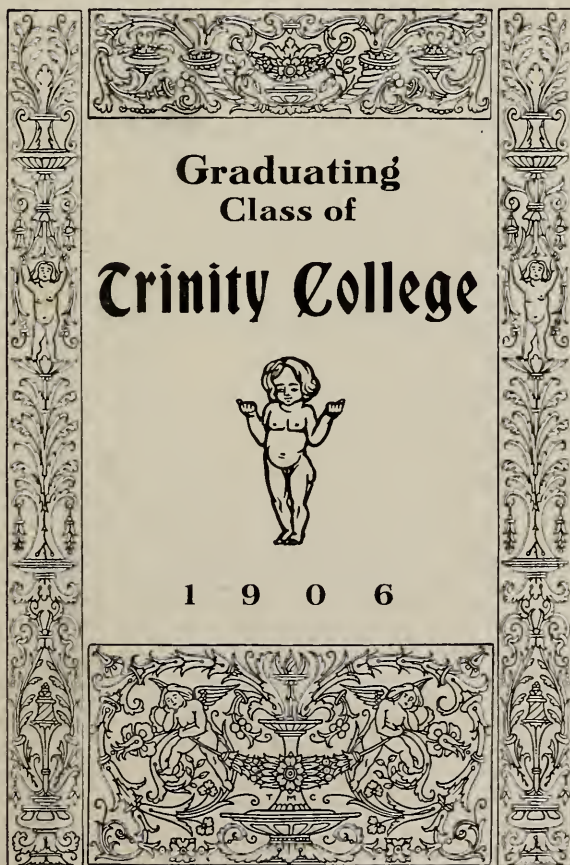
In books there is much knowledge; but it is presumption to think that an acquaintance can be had with it through idleness.

Choose rather to be humble than to be a bigot; for in an hour of great temptation a Sophomore might yield.

The part of wisdom is to avoid the skating rink; it is a place where many come to their fall: to be not deceived thereby is to have respect unto the honor roll.

The Trinity Archive

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1906





DR. JOHN CARLISLE KILGO
President Trinity College

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIX



Autry, John Watson, (ex-'04), Vauder, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '00. Columbian; Chaplain '01; Y. M. C. A.



Baldwin, Rufus Guy, Fayetteville, Tenn.—Prepared at Peoples and Morgan School, Fayetteville, Tenn. Entered college '03. Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.; A. T. O.



Barnhardt, Zeb Elonzo, Concord, N. C.—Prepared for college at North Carolina College, Mt. Pleasant, N. C. Entered college '02. Hesperian; Secretary '02-'03; Declaimer's Medal '02; Secretary and Treasurer '03-'04; Treasurer '04; Orator's Medal '04; Treasurer, Critic and President '05-'06; Sophomore Debater '04; Y. M. C. A.; Commencement Orator '06.



Branch, Eva Hughes, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Entered college '02. Sophomore and Junior scholarships.



Brown, Eliza Richards, Raleigh, N. C.—Graduate of St. Mary's College. Entered Trinity College '04.



Clement, John Henry, Mocksville, N. C.—Prepared at Prinity Park School. Entered college '02. Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee; Chairman Tribunal; Gymnasium Team.



Crook, William Marvin, Fort Mill, S. C.—
Prepared at Gold Hill Academy. Entered college '02. Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.; Science Club; Historical Society; Press Association; President Glee Club and Orchestra; Captain Trinity College Cornet Band '06; Class Football Team.

Davenport, John Walter, Windsor, N. C.—
Prepared at Windsor Academy. Entered college '02. Hesperian; K. A. Fraternity; Historical Society; Athletic Association.

Ellis, Bessie, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02.

Foard, Henry Gilbert, Wilmington, N. C.—
Prepared at Wilmington High School. Entered college '02. K. A.; Tombs; 9019; Y. M. C. A.; Hesperian; Secretary; Chairman of Executive Committee; Critic; Vice-President; Archive Staff; Editor Trinity Chronicle; Class President '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association '04-'05; Track Team '03-'04; Gymnasium Team '05-'06; Glee Club '03-'06; Class Football and Baseball Teams; Chief Manager Commencement '05.

Foushee, Emma Burns, Durham, N. C.—
Prepared at Durham High School. Entered college '02.

Franklin, Craven Pearce, Raleigh, N. C.—
Prepared at Cary High School. Entered college '02. Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.



Goodson, Nan Albert, Kinston, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Entered college '02. Secretary of Class; Sigma Delta.



Harrell, Costen Jordan, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Sunbury Academy, Sunbury, N. C. Entered College '02. Columbian; Inter-society Debate '04; Debater's Medal '04; Randolph-Macon Debate '05; Secretary of Society '04; Vice-President '05; President '05; Member of College Orchestra '05-'06; Secretary of Debate Council '05-'06; Assistant Editor of Archive '05-'06.



Herring, Katherine M., Clinton, N. C.—Graduated at Littleton College, Class '02. Entered Junior Class at Trinity College '04. President of Y. W. C. A.



Hobgood, Alton Saunders, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School and Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Columbian; Vice-President '06; Clerk Trinity College Moot Court '06.



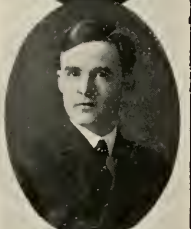
Holton, Thomas Alfred, Grifton, N. C.—Prepared at Rutherford College. Entered college '02. Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; Track Team '04-'05; Gymnasium Team '03-'06; Basketball Team '06; Hesperian: Critic '06.



Justus, William James, Kingstree, S. C.—Prepared at Wofford College Fitting School. Entered Sophomore Class '03; Ball Team '04-'06; Manager of Chronicle '06; Head Correspondent of Press Association '06; T. N. E.; All Southern Rightfielder '06.



Lambeth, James Erwin, Thomasville, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Hesperian Literary Society; Executive Committee '05; Vice-President '06; Executive Committee Athletic Association '05; Tennis Club; Secretary and Treasurer '04; Manager of Grounds '05; Y. M. C. A.; Class Baseball Team; T. B. K.



Markham, Charles Blackwell, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Entered college '02. Sophomore and Junior scholarships; Columbian; 9019.



Morgan, John Allen, Ridgeville, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Sophomore and Junior scholarships; Columbian; Chairman Executive Committee, Secretary, Treasurer, President '05; Y. M. C. A.: Treasurer; 9019; Historical Society; Sophomore Debate '04; Debate Council '05-'06; Intersociety Debate '04; Archive Staff '05-'06.



Neal, Henry Augustus, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Hesperian.



Obarr, Frederick Weston, Santa Ana, Cal.—Prepared at Santa Ana High School. Freshman year Pomona College, Claremont, Cal., '00-'01. Entered Trinity College as Sophomore '03; Columbian: Vice-President '06; Y. M. C. A.; Glee Club '06.



Pegram, William Howell, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Marshal Commencement '04; Gymnasium Team; Class Baseball Team; Tennis Club; Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.



Phillips, David Barringer, Salisbury, N. C.—
Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Treasurer of Class '04-'06; Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; Columbian: Treasurer '04.



Pitts, Joel Anderson, Mulberry, Tenn.—Prepared at Peoples and Morgan's School. Entered college '01. Columbian: Marshal '01-'02; Chairman Tribunal '06; Athletic Association; Track Team '04; Manager Students' Pressing Club '05-'06; Assistant Manager Epworth Dining Hall '05-'06.



Pugh, Clarence Royden, Wanchesc, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Y. M. C. A.; Historical Society; P. K. A.; Basketball Team '06; Class Football and Baseball Teams; Manager Glee Club and Orchestra '05-'06; Columbian: Censor; Chairman Tribunal; Vice-President '06; President '06; Orator's Medal '06; Sophomore Debate prize '04; Commencement Orator '06.



Rexford, William Lester, Santa Rosa, Cal.—(Special).—Entered college '02. Columbian: Marshal, Chaplain; Y. M. C. A.



Rochelle, Zalphæus Aaron, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Hesperian; Class Football Team; Assistant to College Registrar; Proprietor Students' Pressing Club; Glee Club '02-'06; Assistant Manager '05-'06; Mandolin Club; Gymnasium Team.



Shotwell, Mary Graves, Oxford, N. C.—(Special).—Graduated at Littleton College, Class of '02. Entered Trinity College '05.



Singleton, Louis Thompson, Roper, N. C.—Prepared at Warrenton High School. Entered college '02. Vice-President of Class '04-'05; Y. M. C. A.: Vice-President '04-'05; Chairman Bible Study Committee '04-'05; Hesperian: Marshal and President '05-'06; Debate Council '05-'06; Sophomore Debate '04; Orator's Medal '06.

Smith, William Moseley, Concord, N. C.—Prepared at Concord High School. Entered college '02. Columbian; Y. M. C. A.; Kappa Sigma; Tombs; Manager Archive '05-'06; Ball Team '04-'05-'06; Captain in '06.

Stainback, Ashley Burnette, Weldon, N. C.—Prepared at Roanoke Institute, Weldon, N. C. Entered college '02. Columbian; Secretary '04; P. K. A. and T. N. E.; Glee Club '02-'06; Mandolin and Guitar Club '02-'06; Orchestra '06; Marshal Commencement '02; Class Baseball Team '02-'06; Tennis Club '02-'06.

Stem, Thaddeus Garland, Stem, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02. Columbian; Declaimer's Medal '04; Chairman Executive Committee '06; Y. M. C. A.; President Athletic Association '05-'06; Chief Marshal Commencement '05; Tennis Club; Class Football and Baseball Teams; Track Team; Captain Basketball Team '06; Business Manager Trinity Chronicle '06; T. N. E.

Stokes, Thomas Melvin, Bamberg, S. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '03. Hesperian: President '05-'06; Trinity College Orchestra '05-'06; Press Association; Member Board Directors and Local Editor Trinity Chronicle; K. A.; Tombs; Secretary Hesperian Society '04-'05; Secretary and Treasurer Press Association; Tennis Association.

Taylor, Hoy, Boone, N. C.—Prepared at Watauga Academy. Entered college '02. Freshman and Sophomore honors; Vice-President Class '05-'06; Y. M. C. A.; 9019; Hesperian: Marshal '03; Critic, Vice-President and President '05-'06; Sophomore Debater '04.



Thomas, Mary Reamey, Martinsville, Va.—
Prepared at Martinsville High School. Entered
college '02. Vice-President of Class '03-'04;
Won Sophomore and Junior scholarships; Mem-
ber of Archive and Chronicle Staffs; Sigma Delta.



Thompson, Ben Oscar, Belwood, N. C.—Pre-
pared at Belwood Institute. Entered college
'02. Columbian.



Tillett, Wilbur Fisk, (ex-'05), Durham, N.
C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered
college '01. Freshman scholarship; Columbian.



Tuttle, Marion Emeth, Fayetteville, N. C.—
Prepared at Tillett Select School, Elizabeth City,
N. C. Entered college '02. Sigma Delta.



Underwood, Samuel Bobbitt, (ex-'05), Eliza-
beth City, N. C.—Prepared at Trinity Park
School. Entered college '01. Sophomore schol-
arship; Columbian; Marshal '01-'02; Secretary
'02-'03; Chairman Tribunal; Chairman Execu-
tive Committee '04-'05; Chaplain; President
'06; Sophomore Debate prize '03; Inter-society
Debate '04; Debate Council '04-'05; Y. M. C. A.:
Secretary '03-'04; President '05-'06; Historical
Society; Editor Publications of Trinity College
Historical Society '05-'06; Editor Trinity Ar-
chive '05-'06; Commencement Orator '06; 9019.



Walker, Herman Center, Denmark, S. C.—
Entered college '02; Columbian; Y. M. C. A.;
Baseball Team '05.



Warren, Charles Ranson, Lynchburg, Tenn.—Prepared at Peoples and Morgan's School. Entered Sophomore Class in Trinity College '03. Y. M. C. A.; Hesperian; Debater's Medal '04; Inter-society Debate '03-'04; Alternate Trinity-Emory and Trinity-Vanderbilt Debates; Chairman Executive Committee; Debate Council '05-'06; Manager Epworth Dining Hall '05-'06; Commencement Orator '06.

Whitted, Bessie Octavia, Durham, N. C.—Prepared at Durham High School. Entered college '02.

Wilkerson, Maude, Durham, N.C.—Prepared at Trinity Park School. Entered college '02.

Woodard, John Reuben, Fayetteville, Tenn.—Prepared at Peoples and Morgan's Preparatory School, Fayetteville, Tenn. Entered college '03. Hesperian; Y. M. C. A.; Kappa Sigma; Assistant Manager Commencement '05; Class Football Team and Captain of Class Baseball Team '06.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE

Trinity College, Durham, N. C., June, 1906.

THE TRINITY ARCHIVE is a monthly magazine published by the Senior Class of Trinity College. It is intended to represent the best life of the College. It is truly the organ of the students of Trinity College, in that it represents all features of college life, literary, religious and athletic.

MANAGER'S NOTICE.

All matters for publication must be in by the 15th of the month previous to month of publication.

Subscription price, \$1.25 per scholastic year, nine months. Single copy, 15 cents.

The names of all old subscribers will be continued until the Business Manager is notified to discontinue them.

Changes in advertisements may be made by notifying the Business Manager.

Only one copy of the ARCHIVE will be sent to advertisers who take less than a half page.

Address literary correspondence to S. B. UNDERWOOD, Editor-in-Chief.

Business correspondence to W. M. SMITH, Business Manager.



J. A. MORGAN, - - - - - MANAGER.

HISTORY OF '06

BY M. EMETH TUTTLE

While much work was required in compiling this history of the great class '06, it was to a large extent easy to find information regarding even the smallest details, as many contemporaries of the prominent figures still glory in the onion-laden air of the Trinity campus. Someone has said that the "history of a man's life is a miniature of the race," and applying the same standard we conclude that the history of '06 is a miniature history of *Trinitatis Collegium* for the past four years. A casual view of its progress from the days when a certain class

knew nothing, but thought they knew all, up till the weight of their erudition makes them feel their nothingness in comparison, follows.

In the summer of 1902 word was sent abroad (in the form of catalogues) that Trinity would like to welcome a class of ambitious youths of both sexes in September of the aforesaid year, to equal, if not surpass, all previous classes. The latter, of course, was not to be expected. But alas for human expectations! All over the old North State there were flutterings in youthful breasts, yes, even to California the electric thrill vibrated. Tennessee felt the touch and the Old Dominion had a stirring in her heart for education. Many who had thought long and deep on the weighty subject felt their "hearts strangely warmed" toward Trinity, and with one accord 87 fresh faces turned this way.

Who of that number will ever forget those first days? Its vernal beauty lingered with us for nine long months, and though the memory is still green, we are conceited enough to believe that the verdant air has passed from our appearance, giving place to an imposing dignity fitting to the advanced knowledge of seniority.

Never again, perhaps, will we feel so big as in those days of our "mighty youth;" the importance of our feelings was writ large in all our actions. We had left home for the first time, some of us, and freedom was sweet. Ignorance was bliss, and it did not matter to Mr. P. whether "a pinnacle was a place where great men sit" or not. Such bashful freshmen as some of our boys were—but the "co-eds," perhaps on account of their fewness, felt their greatness more and delighted in strolling through the campus to see how their "fellow classmates" fared in their new territory. But soon symptoms of quailing began to get the better of feelings of importance. Such mournful, fear-inspiring sounds as "Oh Freshmen, you'd better lie low," began to issue from the Inn porch

about the twilight hour and numerous gentlemen of the genus Freshman began to wish they were at "Home, Sweet Home." We were further made the second morning to feel our place at Chapel, then held in the Inn. The worthy President called the Freshman roll and gave each a seat in the hall "to have and to hold" till the command shall be given, "Well done, good and faithful Freshman, advance to Sophomoric honor."

A great occasion was the first class meeting. Far-reaching questions of State were discussed. Such learning in parliamentary rulings as prevailed! The whole class, including the fifteen "co-eds," were in attendance and all talked "with one accord in one place." Great enthusiasm was on the face of the class and the meeting bade fair to last from "morn till dewey eve," but the faculty, fearing the effects of too much excitement on such young constitutions, sent word for that class meeting to break up and the members to go to Math.

And so time passed with the usual amount of cutting, hazing, loafing and some working. Meanwhile through all, even a superficial observer might have noticed a gradual change, a slow evolution from the primitive freshie to the more advanced type. Red neckties slowly disappeared, also the characteristic walk and talk of idfferent parts of the Southland, and were superseded by the college stride in one case and a capacity for college slang and quotations in the other. The habitual homesick feeling wore off and a few dared visit the sacred precincts of the Woman's Building; all of which were signs that the year of small beginnings was at an end, or, in other words, we were sophisticated, henceforth to be known as Sophs.

And so the year of the wisdom of '06 dawned, the year in which they knew not, but knew not that they knew not. So great they felt, these lords and ladies of the land of Sophi, that they must find some means of dis-

playing their promises beyond the ordinary ways of every day. Accordingly a great game was proclaimed throughout the land. The time-honored football was to be kicked by the greatest of college classes, '06 and '07. And on a beautiful November afternoon the game came off. The honors were divided, the boys to play and the girls to cheer them on, all gay in the purple and gold of '06. Long and furious the battle waged, the spectators rooted loud and long and ere set of sun victory crawled to the side of '06. Long may she live!

And time flew and spring was here; the "campus was at the zenith in beauty," as a '06 co-ed is known to have written in the days of daily themes. And with the spring the spirits of the Sophs 'gan rise.

"So priketh hem nature in hir corages,
Than langen they to goon on pilgrimages
To freshe halwes, couth in sondry roomes."

And behold the "owls" proceeded in their work and soon there arose a great famine of Sophs in the land and lo! the year was at an end with all its trials and troubles and pains of growth; the colors of the first year had almost entirely disappeared, save for an occasional relapse. The '06 co-eds still flaunted the green on occasions just to show we were not ashamed of the way we had come, for we had kept pace through all the year with our fellow classmates, even to painting '07 girls with a face paint best known to Sophs as bicycle enamel.

But soon that is all past, the year of mediocrity has arrived. We came back in September, '04, with great thoughts and ambitions surging in our brains—"Life is real, life is earnest." The last year has seen a slight thinning of our ranks, but the quality's still above par; new members have come in, attracted by the glories of '06. There are numbered now in the class good ball players, musicians, editors, debaters, preachers and a few good students. The knowledge of the strength of

our class in quality and numbers had been gaining all through the class meetings of two preceding years and it was felt a stronger tie was needed. Nothing seemed to fill the bill till someone suggested a class banquet; it was discussed pro and con, but finally decided con. Though the blow was hard, hope was not dead. And so time went on with little to break the monotony; for life is work in the year Junior and the class had to get ready for the mantle of the departing Seniors. Editors, managers for various papers and teams had to be found. "Tho' in the germ" for the past years, they had to come forward, for their growth had been watched and pronounced good.

Throughout this period of history the girls were leading an exceedingly studious life,* shut off as we are from athletic (literary) societies, et cetera, and the discussions of life and its problems, religion and duty were many and deep.

And behold it was evening of the third year; the year of earnestness was over and we passed with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow into superiority—"That far off divine event" to which the last three years had moved. How we looked forward all the preceding summer to the reunion in the fall! How many will we graduate? was one of the first questions and all through the year it has been asked, till now we can say with pride, forty-six. The year of freshness, of apprenticeship has long past and now the days of gay suits, blue and purple ties, has arrived along with the appearance of white dresses and hats.

Class spirit has been in the air from the fall that saw '06 enter, but never more so than now. Almost as soon as we got here, class meetings began and long and many

*The historian should not be censured for this slight inaccuracy. Out of the mass of material with which she had to deal, it was easy for a mistake to occur.—EDITOR.

have they been, and numerous and varied the subjects discussed, ranging all the way from whether we should wear caps and gowns to the appropriation of money for a wedding present to the first member of the class to venture on matrimony. The business of the college is in our hands, the dignity and standard (so the faculty say), and we must live up to it. A striking example we feel ourselves of the survival of the fittest, for we have come up through much trial and tribulation and have tarried long by the Pierian Spring—though drinking little. As the year has gone on many projects have presented themselves, the one which met with most favor being the renewed proposal of a class banquet; and the suit was not rejected this time. The primary object, as stated by Mr. H., was to get better acquainted with the members of the class, especially the ladies. A committee was appointed and work begun which ended in the banquet of April 4, 1906. If there are those still in ignorance of the great event let them see *The Chronicle* for May 11, 1906, for a full account.

The usual number of ball games with the faculty, law class and lower classes has been played with an unusual amount of college spirit. The ARCHIVE has been kept to its "usual high standard of literary excellence," and all phases of college life *ad excellentem*. And now the end is in sight, though with a short interval of torture, put in as a last trial of the faithful. "Let there be no letting down," is the cry, and we rise to the call.

May the memory of the class go down in the annals of the college and the members be remembered as "The heirs of hopes too fair to turn out false." May we all write faithfully and *truthfully* our class letters and be back in 1910 with nine rousing rahs for Trinity and the class of "noughty-six."

TRINITY: NOUGHT SIX

(Tune: Heidelberg)

WORDS BY F. W. OBARR

*Longer than hearts can remember ill
 Will some mem'ries cling about us;
 Shining in years more distant still—
 The days we're spending here.
 Then up let us shout with a hearty will
 Words of praise till none can doubt us:
 Yes, come, come along, we'll all join a song,
 A song for our college dear.*

REFRAIN

*Sing from our hearts a song of cheer,
 Sing for our college days:
 Sing for the class we all hold dear,
 Sing to her lasting praise.
 Sing from our hearts which beat as one,
 Sing our ki-li kalix;
 Sing till our days on earth are done,
 Sing for the class Nought Six.*

*Shout from our hearts a shout of cheer,
 Shout for our college days:
 Shout for the class we all hold dear,
 Shout to her lasting praise.
 Shout from our hearts which beat as one,
 Shout our ki-li kalix;
 Shout till our days on earth are done,
 Shout for the class Nought Six.*

*O Trinity, dear Trinity,
 How can thy glory fade!
 Thy fairest name for honors claim
 On headlands is arrayed.*

*We go away, we cannot stay—
 Though others come to you—
 For aye we'll hold, for aye we'll hold,
 Our love for royal blue!
 For aye we'll hold, for aye we'll hold,
 Our love for royal blue!*

CLASS PROPHECY

BY C. B. MARKHAM

It is an inherent trait in mankind to desire to look beyond present surroundings and see what the future has in store—a tendency to cast aside the mysterious veil, as it were, and behold the realm of future activity. We find King Saul of old anxious as to the result of the fight on Mount Gilboa resorting to the woman with a familiar spirit that he might see what the morrow would bring forth; we find the Grecian heroes wending their way toward Delphi, that they might catch a glimpse of the future through the oracle of that place. This tendency is abroad in our own civilization as well as in that of the past. And the class of 1906, anxious to know what is in store for it, has thrust upon me the duty of unfolding the mysteries of the future. In arduous devotion to this task I found myself the other day sitting in the library, calling upon a familiar spirit, when in answer to its voice, I fell asleep.

Ah! It seemed as if I were ten years older and in a strange, strange land. There came into my vision the forms of three persons standing in front of a magnificent gate. To my left, there stood a skeleton, in whose hand was lifted a dark cup, upon which were these words, "If thou wouldst know thy past and wouldst live life over again, drink this cup." I turned, and upon my right I could see the vague outline of a figure, seemingly beckoning to me and offering me with outstretched hands a cup whose illumined letters were, "If thou wouldst go into the future and see what awaits thee there, drink with me this cup." But, strange to say, I turned again and there stood before me the majestic form of a beautiful woman, between whose delicate fingers rested a golden cup filled to the brim with a sparkling element. From her lips came these gentle words, "If

thou wouldst know the present in all its fullness, if thou wouldst know where are those thy friends who labored with thee in days gone by, and see them all face to face again, drink this cup and follow me into the city."

Of course I drank, and safe inside the gate my fair companion left me. The open road lay before me and the marvelous growth of science was made peculiarly manifest by the vehicles and mode of transportation.

A peculiar noise, and there was a wonderful aerial car at my side, out of which stepped an old friend of mine, who greeted me with a warm hand. In his surprise he could not speak, but pulled a pad from his pocket—so much as to say, "I know, but I cannot tell it; I can write it, though, Professor." After a little he regained speech and we had several good words together, after which I left my old classmate, and following his directions I was destined to run across some others.

I had not gone far into the city of the present when my attention was attracted by the voices of young women in a building near at hand singing a beautiful refrain. The music, of course, was grand, but the building interested me for the moment. Coming closer by I saw the corner stone, whose inscription was, "Erected for the advancement of the true ideal woman as opposed to the woman of John Ruskin." I entered the building, according to my friend's directions, and was met by the president of the institution, who was none other than an old schoolmate of mine in 1906. Here her ideals were being worked out on a grand scale. This was truly a '06 institution, for the president had aimed and had Shotwell in her selection of the faculty, for the peaceful spirit of the turtle dove hovered around it. The Greek professor in her characteristic style, greeted me with a welcome Tin, while the Latin professor gave me a *si vales, valeo, volet*. Also there was a graduate of Vassar, who wore a magnifi-

cent diamond—whether she was contemplating matrimony or had won honors at Vassar, I could not learn.

It would seem nothing out of the ordinary that I should find near the institution another friend of mine. Here I ran across a Yale graduate of only a few years who had just crowned his efforts with the completion of a volume on Hegelian Philosophy. Now with the zeal that Grant had around Richmond, this young man was pressing his cause to the crisis at the institution across the way.

As I was walking along, a newsboy came up to me and I bought the weekly Chronicle and it was an issue of vital interest to me, since in its columns there were letters from its first officers, who were contributing to this special number for the child of 10 years was proud of its parentage. In the halls of justice the voices of two are heard where they plead the cause of weak mankind, while Justus plans the foundation for a structure that is to leap higher than the petty crimes and misdemeanors of mankind. In these letters was mention of the others in our class who had chosen the law for their profession, and they were holding their own.

I found my friend who used to have charge of some monthly magazine—I forget the name—after some little time. Just before knocking upon the door, I stopped to listen to a wild soliloquizing, which proceeded like Hamlet:

“To marry or not to marry? That’s the question.
 Whether it’s nobler in the bach to suffer
 The jeers and banter of outrageous females
 Or to take arms against a sea of trouble.
 And by proposing end them. To court,—to marry,
 To be a bach no more; and by a marriage end
 The heartaches and the thousand and one ills
 Bachelors are heir to. ’Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To court, to marry,
 To marry! perchance to rue—aye, there’s the rub.
 For in that state what after thoughts may come,

When we have shuffled off this bachelor coil,
Must bring repentance. There's the respect
That makes men live so long the single life,
For who would bear the scorn of pretty girls,
The hints of widows, the insolence of married men,
The inconveniences of socks undarned,
And threadbare coat, and shirts with buttons off,
The pangs of love fits and the misery
Of sleeping with cold feet, the dumps, the blues,
The honors and the owl-like loneliness,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare 'will you have me?' Who would bear
To fret and groan under a single life,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
That undiscovered network from whose meshes
No venturer escapes, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

After this I entered and had quite a chat with my friend. I asked him about his former associate, and he informed me of this fact: Owing to the wild speculation of one Stokes on the stock exchange, the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. had failed, and the senior member had gone to teaching again. I found my friend to be a veritable authority on matrimonial questions. He told me of the weddings of two of the young ladies in my class. One the victim of Cupid's arrow, concealed in an F. S. R. from Georgia; the other, her friend, had married and ceased to be timid. He also told me of our energetic little friend who had even quit the rush of business to take unto himself a wife.

I then started out with my friend to church, down the street a block or two, and we met a sleepy looking little fellow, whom I recognized as a former classmate. I remembered his countenance, for owing to the adaptability of his mouth it could be made to fit anything, from an all-day sucker to a ponderous horse apple.

A Methodist Conference was in session in the city and the preachers and their wives were present. There a

member of '06 from some Carolina town held sway over the session of the women. She had charge of the State Woman's Work, was President of the Missionary Society, Supervisor of the Bright Jewels, Director of Music in Epworth League, a fine helpmeet to her husband, the pastor, and How(h)ard it is to name the many offices she did hold.

In the other branch of the Conference, a strange argument was taking place. Science had made such wonderful growth in the last ten years, that religion had become involved. The question as to the exact whereabouts of the North Pole was up before the assembly. '06 men were taking part in the controversy and the weight of oratory was against science, for the theological seminary was inadequate to convert a '06 man to the side of higher criticism. From the sage old gentleman from California came the motion that assembly send the man who was great in body as well as in mind, to hold down the North Pole, and that the tall and slender one go with him to signal those behind when he had accomplished it, so that the question could be decided once for all as to its exact whereabouts.

I was carried by a strange fate from the meeting house out into the old church yard, and there I witnessed the saddest scenes of all. I was in the graveyard and found there the graves of some of my classmates. On a tiled slab I read :

Little Willie is dead,
We'll see his face no more,
For what he thought was H₂O
Was H₂SO₄.

On another I was astonished to see the inscription :

"Tommy, unlucky to the end, had an accidental fall causing death."

And still another I found as I walked along, with this inscription :

“Darwin first asserted that man from monkey did descend.
This man did more, he gave evidence unto men.
It came not in the form of a terrapin’s shell,
But combined with a human body into a Rochelle.”

My attention was next attracted to the poet’s corner and I perceived on a marble slab the name of another member of our class with this inscription :

“Here lies the poet who has written many a line
To prove the fact that women are divine.”

Turning with heavy laden heart from this slab, my eyes fell upon the name of another member of my class, and I read: “Here lies the remains of the poetess who, unlike Browning, who was inspired to write whenever the mill girl Pippa passes, is only inspired when the President passes. The quality of her verse may be characterized in prose as harangue, in poetry as Herring.”

I was puzzled to know why it was that our poets had so soon departed this life, when I found myself confronted by a statue, the countenance of which seemed familiar to me. I approached and read: “This is the sphinx woman, the incarnated riddle, the X of an unsolved equation. Although she had B. O. W. in her name and Cupid’s arrow in her heart, she never made a hit. She has slept out her earthly existence and the fountain of poetic inspiration has run its course.” The explanation at once dawned upon me.

From these scenes my head was lifted up towards the heavens. I heard a great concourse of voices, and in the midst of the music, I could hear the banjo picking and the sound of the cornet. The sound grew stronger and a beautiful picture loomed up before me. In the distant background there was the flow from the beautiful bronze fountain that sparkled in the golden sunlight. In the dazzling spectacle I beheld an approaching throng enrobed in white. I could not imagine what it all meant, but my friend coming up at that moment cast a little

light on the subject. They were those who had come up through four years of trials and tribulations and had been crowned at last with the cap and enrobed with the gown of spotless purity.

Alas, I heard the cuckoo clock in the library strike one; I tried to continue my vision, for I wanted to speak personally with the approaching throng and learn of all my old friends of 1906, but all was in vain. A voice from behind brought my vision to an end—for the words were, “The bell has struck, Professor.”

A REMARKABLE PLAY OF ONE ACT

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For the benefit of those who have not been able to attend, we give the following brief:

OBSERVANCE IN A CLASS ROOM

From a Bright Point of View

BY MISS B.

Dramatis Personae: English Professor; Senior Students.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Class-room, Trinity College, 9:00 a. m. Enter Prof. and one-third of students. The former walks up and down before the class nervously, suddenly coming to a standstill before his desk.*

Prof. W-e-l-l, well, well, come to order now. What quotation have you this morning, Mr. W.?

Mr. W. "Then welcome each rebuff

That turns earth's smoothness rough;

Each sting that bids nor sit, nor stand, but
laugh—"

Oh, I can't memorize. It is the hardest thing *in the world* for me to do. (*Aside*) It is no good anyway; Love is King.

Prof. Oh, Mr. W., don't give up. We must strive and hold cheap the strain to attain to those things which we lack. Mr. C., let us hear from you.

Mr. C. Professor, this lesson is too long. It will take a fellow two hours to read it and then he won't know anything about it. I marked this—

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be."

Prof. Yes, I know, but this is the last pull I get at you. I want my reach to exceed my grasp. (*And it did*). (*Majority of students have entered*). Oh, I forgot to call the roll. (*Softly*) Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—Is anyone absent up here? Miss W., yes, she will be here in a minute. All here this morning. That's good. What have you, Mr. M.?

Mr. M. O lyric love, half-angel, half-bird.

(*Too much to print*).

Prof. That's the eye, Mr. M.! You always hit the nail on the head.

Mr. M. (aside). I believe love is king, though I wouldn't say it out loud for anything.

Prof. Let's hear from you, Mr. Wo.

Mr. Wo. I got the same he did, Professor.

Prof. (with air of disgust). Well, Mr. P.?

Mr. P. I read it, Dr., and I've got quotations galore.

Prof. That's good, Mr. P.; do you know it?

Mr. P. I don't know whether I know it or not. If I knew it I could answer any sensible question that you might ask about. I don't like poetry anyhow.

Prof. If I thought that about the rest of the class, I would resign tomorrow. But it isn't true.

Mr. R. (nervously). I read fifty pages more than anybody else, Professor, but I don't see a thing in it. (*Aside*) Darwin is king, Tennyson is a monkey.

Prof. Oh, Mr. R., surely you got that great passage on "Science reaching forth her arm." What have you, Mr. Wk.?

Mr. Wk. "Let him shape his actions like the greater ape;

I was born to higher things.

Prof. Why yes; Miss G., did you find any trouble in getting this?

Miss G. Why, no. I think it very simple and beautiful.

Prof. Of course, and if you can get it anybody can. No reflection on Miss G. at all, but a very high compliment to the class. Yours, Miss Th.? The other young ladies will follow.

Miss Th. (*head in the air*).

“One God, one law, one *man*
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.”

Miss Tu. “’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all,
For we may rise on stepping stones of those
dead selves
To higher things.”

Miss F. I didn’t get one. I never do anything I don’t have to.

Miss W. That’s the one I intended to get.

Miss S. I memorized all of it.

Prof. Yes, that’s the way the new ones do.

Girls (*aside*). She is too fresh; we’ll haze her a few times.

Miss H. “So was their meaning to her words,
No sword of wrath her right arm whirled
But one poor poet’s scroll, and with his
word
She shook the world.”

Prof. Mr. S., where are you?

Mr. S. I had to stop short for two weeks and I haven’t been able to catch up yet; but I’ll pitch through next Sunday.

(*The following are called on in succession*):

Mr. H. "Oh, to live with a thousand beating hearts
 Around you, swift hearts, serviceable hands
 Professing they've no care but for your
 cause,
 Thought but to help you, love but for your-
 self."

Mr. B. I forgot mine.

Mr. Ho. "God be thanked, the meanest of his crea-
 tures
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world
 with
 And one to show a woman when he loves
 her."

Mr. Th. I would that my tongue could utter the
 thoughts that arise in me.

Mr. B. That's mine. If that's not it, that's what it
 ought to have been.

Mr. L. "Large elements in order brought,
 And tracts of calm from tempests made,
 And world wide fluctuations swayed
 In vassal tides that followed thought."

Mr. Ph. That's the one I got.

Prof. That doesn't fit you, Mr. Ph. Not a good eye.

Mr. O. "Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate." (etc.)

(*Aside*). I wish I had gone to some college where they
 know more than I do.

Mr. Ba. "Truth is the strong thing. Let man's life
 be true;
 And love's the truth of mine, time prove the
 rest."

Mr. L. "My spirit is at peace with all."

Mr. P. So is mine.

Mr. Re. "I past beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random through the town
And saw the tumult of the halls."

Prof. Yes, Mr. Re., what does the tumult refer to?

Mr. Re. Rats, I suppose. (*Roar of laughter*).

Prof. Oh no, no, no, no! the debating, of course.
Well, Mr. U., how do you stand?

Mr. U. "In reverence and in charity," in spite of the fact that I have rejected scores of manuscripts this year.

Mr. F. I memorized the passage on page 1999.

Prof. What! you haven't got that far?

Mr. F. Yes, sir (*with a look at once of innocence and confidence*), I memorized it all.

Prof. Good for you. Mr. F. has stopped running The Chronicle and gone to studying.

Mr. H. "And at last the master bowman he
Woud cleave the mark."

Prof. What time is it, Mr. H.? Well, I want to conclude this morning the reading of Paracelsus. The conclusion is, in my mind, the finest sustained piece of blank verse in Victorian literature. It is the inspired rhapsody of an inspired prophet like the words of Isaiah, made all the more remarkable by the age of Browning at the time it was written. Well, I shall have to read fast. Be on the jump. (*He reads, beautifully and impressively, interpreting the difficult passages so that he who runs may read*).

Surely this is a god-like hour. (*Reads further*).

Prof. For your next lesson please read "The Pope." Let there be no letting down, but work, work. You haven't graduated yet, and you needn't depend on your past laurels to put you through, either. That will do this morning.

(*Curtain falls*).

THE YOUNG MAN AND JOURNALISM

BY CLARENCE H. POE,

Editor "The Progressive Farmer," Raleigh, N. C.

Some time ago the editor of the ARCHIVE asked me to say a few words about young men and journalism, and before I knew what I was doing, I had promised—the article which follows being the penalty of his rashness in asking and mine in promising.

The first thing necessary in making a good newspaper man is to want to be one and to want to be one wholeheartedly. I do not believe a man can make a genuine success of anything unless he loves his work. Wasn't it Ruskin who pointed out that while God said to man, "Thou shalt earn thy bread in the sweat of thy face," He did not say, "in the breaking of thy heart?" And so, too, Emerson says: "Genial manners are good, and the power of accommodation to any circumstances, but the high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets or broad-swords or canals or statutes or songs." A man ought to choose his profession as carefully as he chooses his wife.

First of all, therefore, let the young man aspiring to be a journalist be sure that he is in love with the newspaper work. Then let him go to college, if he can. I know that Horace Greeley, speaking of newspaper work, said, "Of all horned cattle, deliver me from these college fellows," but—well, I don't agree with Greeley. If there is any business in the world in which every conceivable sort of knowledge and training may be called into play, it is newspaper work. If a man cannot go to college, he can get the equivalent of a college training in other ways. But few there are who are willing to pay the price. And if a man's circumstances will permit him to take it, the

college course is the easiest way to get what the college course stands for.

And then in what sort of newspaper work shall a young man engage? There is, of course, a glare and glamour about metropolitan journalism, but if a man's ambition is to serve his fellows rather than to make money, if he prefer to stand on his own feet even at some sacrifice, rather than become a mere cog in the wheel in some great newspaper organization, he will not go amiss if he begins work in a small town. In fact, if the young man really has a passion for State-building, for aiding in community development, I do not see what position could appeal to him more strongly than that of editor of a local paper. Take a backward county, for example, where the roads are bad, the schools poor, the school-houses inadequate, the water powers unharnessed, forests butchered, farmers using one-horse plows and putting more faith in almanac signs than in agricultural science, and the natural resources generally going to waste. What may not be accomplished in such a community by an editor, filled with the spirit of progress and enterprise! What a golden opportunity is neglected when such an editor shuts his eyes to it and wastes his life in fighting the battles of little cliques and machines inside his party!

I have in mind now a paper which approaches somewhat the ideal that I have. Let us call it the Smithville Observer. It is refreshing to turn to its editorial page each week. I know that in it I am less likely to find the editor's inconsequential opinion on Philadelphia politics than I am to find his opinion on how to make the streets of Smithville beautiful. It may not contain much misinformation about the tariff, but I know that it will have something about the best methods for improving the roads of Smith county—and by the way, Smith county will sometime vote a bond issue, and a good system of

roads will be the best monument to that editor's memory. I know, too, that if local taxation for schools is to the fore, that editor will fight side by side with his county's soldiers of progress. Nor will the schoolhouses themselves be neglected, nor that county's share of the Schoolhouse Loan Fund left idle if the Observer's influence can turn it to use by improving the buildings. And school libraries—more than one group of school children famishing for food intellectual, owe a debt to the Observer for keeping up the agitation until Smith county has its full quota of libraries. More than this, if Farmer Brown has so improved his land as to double his corn yield, I know that the Observer will give the whole story for the benefit of other farmers—arguing that it is as big a piece of news as the suicide of old Whiskey Jones, down in Hanging Dog Township. Moreover, if I find this week a column about the emigration of farm labor, I shall probably read next week a column story of how Farmer Brown, by the use of improved implements and machinery, has reduced by half the expense of hand labor in making the crop. If the Farmer's Institute is to be held in Smithville, it will be advertised as persistently and prominently as if it were a political debate. If Mr. Jones is preparing to start a factory, he will be just as likely to find his picture in the paper as if he were running for Congress. If a bond issue for street improvement is on hand, the Observer rooster will crow as loudly the morning after the election as it does over the success of the State's political ticket. This paper, too, keeps agitating for the expansion of small industries which would be helpful to the county; it points out where a new rural mail route might be profitably started; the other week it had a list of 100 appropriate names for country homes, and is urging farmers to name their farms. In short, every enterprise and every movement looking to the re-making of old Smith county finds an

ally and friend in the Smithville Observer. And earnestly as it fights for the good, it fights no less earnestly against the bad, having always in mind that "different and sterner path" of which Mr. Greeley wrote, and which (in conclusion) I should like to give to any intending journalist as the best moral ideal he can set up:

"No other public teacher lives so wholly in the present as the Editor; and the noblest affirmations of unpopular truth—the most self-sacrificing defiance of a base and selfish public sentiment that regards only the most sordid ends, and values every utterance solely as it tends to preserve quiet and contentment, while the dollars fall jingling into the merchant's drawer, the land jobber's vault, and the minister's bag—can but be noted in their day, and with their day forgotten. It is in his cue to utter silken and smooth sayings—to condemn vice so as not to interfere with the pleasures or alarm the consciences of the vicious; to praise and champion Liberty so as not to give annoyance or offense to Slavery, and to commend and glorify Labor without attempting to expose or repress any of the gainful contrivances by which Labor is plundered and degraded. Thus sidling dexterously between somewhere and nowhere, the Able Editor may glide through life, respectable and in good caste, and lie down to his long rest with the non-achievements of his life emblazoned on the very whitest marble, surmounting and glorifying his dust.

"There is a different and sterner path;—I know not whether there be any now qualified to tread it; I am not sure that any one has ever followed it implicitly; in view of the certain meagreness of its temporal rewards, and the haste wherewith any fame acquired in a sphere so ephemeral as the Editor's must be shrouded by the dark waters of oblivion. This path demands an ear ever open to the complaints of the wronged and the suffering, though they can never repay advocacy, and those who

mainly support newspapers will be annoyed and often exposed by it; a heart as sensitive to oppression and degradation in the next street as if they were practiced in Brazil or Japan; a pen as ready to expose and reprove the crimes whereby wealth is amassed and luxury enjoyed in our own country, at this hour, as if they had been committed only by Turks or Pagans in Asia some century ago."

ETERNAL LIFE AND DEATH

BY C. R. SCROGGS

Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.—Horace

My name is Gilmer Stevenson. I flatter myself that you have heard the name before, as it is an illustrious one. My people have at all times and on all sides been foremost in the ministry, law, science, and the other learned professions. I do not solicit belief in the very extraordinary experience which I am about to relate, as there has been from time immemorial, even among educated people, who thoroughly believe in the existence of a spiritual world, a tendency to scoff at and ridicule such a thing as a spiritual revelation. I will, however, pledge you my word of honor that it is true—beyond that I cannot go, as early in life I promised my sire never to take an oath. “My son,” said he, “never take an oath. If you are a gentleman, people will believe you without it, and if you are not a gentleman, people will not believe you with it, so it is unnecessary.” I have kept my promise faithfully up to the present, and I see no reason for breaking it now, merely for the sake of relieving the doubts of those who doubt upon all occasions.

As I said, my people have at all times been foremost in the learned professions. Even now, my grandfather is serving a term in the United States Senate, my father is an eminent divine, and my uncle, Gilmer Reese Stevenson, is one of the leading physicians of the day. My inheritance is the wealth of him who has been preceded by many a brainy and sober living ancestor. Among other things I inherited is an intense love for æsthetic beauty, and for things mystical and supernatural. Be it said with shame, however, I inherited an unusual amount of family laziness. Indeed, the laziness of the male members of my family is proverbial. My grandfather might be President, my father might be a Bishop, and my uncle

might be the leading physician of the day, if their great intellects were but accompanied by a little more physical activity. I am come of a race of men who rise to the top, not so much through physical activity as through sheer superiority of intellect. The Stevensons are and have always been a race of idealists. There is a sublimity in all idealistic concepts. The idealistic is separated from the realistic by an impassable barrier. The real we can see, the ideal we can only conceive of. No man ever reaches his ideals, and this fact in itself proves conclusively that the ideal is divine in its origin. Thus, then, while being almost destitute of physical energy, this is but a means to the end of causing my brain to work double time; and I see many visions, and my brain is peopled by many strange inhabitants that a man who thinks less than I, fails to see. Thus, then, whether I should regard my laziness as an infirmity or a darling possession, I am at a loss to know. There is a strain of wild blood in me, however, and when aroused to anger, I become so cruel and brutal that the very fiends of hell shake their heads and murmur. I am prone to follow the advice of Horace, given at the beginning of this narrative, and have honestly endeavored to get the most out of life.

Tonight, while out late, revelling with a band of my wildest companions, I was seized by a fit of anger, because of my inability to convert one of my companions to my way of thinking concerning a foolish theory of mine, namely, that after life, the soul, if there is a soul, will not remember its earthly habitation, and the soul when it returns to heaven, if there is a heaven, will not be conscious of ever having lived upon the earth. This theory, while foolish in the extreme, served as a subject for discussion; and argument is and has been my forte, so I entered into the discussion with consummate ability. Strange to say, I could not convince him, and

I was vexed—yea, even angry. Finally, he destroyed my theory entirely by his reference to the action of the subjective mind. "If the soul remembers all the actions of the body in which it was confined," said he, "must it not necessarily become inseparable from it, and be conscious of its earthly existence and the body in which it existed?" My companions supported him, and finally, I, Gilmer Stevenson, a nonpareil in questions of debate, had to acknowledge that he was right. I must confess that I did this with very poor grace, only lamely holding out my hand to him, saying that he was right, and I knew it at the beginning, but that I did not think that he had the ability to kill the theory; that I was glad to find that he, at least, had ordinary intelligence. While admitting that he was right, I had an almost uncontrollable desire to kill him, as the great quantity of wine I had consumed had gone to my head, and my pecuniary losses were not such as to leave me in an angelic mood. Wishing to leave the scene of my overthrow as soon as possible, I arose, and with a short speech suited to the occasion, interspersed with many hiccoughs, moved that the assembly adjourn, and with a rollicking song the crowd dispersed.

I made my way to the college as best I could, and seeing a light in a neighboring room, at once knocked and gained admittance. Here there were several boys discussing questions of a psychological nature, in which they manifested great interest. I could see that my entrance had not caused them any peculiar joy, and some appeared to regard it as an intrusion, as they were familiar with my failings and considered me an evil genie, if not positively dangerous. I swallowed my anger and resolved to be silent and deprive them of the pleasure of hearing my opinions, which I thought would at once solve the questions with which they had been struggling. Finally one of them arose, and bubbling all over with

self-importance, and with many apologies for digressing from the subject which they had been discussing, presented the theory that there is enough good in every man to counterbalance the evil. This was at once refuted by all the boys save the author of the theory and myself. I at last buried my reserve, and with many practical illustrations, endeavored to convince them of the saneness of the theory, but in vain. This was the second time I had been thwarted, and I resolved to cease wasting my knowledge on those who were not capable of understanding it, so with an expression of disgust, I left the room, followed by the grateful countenances of the gentlemen there assembled.

I reached my room utterly exhausted, and without removing any of my clothing save my collar, threw myself upon the bed, and outraged nature soon found relief in the peaceful arms of Morpheus. I was not to enjoy oblivion for long, however, as I soon awoke, and to my utter amazement, found myself in a neighboring room. This fact in itself terrified me, as I had never been known to walk in my sleep before, and as the experience was a new one, it was proportionately amazing. I know that my incredulous reader will sneer and say that I was intoxicated and went into this room at the beginning, but as I said, I did not remove any of my clothing save my collar, and then threw myself, weary and exhausted, upon the bed, and fell asleep. On investigation, I found that my shoes were now gone, and as I later found them in my room, which proves the veracity of my statement, your sneers are as ludicrous as they are ungentlemanly.

With muttered curses, I made my way back to my room and upon entering the door, I almost collapsed with terror, as the breathing of a man was distinctly audible. I soon recovered from my fright, although the breathing continued at regular intervals, and muttering that Gilmer Stevenson might be a beast, but no coward, I

plucked up courage and entering the room, struck a light. The light burned dimly for a few moments, and then with a sound closely akin to a wail, the flame turned to a livid green and leaped out of the chimney and the room was again enveloped in the blackness of hell—but the breathing continued. Three times I endeavored to light the lamp with the same result, but after the fourth attempt, to my unspeakable joy and relief, the lamp burned brightly and threw its comforting beams upon the surrounding objects. But the breathing continued after the room was ablaze with light. I was terrified at the unnaturalness of the thing, and at once started a systematic search for the person from whom the breathing emanated, as I thoroughly believed the sounds to be coming from a human being, and accounted for the action of the lamp as being due to my excited imagination. Under the bed I looked, and in every receptacle in the room, but the result of my search was nothing—absolutely nothing. I searched the room again and no space as large as a pin point escaped my agonized scrutiny. The fact, terrifying as it was, was self-evident. There was no one in the room but me. That breathing must be supernatural. A man had died in this room the year before, and I found myself speculating as to whether or not his soul had not come back to his room. This has never been proved, but I wondered where Lazarus' soul was confined while he was in the grave, and I did not think it at all impossible that this man's soul did not, as yet, have a permanent abode. Banishing all fears from my mind, I blew out the light and retired. The breathing continued, and slowly but perceptibly grew louder. Finally it grew so loud that I was deafened. My ear drums ached. I resolved to get out of this room even if I was dubbed coward by my fellow students. I arose and endeavored to light the lamp, and after the fourth attempt succeeded. I then went to

the door and tried to escape, but some of the boys, fearing that I might get up in the night and do myself some injury, followed me and locked the door from the outside. I tried to scream, but my voice was drowned by the breathing of the unknown. I tried the windows, but they were held down by some invisible force, so with torn hands and an agonized conscience I threw myself upon the bed and soon fell into a troubled sleep.

While asleep, I dreamed that there were two distinct personalities existing in me; an evil personality, which existed in my physical body, and a good personality that existed nowhere in particular, was not tangible, but of whose being I was conscious. Even while asleep, my evil personality was conscious of the calm, peaceful slumber of my good personality, and was jealous and angry, as it could breathe only with great labor. When dinner time arrived, the good personality was served with the choicest viands, while the evil personality was forced to subsist on the coarsest fare imaginable. Also, in their love affairs there was this fatal difference. The good personality loved a woman who was the ideal of womanhood as conceived by mankind, while the evil personality lavished his affection upon one bordering on the scarlet type. In every thought and deed there was this fatal difference. Finally I awoke. My good personality was awakened by celestial music, while my evil personality was awakened by the harshest discords.

Upon awakening, I saw that a thunder storm was raging without. I was not frightened, however, as I remembered nothing whatever of the night's experience. Suddenly a lurid streak of lightning lit up the room, and to my horror, I saw my soul resting against the wall directly in front of me. I saw it for an instant only, but I could see that the fatal difference existed in it also. There was another flash of light, and I saw that my eyes

had not deceived me as I had hoped, but that the vision, in all of its horror, was literally true. There upon the wall was my soul, exactly half of which was black as death, with a sneer on its lips, and a look such as Eblis must have cast upon his conqueror, upon his expulsion from paradise. The other was a marked contrast to the first. It was snow-white—the emblem of purity, with a smile on its lips, and forgiveness in its eye. I understood now. During my sleep, the subjective element of my mind had taken flight from my body and consequently I was oblivious of my past life. The objective mind remained, however, and although I could not remember, I could see, and had control of my other bodily organs.

Suddenly looking out of the window, I perceived a gigantic hand, livid green in color, making its way through space toward my window. Its progress was irresistible. It continued its flight with amazing swiftness, pushing planets and heavenly bodies out of its way, scorning to go around them. Finally it reached my window and turning into a gaseous substance began to come through the crack between the two sashes. When in the room, it again assumed the shape of a hand, and taking the soul in its relentless grasp, hurled it with herculean force downward into space. It fell rapidly, until it came to the point where the light and beauty of heaven ceases, and the blackness of hell begins. There the evil personality went on the dark side, and the good personality went on the light side. Thus I enjoy the delights of heaven and suffer the agonies of hell at the same time.

Soon after this, I was conscious of my soul re-entering my body, and I heard a voice commanding me to write this experience, so I have complied. My soul is, even now, making attempts to leave my body, this time for good, as I can tell by the sudden moments of consciousness and oblivion. O take heed and——

* * * * *

Here Mr. Stevenson's narrative ends. The morning after the tragedy, his room was entered by the friends who had locked him in the previous night, and there they found this manuscript. The fatal difference was evident even in his physical body. Half of his body was black as death, with a sneer on his lips, and a look on his face of scorn inexpressible. The other was snow-white, with peace and purity lingering upon the lips.

THE UMPIRE

BY F. W. OBARR

(With a kow-tow to "The Vampire," by R. Kipling, Esq.)

*A cad there was and he made his brag
 (Even as you and I!)
 To a ball and a bat and a canvas bag—
 We guyed him as slow when he took his tag;
 But the cad, he said it would never lag,
 (Even as you and I!)*

*Oh the scores we wasted and the sores we tasted,
 All the work of his judgment lame;
 For he claimed that he knew it first and all—
 (Admitted that he knew a baseball)
 —But did not know the game!*

*A cad there was and his word he gave—
 (Even as you and I!)
 His word and faith were all that could save;
 (And it's such the team still honorably crave)
 But a cad must cavil with folly deprave
 (Even as you and I!)*

*Oh the joy displayed and the runs we made,
 And the accruments great to fame—
 Went home with the team who profited by
 The work the cad did (dirty) on the sly—
 (Just did not know the game!)*

*The cad was paid his pittance of cash,
 (Even as you and I!)
 Which he took and displayed with considerable dash
 Till some one said he was common as trash,
 Then took him aside and—well, beat him to hash
 (Even as you and I!)*

*Now it wasn't the loss (and so said the boss)
 That put us all so to shame;
 But 'twas being done by that ass of a man
 Who couldn't decide between a hit and a fan,
 And never could know the game!*



S. B. UNDERWOOD,	- - - - -	EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
C. J. HARRELL,	- - - - -	ASSISTANT EDITOR.

THE END

A large band of men and women will go out from the walls of this institution in a few days. We do not trust ourselves to speak of the feeling which overcomes us as the time approaches for the severing of ties which have meant so much to us. Trinity College will ever stand in our hearts and minds as the embodiment of those things which make for a larger, fuller life. To have imbibed something of the inspiration which four years in her borders can give is a priceless heritage; the influence of it can never leave one who has experienced it. We shall go out with hearts full of love and reverence for her and gratitude for the lessons which she has taught us. May the fires which she has kindled ever burn brightly. And may we all be back in 1910 to pay homage to alma mater.

MR. POE'S ARTICLE

We call especial attention to the article in this issue on *The Young Man and Journalism*, by Mr. Clarence H. Poe. Its author is a man whose achievements in his profession have given him a right to speak with authority on the subject of which his article treats. It contains much food for thought, not only for those expecting to follow

journalistic work, but as well for those who read newspapers and have a right to say what their character should be. About two weeks ago Mr. Poe delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Trinity College an address from which this article is an extract. It made a very decided impression and was pronounced by all who heard it to be a most notable utterance. Mr. Poe has made for himself a national reputation as a sound thinker, a man who sees things as they are, with a broad open-mindedness and lack of bias. He is doing much for the development of the section of country in which his lot has been cast.

Those who heard him will not soon forget his masterful analysis of the two requisites of the man who aspires to be a journalist—the better type of courage and a passion for serving his fellows. Both of these qualities he has to a marked degree and this fact gives great weight to his utterances. Trinity College heard him gladly; we are glad to give our readers a short article from his pen.

As our readers have perhaps noticed, this is somewhat in the nature of a Senior edition. We have purposely given over much of our space to matters pertaining to that class.

THE LAST WORD

With this issue the nineteenth volume of *THE TRINITY ARCHIVE* is brought to a close. It is not our purpose to indulge in any valedictory essay, having long been of the opinion that it is a good idea when a task is finished to quit. In the beginning we made only one promise, to try to make the year a good one in the history of the publication. Whether or not we have succeeded it is not for us

to say. We at least have tried. The task has been hard, but it has not been unpleasant; we have found a certain joy in it. The magazine has had its faults, it has not been what it might have been; no one is more conscious of that than we. And we welcome whatever criticism the college community cares to indulge in, *provided* the man who is pointing out the weak places has done his part toward the betterment of the conditions which he criticises. We are deeply grateful to all who have contributed anything to the success of our undertaking. Especially do we appreciate the constant sympathy and co-operation which we have met at the hands of the faculty. To the Senior class, which has been back of our efforts, to other students and friends who have been of aid to us, especially to those ever faithful ones who have come to our help in trying times, we give our most sincere thanks.

And now, "Copy all in and then—the rest."

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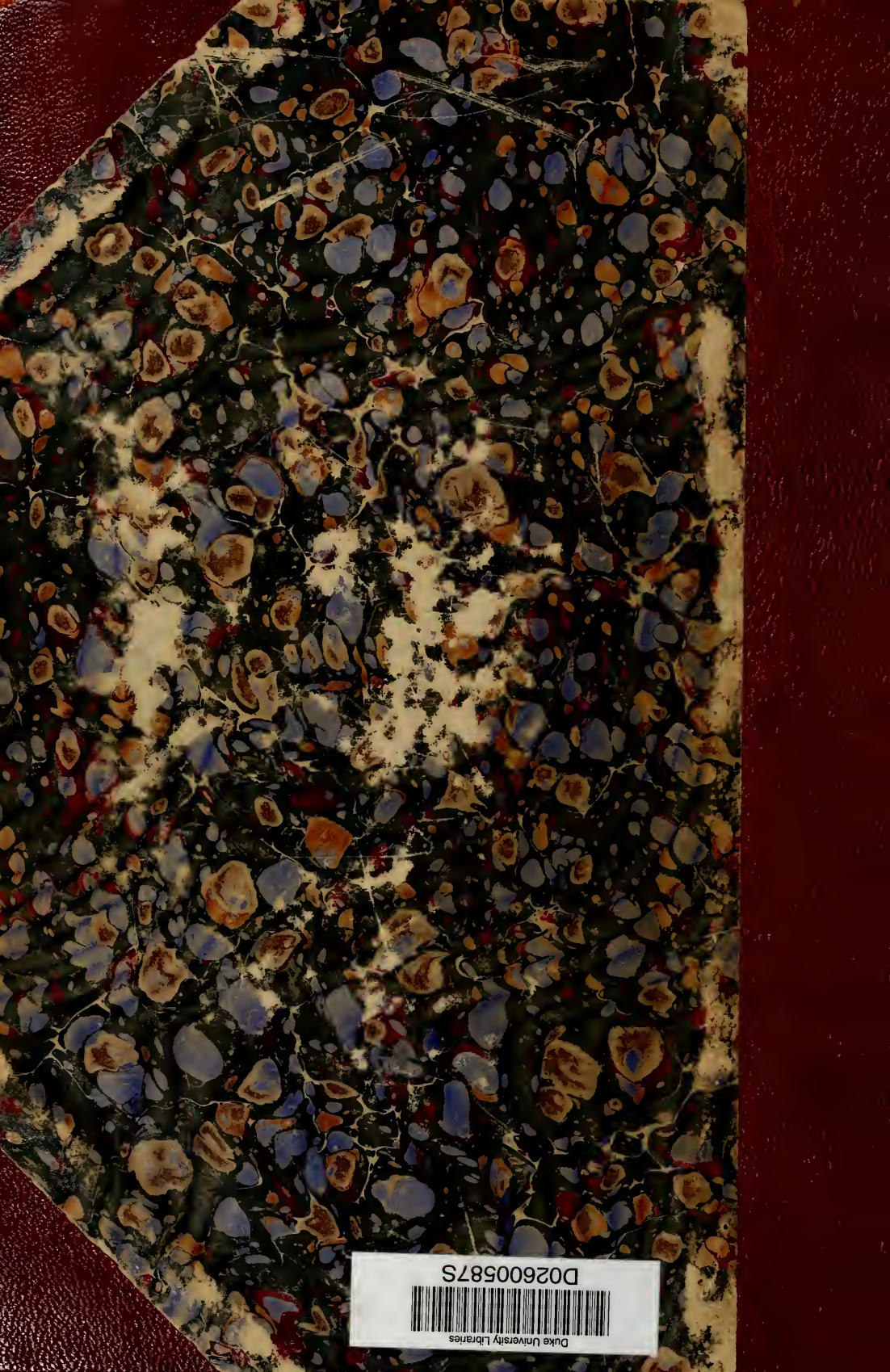


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